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WHERE NOW IS BRITAIN?

BY GRAHAM HUTTON

BRITISH foreign policy has been most consistent since the autumn of 1931, when the Conservative Party secured that control of public affairs in England which it has never since even seen threatened. Its accession to power coincided with the first wanton act of aggression by a Great Power since the war: the attack on Manchuria by Japan. Since then, a small group of Conservative politicians in England has been consistently of the same mind in foreign policy. That small group contains Sir John Simon, Mr. (now Earl) Baldwin, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, Sir Samuel Hoare, and — either outside Parliament or outside the Cabinet — Lord and Lady Astor, Mr. Geoffrey Dawson (the editor of *The Times*), Lord and Lady Londonderry, Lord Lothian, and various smaller fry. They have often been called the Cliveden set; but they might with equal accuracy be called the All Souls set, since most of the men concerned meet as frequently at that Oxford college as they do at Lady Astor's country house. The significance of this group lies largely in the consistency of its outlook upon the European dictatorships. Russia is anathema to it; Germany and Italy have to be under-

stood, placated, and treated with sympathy and a willingness to collaborate for German or Italian aims.

The official Conservative reason is that Russia is no immediate military threat to Britain or the British Empire, whereas Italy's and Germany's expansionist policies touch imperial possessions at many points; and Britain, this group says, was left deplorably undefended by the irresponsible disarmament tactics of the Labor and Liberal Opposition when they were in power in 1924 or 1929-1931. Reënföring these Conservative arguments is a more irrational, more impalpable factor: the feeling which dominates the Conservative caucus about the ultimate preferability of Right to Left in politics. It is not that this extra-Cabinet (and to a large extent extra-Parliamentary) group are consciously pro-Fascist, as many members of the British Left aver. It is rather that they have great possessions. They represent in British politics nobody and nothing save their own mentality; and this mentality, 'finished' in education some forty years ago or more, has, ever since the 'activist' years of British Left politics after the war, been stamped into a kind of

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anxiety-neurosis at the mention of Socialism or Russia.

This pre-war mentality, from which Britain's Conservative rulers have without exception been drawn since the last war,¹ is not particularly enamored of the German or Italian régime; but it finds the Russian régime, and every Left régime in any other European country, a potential threat to the traditional hold on Britain's destinies of such a well-schooled, long-trained, and group-conscious plutocratic oligarchy. (The absence from that oligarchy of such ancient and honorable aristocratic names as those of Cecil, Cranborne, Eden, Churchill, and Russell should be noted; as also the preponderating influence of Midland business men, headed by two Birmingham iron and steel representatives, Baldwin and Chamberlain, in the parvenu group that now runs most of Britain's government, directs its economy, and controls most of the media of public opinion.) This Tory oligarchy reached the peak of its power during the recent crisis, when neither Parliament nor the Cabinet was called together until the very last minute, and when every effective decision was taken by four men: Chamberlain, Simon, Hoare, and Halifax.

This intra-Cabinet quadrumvirate, representing the extra-Cabinet group described above, committed the British people to decisions of immense, perhaps calamitous, import. In so doing they were actuated by two hopes, peculiar to the kind of mentality they naturally possessed: first, that the right-wing leaders of Germany and Italy would prove amenable to those principles of international fair-dealing by which the British Conservative leaders up to 1914 used to abide; secondly that, if not, then the German right-wing régime could be elbowed into a headlong collision with the Russian left-wing régime, each battering the other into weakness to the

benefit of every onlooker; and that meantime Italy could be induced — for another of those considerations with which Europe is familiar in Italy's history — to rupture the Rome-Berlin Axis.

Throughout Britain's recent decline from power and prestige, the British Conservative Government enjoyed crushing majorities in the Commons, with a lack of any effective opposition. That Government announced one accelerated rearmament programme after another; it announced a projected rearmament programme of £1,500,000,000 for five years, out of which £400,000,000 would be borrowed in peacetime. The traditionally orthodox British Budget was in effect unbalanced for current expenditure on arms; yet for four years, from November of 1934, when Mr. Baldwin first gave his rearmament pledge, until to-day, the British Government's performance fell consistently short of each Prime Minister's assurances. Dissident Tories, of whom Mr. Winston Churchill was brilliantly chief, as well as the Liberal leader, Sir Archibald Sinclair, and various Labor speakers, joined in debate after debate to point out that British diplomacy would inevitably be defeated in peacetime unless the organization and production of war material were made much more efficient and extensive, much more rapid in output; unless defense measures and services were organized by the government for and with the civil population; and unless extraordinary economic and financial arrangements were officially made to meet those immediate dangers which might beset Great Britain and her people in the early days and weeks of a modern war — purchases of wheat, other foods, and metals, distribution and communications, evacuation of large cities, and so forth.

Steadily and stonily these warnings and criticisms were alike ignored. For example, the 'Senior Service,' the Navy, took £1,500,000,000 between 1920 and

¹ See Mr. Hutton's article in the February 1938 *Atlantic*: 'The Conflict between the Generations.'

1938 for its maintenance and modernization; yet the unpreparedness of the British Government to defend Britain from aerial attack a few weeks ago robbed the British Navy of any use it might have had to blockade Germany in future. The enforced delivery of Czechoslovakia to Germany gave the German economy free access to the raw materials, foodstuffs, and labor man-power of Eastern, Central, and Southeastern Europe. Such a Germany in future could not be blockaded from the sea in less than two or three years. Therewith went the usefulness of half of the British Navy, at a cost to the British people of, let us say, £750,000,000 since 1920. For one sixth of what has been spent on the Navy in these eighteen years, Britain could have had an Air Force, renewing its out-of-date machines every year from as enormous an aircraft industry as that which she possessed in 1919 (then the largest in the world), and could never have been caught short of aircraft and defenses as she was a few weeks ago.

Take, again, the British Army. If British Governments assumed that the French conscript army could always hold the Maginot Line, they could have specialized in the production of artillery for anti-aircraft use. Conservative spokesmen charged the Liberal and Labor Parties in 1924 and again between 1929 and 1931 with responsibility for 'unilaterally disarming Britain.' But they forgot, perhaps conveniently, that in no year since 1920 has Britain spent less than £104,000,000 on her defenses; the years of lowest defense expenditure were 1931-1932 and 1932-1933, when the Conservatives were already in power; and Conservative Governments have been in power with crushing majorities since 1922 for thirteen out of the sixteen years. Of these years, two periods were full Parliamentary terms of five years each, and the latest period has already exceeded seven years without interruption.

What a seven years! It would have been possible for Mr. Baldwin's or Mr. Chamberlain's Government at any time, without fear of danger from the Opposition, to carry out an enormous rearmament programme with full powers, under a Ministry of Supply such as that continuously demanded for the last four years by Mr. Churchill and others in the Commons. But it was not the Opposition which the Government feared; it was, as now appears, the loss of financial and industrial power over a peacetime economy which could still deliver those fruits which are enjoyable only in peace. The vast system of protectionism, subsidy, and economic favoritism which the Conservative Government had clamped upon Great Britain since the fateful September of 1931 had created so many personal interests in the profits of peace that a really efficient and extensive war programme would have meant controlling industry, in varying degrees, as had finally to be done by Mr. Lloyd George during the last war. Thus, whether subconsciously or consciously, whether perceived by individuals themselves or unperceived, the mentality of those responsible for British policy during the last seven years and more has been largely conditioned by divided loyalties; by continuous conflict between personal and public interest; by the emotional reactions of aged men to ideologies, régimes, and methods which lay beyond the bounds of their comprehension. When we note, therefore, that the policy of the various Conservative Governments since 1931 has been consistent, we should bear in mind that it was the consistency of a moth that flies into the candle flame, of a gambler who consistently believes in the infallibility of his system.

II

What is to happen after Munich, therefore, must be viewed in the light of precedents already established in the Far East, Abyssinia, Spain, and Central

Europe. Before we consider what policies are possible for *any* British Government during the coming months we must pay particular attention to the reason which British Conservative Governments have always given during the last seven years for their refusal to consider a firm foreign policy: Britain's lack of armaments and general unpreparedness for war.

There are two kinds of armaments which any nation can use: its own and its allies'. From 1931 onwards Britain and France have been slowly increasing their own armaments but rapidly losing the armaments, and the even more important 'capacity to 'divert' the enemy's forces, which their allies possessed. Ever since the spring of 1933, when the Poland of Marshal Pilsudski encountered the opposition of the French Government to the Polish proposal for a preventive war against the Hitler régime, France has gradually been stripped of those French allies on the other side of Germany who would have been worth, in a European war, half of Germany's entire military and air strength. In the spring of 1933 it was again M. Daladier who, as Prime Minister of France, — and a France so strong as to be able to crush the young Nazi Germany overnight, even without Poland or Czechoslovakia, — refused either to take bold military measures against Germany or to begin a firm diplomacy based upon the self-assurance that comes from military predominance. Within nine months Pilsudski had concluded his ten years' pact of Amity and Nonaggression with Herr Hitler's Germany; Poland was of doubtful use to France; but behind Poland lay Russia, linked to France since 1931 and soon to become a supporter against aggression as a fellow member of the League in 1934 and 1935. And there was still the Little Entente.

But every single European crisis since 1933 has seen France — and therefore, at one remove, Great Britain — lose a potential ally on the farther side of

Germany: Poland, Austria, Italy, and now, within the last few weeks, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, and — perhaps also — Rumania and Russia herself. What could it possibly avail Great Britain if, as fast as Britain's rearmament was going ahead (and it never went ahead fast), France's economic structure became weaker, her capacity to rearm declined, her existing armaments became steadily more obsolete, and — worse still — all the potential Anglo-French allies defected from the wobbling and indefinite Anglo-French front one after the other, as crisis supervened upon crisis? No one should now be under any delusion concerning what it was that the Baldwin and Chamberlain Governments in England were really trying to achieve.

It was not just parity in armaments with Germany; for only five years ago Britain and France together enjoyed a crushing military predominance over Germany and Italy together, whether on sea, on land, or in the air. In the financial year 1933-1934, £38,000,000 was spent on the British Army, £54,000,000 on the Navy, and £17,000,000 on the Air Force. These sums, without reference to the French or the French allies, represented more than Germany herself spent in the first year of the National Socialist régime, though of course British defenses were earmarked for use in many theatres of diplomacy outside Europe. Even so, they were not used in any of these theatres between 1933 and 1938 — if we except the case of Palestine. The same Conservative Government which came to power in 1931, when British and French arms were supreme in the Old World and might even have been used in the Far East to intimidate Japan into a more accommodating policy without fear of German or Italian diversions in the European rear, was unwilling four years later to run the naval risks of imposing really crippling sanctions against Italy.

From that moment, when the British

and French Governments alike were attempting actively to maintain Signor Mussolini in power in Italy without losing their 'face' in the sight of their peoples at home, their doom both as Great Powers and as democracies in the old sense was sealed. Herr Hitler's Rhineland remilitarization followed within four months, in March of 1936; and both Signor Mussolini and the German moderates began to see which side to back in the European game. The extent to which, and the rapidity with which, German and Italian rearmament went ahead after the British Government's fiasco over Abyssinia were such that neither England nor France could have drawn level with them, let alone out-paced them, without one of two things: such a profound upset of the British and French economic and social systems as to imperil alike their democratic nature and their high standards of living, or a thoroughgoing eleventh-hour rally of all those nations allied to or friendly with France, Britain, and the ideal (so proudly blazoned forth by Sir Samuel Hoare in the League Assembly in September of 1935, before Italy invaded Ethiopia) of 'steady and collective resistance to all acts of unprovoked aggression.'

Men of all political parties in England saw this clearly, but they were in a minority. Opposing them were either the majority of ignorant people who make up the mass in any country or — much more dangerous in England — those Conservative leaders, described above, whose control of British foreign policy was actuated by a queer mixture of wishful thinking, hatred of any left-wing movement anywhere, fear of a European war that might necessitate collaboration with left wings at home and abroad (they remembered how near England came to a real Socialism in the immediate post-war years), private affection for their material interest in preserving the state of things as it was in England, jealousy of losing that control,

and an honest hatred of war. In this queer compound of private aims and public anxieties which formed, and still forms, the mentality of Britain's Conservative leaders, the only common factor shared by the Opposition leaders — and some Conservatives as well — was the hatred of war. In a democracy, something which many of the people dislike becomes effective in policy; in a totalitarian state (as we saw in the cases of Germany and Italy before Munich) the fact that nine tenths of the people actively dislike war does not prevent their government from utilizing it as an instrument of aggressive conquest (as in the case of Austria) or diplomacy (as over Czechoslovakia).

To their credit, Mr. Winston Churchill, Sir Archibald Sinclair, one or two Labor leaders, and then Mr. Eden and Mr. Duff Cooper, all foresaw the need for thoroughgoing rearmament in Britain if British diplomacy in Europe, or outside it, was ever to speak with that voice which compels, because behind the voice is a strong man armed who keepeth his house. But the majority of the Conservative Party in the Commons was utilized by the whips to drive through a 'personal' policy, the policy of the small group already mentioned, which year by year was steadily and consistently making the worst of old situations and new predicaments.

It achieved neither efficient rearmament nor that rally of friendly-disposed nations which might have added to British and French armaments an imposing and dominating array of European force against a diplomatic aggressor. Whereas Germany and Italy preferred guns to butter, the British and French Governments preferred butter to guns. ('It was the *best* butter,' the March Hare meekly replied.) As each new crisis lost France an ally, so did the British and French Governments draw closer together. They remain, after Munich, a couple of shivering, down-at-heel democracies, drawing their

skirts close about them, intent only on being left alone in the western tip of the Continent, and on persuading the virile arms of Germany and Italy to embrace less well-born objects of desire.

This will explain Britain's position to-day. Her only ally on the Continent of Europe is France, a demoralized democracy, so far gone already along the road to rule by decree that she can only be called an epidemocracy. And in England everyone now realizes that Mr. Chamberlain was forced to fly to Berchtesgaden, Godesberg, and Munich because Mr. Baldwin's and Mr. Chamberlain's own Cabinets had consistently refused to build up British armaments on a scale and at a rate which would have been necessary if those Cabinets had ever intended to oppose the Napoleonic coming-on of the two Fascist Dictators athwart the European continent.

III

Mr. Chamberlain and Viscount Halifax, after their settlement with Herr Hitler at Munich, announced they would go to Paris on November 23 to concert a Franco-British policy for 'European appeasement.' Within a few days of the announcement of this visit to Paris, Herr Hitler spoke at Weimar on November 6 in such a way as to re-enforce the disappointing effect of the speech which he made at Saarbrücken on October 9, only nine days after the pacific declaration which he signed with Mr. Chamberlain at Munich. In this Weimar speech Herr Hitler went out of his way to attack democratic government, procedure, and liberty of expression; and he hinted that no friendship was possible between the totalitarian states and the democracies — as long as they remained democracies. Referring to Germany's great gains in 1938, he said:

If certain foreign papers write that we could have gained all this by negotiation, my reply is that the former Germany did nothing but negotiate for fifteen years, and lost

everything. I, too, am ready to negotiate, but — let there be no doubt about this — I shall not permit Germany's rights to be impaired by negotiations, or in any other way.

Not a very good augury for Mr. Chamberlain's policy of appeasement in Europe by negotiation!

What exactly is that policy to comprehend?

It is already clear from the Commons debates in the last days of the old session, and the debates on the King's Speech opening the new session, that the policy can be divided into five elements.

First, — and this element was categorically laid down by Mr. Chamberlain in the Commons on November 1, — 'Germany must have a dominant position in Central Europe.' This primary item of British policy was obviously one of the most decisive factors in bringing about the Munich settlement.

Secondly, by means of the Anglo-Italian agreement of last spring which Mr. Chamberlain rapidly brought into force against much Conservative criticism, Britain and France in concert are to come to an understanding with Italy; and thus, by developing further that collaboration with Signor Mussolini which was initiated by Mr. Chamberlain to secure the meeting at Munich, the once abortive Four-Power Pact is to be made a living reality for the control of Europe's destinies.

Thirdly, on the basis of this kind of Four-Power division of influence in Europe, an Anglo-French understanding is to be reached with Germany — perhaps too with Italy, if Signor Mussolini decides to stick to the Rome-Berlin Axis for his future aims — on the thorny question of the Four Powers' colonial interests.

Fourthly, pourparlers are to be opened, at least between Britain and Germany at first, on limitation of armament programmes, aerial bombardment of civil populations, and so forth — a proposal which Herr Hitler is said to have made to Mr. Chamberlain at Munich.

Fifth and lastly, Britain and France are to rearm steadily for the present, but neither too rapidly nor too extensively. In that way Mr. Chamberlain hopes that either Germany will not notice or, if she notices, will not be so alarmed by Anglo-French rearmament as to adopt intransigent attitudes or extravagant demands during the immediate period of 'negotiations.'

It will be seen at once from the foregoing that this British policy of appeasement reposes upon a basis compounded of faith, hope, and charity towards Herr Hitler. Let us attempt to justify the British Prime Minister by his faith, to examine the foundations of his hope, and to gauge the probable effects of his charity. It is necessary for this purpose to examine the calculations on which each of the five elements noted above has been drawn up, and the implications which each of them involves for Britain and Europe.

First, then, the domination of Central and Southeastern Europe by Germany: in this, Mr. Chamberlain has done no more than carry to completion the policy which Sir John Simon and Mr. Baldwin consistently followed from 1934 onwards. The calculation of the inner Conservative caucus has been that 80,000,000 Germans could not be prevented from joining their forces and becoming a Great Power in the military and economic senses. Therefore it was better to push them towards Eastern and Southeastern Europe, where they would at first come into conflict with Slavs and Magyars and finally with the semi-Slav, semi-Tatar millions of half-Asiatic despotic Russia. By this means, it was thought, the real European kernel of Western individualistic civilization in France, Britain, Scandinavia, and the Low Countries could be preserved, while the two rampant totalitarian collectivism — both equally Left in their proletarian demagoguery, both equally Right in their despotic oligarchies — would batter each other to impotence, for the bet-

ter security of Britain and France. By this means the British Conservative group responsible for British policy and defense since 1931 hoped to discredit in the eyes of the masses in Britain (also in France) both the extremist forms of authoritarian collectivism which lay to the east of Europe.

They reckoned, however, without their host. They ignored the essential nature of National Socialism in Germany — a very different thing from, and much more dangerous than, Fascism in Italy, which is really the symbolic expression of a Latin people's collective feelings. Nazi Germany's territorial, economic, and military appetite grew with eating. From March of 1936, when the Rhineland was militarily barred in the face of France, the Nazi Party-State began to move like a ponderous steam-roller towards the southeast. Now that Austria has been swallowed, the Sudetenland bitten off, the rest of Czechoslovakia subjected to German control, and countries like Poland and Hungary rendered potential vassals of Germany, the increase of Germany's economic and strategic forces is immense. (This does not mean to say that Germany's new European dominions will act as milch cows for Germany, without being 'fed' by large capital investments which at present Germany does not possess. But in a relatively short time the Nazi process of forcing loans from German industry and small states abroad, as well as of forcing labor from the German workers on an intensive scale, can create capital necessary to exploit those European dominions.) In this connection I have already referred to the British Navy's loss of the ability to blockade Germany under at least two years; and two years of modern warfare are certainly more than even the most bellicose anti-Nazi can with equanimity contemplate for London.

Another implication of British policy towards Germany's Central and Southeastern European claims is purely mili-

tary. The consistency with which British policy has cold-shouldered Russia out of Europe's councils, to realize the Four-Power system of control over the Continent's destinies, has resulted during 1938 in liberating the German General Staff from their besetting fear of a simultaneous war on the east and on the west. This in turn has placed Germany in the enviable position of being able, for the purposes of a *Blitzkrieg* or lightning war, to throw virtually all her army and air force behind her diplomacy in any given direction — whether to the west alone, to the southeast, or, as the British Government hopes, to the east. Taken together, the naval and military implications of Germany's domination over Central Europe can only have weakened the British and French diplomatic position as against Germany — unless the two remaining epidemocratic Great Powers of Europe concert their energies and resources in such a rearmament drive as to make their political and economic systems almost totalitarian. In neither Britain nor France, however, do the peoples stand solidly behind the Governments which, on their own confessions in Parliament, were unable in September to do more than accept Herr Hitler's conditions as a result of their own military unreadiness or their political unwillingness to grasp the sword. Finally, in order to preserve the consistency of their joint foreign policy, neither of the two Governments has announced a rearmament drive of anything like the intensity necessary to put teeth and claws, not to mention blood and bone and sinew, into their diplomacy.

The second element of British policy, the Anglo-Italian agreement, was motivated partly by a desire to wean Italy from the Rome-Berlin Axis, partly by the desire of the inner Conservative group in England to prevent by all means the Spanish Republican Government from being victorious over General Franco, a victory which would inflict a

domestic defeat on Signor Mussolini and powerfully strengthen the forces of the Left in domestic French politics. It will be remembered that Mr. Eden resigned from Mr. Chamberlain's Cabinet in protest against the Anglo-Italian Agreement last spring. For two and a half years Mr. Baldwin's and Mr. Chamberlain's Cabinets have connived at Italian and German intervention in Spain under the cloak of nonintervention; they have averted their eyes from the murder of British sailors and the destruction of British property by bombings known to be German and Italian; the crews of British warships, in obedience to orders from London, have had to 'stand by' without lifting a finger and watch their compatriots dodging death from the air; British pressure upon the French Cabinet, coupled with British indifference to attacks on British shipping, have resulted in so effective a blockade of the Barcelona Government that the granting of belligerent rights to Franco has become unnecessary; and the British plan for the withdrawal of foreign volunteers from both sides in Spain has been fulfilled by the Republican Government without even being accepted by General Franco.

None of this, however, has prevented Mr. Chamberlain from assisting both Signor Mussolini and General Franco to achieve their aims in Spain, even if the price were the enforced resignation, by means that would put a blackmailer to shame, of the most popular Foreign Secretary in England for seven years. Could anything be clearer than the words of his successor, Viscount Halifax, the present Foreign Secretary, when he moved in the Lords on November 3 to welcome Mr. Chamberlain's ratification of the Anglo-Italian pact?

It has never been true, and it is not true to say, that the Anglo-Italian agreement had a lever value to make Mussolini desist from supporting General Franco and his forces. Signor Mussolini has always made it plain from the time of the first conversations with

the British Government that, for reasons known to us all, whether we approve of them or not, he was not prepared to see General Franco defeated. He has always made it plain, on the other hand, that he would assist, as he has been assisting, in the work of the Nonintervention Committee, and it is not his fault that greater progress has not been made by that committee.

Who would n't 'assist' a committee that assisted one's self?

The implications of this Anglo-Italian element in British policy are scarcely reassuring. Since Signor Mussolini abandoned Herr von Schuschnigg and Austria last March, the relentless onward march of the Nazi Juggernaut through Yugoslavia and Hungary and Czechoslovakia has narrowed the field within which Italy has any kind of manoeuvrability. There can be no guarantee that General Franco will be freed from German and Italian influence. Italy is likely always to remain in the favorable fourth position among the Big Four, able to offer her allegiance to the higher bidders. (It is not generally known that the British Admiralty, last September, was unable to guarantee to carry the Imperial Mails through the Mediterranean on a single destroyer, so precarious is the line — once called our 'vital artery' by Mr. Eden — through that sea to the Suez Canal!) Italian entry into war on the side of Germany would not be as dangerous as Italian so-called 'neutrality'; for if such neutrality on Italy's part turned out to be comparable with the nonintervention she has effected in Spain neither France nor Britain would be legally entitled to make war upon her or take warlike measures, while her aircraft and industries could actively assist Germany, with whom she has now a common frontier.

Finally, Signor Mussolini is determined to build up his Mediterranean Empire; hence the further settlement and garrisoning of Libya. He will assuredly push his claims very soon into the French sphere — Tunisia or Algeria;

and then a British Cabinet will be faced with threats from Germany at one end of the axis, importunate demands from France for the implementation of the new Anglo-French alliance, and offers of blackmail from the Rome end of the axis. After Munich, would anyone dare prophesy that Mr. Chamberlain's Cabinet — or his inner council of state — would stand firm?

The third element in British policy is the most ticklish for the present: the colonial problem. It is reported that Mr. Chamberlain wants to effect a new repartition of Africa which will accord Germany those colonial possessions, equivalent to the ones she lost at Versailles, without which Herr Hitler feels she is not a Great Power. On the other hand, the German press loudly demands the return of the original colonies, which two British Dominions now enjoying mandates over ex-German colonies — South Africa and Australia — have refused to consider. The South African Defense Minister, Mr. Pirow, flew to London via Lisbon at the beginning of November, and decided to go on to Brussels; but Portuguese and Belgian official communiqués published at the time made it clear that neither country would consider an African repartition involving its territories to please Britain.

The situation and outlook are further complicated by the ability of the smaller colonial Powers — Belgium, Holland, Portugal, Spain — to make their own separate agreements with Germany, without needing to do anything to please Britain or France. For instance, if Belgium liked to be nasty, she could go beyond her present, and only recently adopted, attitude of 'neutrality' towards Germany; she could make close collaboration with Germany, even in exploiting her empire, without regarding Britain. That would upset one of the strategic postulates on which British defenses are reared. Portugal and Holland could, despite British asseverations

that Britain would fight for the Low Countries and Portugal, do likewise with Germany. If the Third Reich settled down economically, they might even do well out of such agreements.

The implications of the colonial question are extremely uncomfortable for Mr. Chamberlain and his Cabinet. If Herr Hitler knew from Berchtesgaden, Godesberg, and Munich that Britain was not prepared to fight because of the superiority of Germany's air force, — and Dr. Goebbels and Herr Hitler have since openly declared so, — then any importunate or extravagant demands from Germany for colonies in the next six months or so will find Britain even more outclassed in the air. So much is clear from the facts set out above, and from Mr. Chamberlain's decision not to set up a Ministry of Supply, not to go all-out in totalitarian fashion for rearmament.

Thus, on the colonial question, all depends on Herr Hitler's willingness to keep a private promise to Mr. Chamberlain at Godesberg — namely, that 'there will be no mobilization about colonies.' Yet, if there were, Britain and France would be in the worst conceivable strategic and military position. That may account for the rumors that the British inner Cabinet group are proposing to offer a compromise arrangement: the return of Togoland and Cameroons (with French compliance), *plus* 'compensation' territory in Africa not previously owned by Germany. Nigeria, Gold Coast, and Portuguese or Belgian territory to be purchased first by Britain, are all mentioned. The possibility that Britain and France may together have to face a solid Italo-German demand for compensation in Africa cannot be scouted. It is highly probable that (a) if Mr. Chamberlain acceded to such a demand he would be disowned by the Conservatives and the people; (b) if he refused it he would have to resign; and (c) his successor would be faced with the conduct of a terrible war, left in the

lurch by a Chamberlain Cabinet which had created the lurch.

The fourth element in British policy, negotiations with Germany on limitation of armaments, needs little comment; for the Cabinet itself to-day would not dare to accept the German tentative proposals of a 3:1 ratio for German and British air forces respectively, to compensate the 100:35 ratio of the British and German navies under the 1935 Anglo-German Naval Agreement. British needs in the air are certainly as great as Germany's, if not greater; and if Germany's colonial demands are met even to the extent of one overseas harbor, then the next item on the agenda will assuredly be the unilateral German denunciation of the Anglo-German Naval Agreement itself. It might be possible to conclude an Anglo-French-Italo-German agreement to abstain from certain kinds of bombing; it would be impossible for British and French Governments to repose any trust on it when concluded.

There are, it is true, reasons to believe that Germany's needs of capital and civil manufactures for her new European empire will necessitate a reduction in armaments construction — but a reduction only from their current phenomenal output, which can now be afforded owing to the release of German arms from the East and Southeast for the future. This would not absolve Britain and France from the duty of making up the leeway, now longer than ever before, between the level of German armaments and their own. Finally, the only thing on which the peoples and parties in Britain are all agreed is the urgent necessity to double and treble the output of armaments. That being so, there is little ground for hope in the limitation of armaments.

Lastly we have the element of rearmament itself, which Mr. Chamberlain and his colleagues no doubt thought might be kept secret from Germany, while Britain went ahead rearming.

It is this one feature of the British political scene that has most upset Herr Hitler and Mr. Chamberlain alike: Herr Hitler because he thought he had 'nobbled' Mr. Chamberlain at Munich with the little paper promise about renunciation of war; Mr. Chamberlain because *he* thought, with that little piece of paper, he had 'nobbled' both Herr Hitler and the acquiescent British people. Neither, in fact, had nobbled the other, or anything. The British Cabinet and people unanimously demanded rearmament on an intensified and accelerated scale; and Mr. Chamberlain's inefficient and ineffective lieutenants, coördinators, and so forth, could only stand in white sheets, miserably penitent, crying '*Peccavi, peccavi!*' to an indignant Commons in the last days of the old session, while the public demanded a state inquiry into their sins of omission.

The thing became crystal clear; Britain was not going to be lulled into impotence for the future. Therewith Herr Hitler, Dr. Goebbels, Herr von Ribbentrop, all began to denounce personally and by name the British Opposition and the dissident British Tories, — Churchill, Eden, Duff Cooper, — calling them warmongers, lauding the totalitarian states' control over the press as 'responsibility,' indicting the democracies for their liberties in the name of 'irresponsibility,' declaring that only the Fascist states wanted peace. That was the tenor of Herr Hitler's Saarbrücken and Weimar speeches. The effect in Britain was to make Mr. Chamberlain look like an honest, sincere, trusting, but ludicrous old man. Herr Hitler and his lieutenants played not Mr. Chamberlain's game but Mr. Churchill's, Mr. Duff Cooper's, Mr. Eden's, the Opposition's; for the British and French peoples said to themselves: 'It's a pretty pass Chamberlain and Daladier have led us to, when we're told how our next Cabinet is to be composed, who's to be in it and who out; when

only those who are reckoned unsuitable for existing Cabinets here can get up and tell Hitler where he gets off!'

IV

It will by now be clear that British foreign policy, and therefore French, may strive as hard as its begetters may like for real 'appeasement' in Europe, but that the conditions of success lie not in the control of British and French hands. You can 'appease' one burglar by refusing to call out the police; but it is folly to appease all burglars by entirely abolishing the police force. There is no doubt that the British Government's policy of appeasement up to date has been one of refusing to call out the police. Can it now convert the burglar, having confirmed him in the practice and profitability of burglary? This is the dilemma before which Mr. Chamberlain, Viscount Halifax, Sir John Simon, and Sir Samuel Hoare now stand.

The map of Europe has been drastically recast, not by pacific means and amicable agreement, but by British and French acquiescence before facts accomplished under threats of force. The process has taken just over three years. In that short time Anglo-French strength, once predominant, which could have been the engine of peaceful reform, has been turned by Anglo-French indifference and Italo-German activism into weakness. That weakness is only relative, and need only be temporary. But further 'appeasement' in the European or colonial sphere demands British and French strength; else it will only prove perilous to those material and spiritual values by which the British and French peoples continue to set great store. Indeed, it will take a long and risk-ridden time before any kind of negotiations between the four arbiters of Europe's fate can safely be relied on to produce real peace. 'For peace,' as Spinoza said, 'is not mere absence of war, but a virtue that arises from

strength of spirit.' And strength of spirit is not strength of one's right arm alone, nor, indeed, fearful acquiescence.

The British Empire, still centred on the United Kingdom, faces totalitarian threats at its Far-Eastern extremity, in its Near-Eastern arteries, and at its very heart. Economically, it has to face the loss of past investments and current trade in regions now controlled by Germany, Italy, and Japan. Maybe, if Britain and France can convince Germany and Italy of the suicidal outcome of Italo-German intransigence, trading relations can be devised between the European Big Four, though this will be very difficult and complicated. Britain and France will enjoy control of the Atlantic trade routes for a year or two more, perhaps many years. They have alternative routes to their colonies and associated dominions; they have much capital at home and abroad, not least in the United States; and in time their air forces will be strong enough to prevent aggressive air forces from being able to defeat them in a lightning war. So Time remains on the side of the two European democratic Great Powers. Moreover, both Germany and Italy have secured so much that, even if their appetites have grown with eating, they must trim their policies in future by reference to the risk of losing what they already

hold. Finally, the British and French peoples have been stiffened up; the German and Italian peoples, kept in ignorance while the recent crisis prevailed, now realize the risks which their leaders willfully evoked and incurred. All these factors make for an uneasy but manageable peace.

What cannot be gained or guaranteed are the psychological and mental processes of political chieftains, as much in Britain or France as in Germany or Italy. It is a new Europe, a new and more dangerous world than at any time in the last one hundred and twenty-five years, on which British politicians look out. The cup of revolutions, of accomplishable facts, of policy by duress, was filled to the brim a few weeks ago. Any more stirring will cause it to overflow in Europe. In these circumstances, not even the British Prime Minister and his fellow oligarchs can abide by the policy they have so consistently followed hitherto; for the eyes of the masses are opened, are on them; and the hands of another generation that knew not the mentality of 1890 to 1910 are nearing the controls of state. It is all a question of time. Nothing and nobody in England or France can now assure these peoples that they will be accorded the time that is necessary. That question is not on the knees of gods. It is on the knees of Herr Hitler.

GERMANY'S PURPOSE

BY FRITZ BERBER

I

THE condition of grave crisis which for weeks and months, indeed for years past, has characterized the international situation is the subject of sharply contrasting interpretations both as to the appropriate remedy and as to the forecast of future developments. All discussion of the crisis and its possible effects must therefore remain of a nebulous nature until this sharp contrast in interpretations is recognized, brought into the open, explained, and resolved. The divergence in evaluation of the situation is emphasized by the explanation which finds so much favor in Western Europe and America, an explanation which is nevertheless dangerous and fallacious — namely, the antithesis of democracy and dictatorship.

The cleavage of opinion runs through the democratic lands themselves, dividing the opinion of their public, their universities, their parliaments, and even of their governments; it was this, for instance, which caused Mr. Duff Cooper to resign from the British Government.

What constitutes this fatal opposition? Not until that question has been answered does an objective survey of the present situation become possible — not until then do we get the fundamental conditions of international understanding, never so necessary and never so rare as at the present time.

The first of these contrasting and irreconcilable points of view — one strictly opposite to the German conception —

may be formulated briefly as follows: the so-called dictatorships, by which for years past Germany and Italy have been designated, and Japan also (whilst Soviet Russia, as belonging to the 'peace-loving nations,' is apparently no longer regarded as a dictatorship), are the prime cause of all the unrest in the world. As 'Have-Nots,' they are dissatisfied with their position, they want to change the status quo by force, they pursue imperialist aims; in fact, they are aiming at world hegemony.

As regards Germany in particular, these alleged aims are featured on a huge scale, and proofs of them are sought even in the details of the present international situation, after the following fashion: —

Germany, realizing her national unity late in time, came out at the short end in the division of the good things of this world, and consequently, suffering from a subconscious dream, from a deep inferiority complex, strove under Wilhelm II to capture the hegemony of Europe, and, as ultimate aim, world mastery. This let loose the World War in 1914. Thanks to the common efforts of nearly all the Powers in the world, it was possible to bring Germany down and destroy her dream of world power. But Germany has not forgotten this dream. National Socialism is nothing else than its resurrection in more radical form. Since 1933 the Third Reich has been working systematically for the realization of such schemes.

The first stages along this route were resignation from the League of Nations and dissociation from the Locarno system, together with the reoccupation and refortification of the demilitarized Rhineland. With the annexation of Austria, Germany took action beyond the Reich frontiers, and the Western Powers were unable to offer any effective opposition. Encouraged by this success, Germany forthwith raised as a pendant to it the problem of Czechoslovakia. This country, created in 1919 in the heart of the Reich so as to make it possible to surround Germany from behind as well as on all other sides, and supported by alliances with France and Soviet Russia, formed a main obstacle to German expansion eastwards, and was to be removed or drastically weakened. According to this view, the territorial integrity of Czechoslovakia was consequently the decisive point of the whole European situation; at this point German expansion must be opposed, even at the cost of world war.

If Czechoslovakia were sacrificed to German expansion eastwards, then Germany would become irresistible; South-east Europe would be politically subject to Germany; its rich national resources would put an end to Germany's lack of raw materials and make the Reich immune from danger of blockade by the great Sea Powers. The final conflict for world supremacy between Germany and the Western Powers, inescapable in the long run, would then begin with a distinct superiority on the part of Germany, and the Western Powers would have to fight for their very existence. Czechoslovakia was possible as a rallying point for resistance to Germany only if she commanded the strategic frontier of the Bohemian mountains. She could in this way hold up twenty-five German divisions, and provide opportunity for air attack on every German city. Hence any attempt by Germany to violate the territorial integrity of Czechoslovakia must be deemed an attack on the West-

ern Powers, and so be met by a declaration of war.

Such a war, legally justified for France by her military alliance, for England by the Covenant of the League of Nations and her Locarno obligations to France, must be made the test case for collective security, which must not fail once again, as in the case of China, Abyssinia, and Spain. Chamberlain's policy met with the sharpest criticism from those who took this standpoint; he was charged, according to his own words in the British Parliament, with cowardice, with weakness, with presumption, with stupidity. Men like Churchill, Eden, Lloyd George, and almost the whole of the English left wing, regarded Chamberlain's action as a betrayal of vital British rights, just as Daladier met the same reproaches from the Left in the French Chamber, as well as from individual members of the Right.

The above-stated view of things, so utterly opposite to the German opinion, is presented by its supporters with all the fanaticism of superstition. This, after all, is a 'policy of utter despair,' as it was characterized by Mr. Chamberlain, who continued as follows: 'If that is your conviction, there is no future hope for civilization or for any of the things that make life worth living.' Chamberlain, Daladier, Mussolini, and Hitler have in fact set out upon a course in direct and irreconcilable contrast to the nightmares of the Left and of the ultra-Right in both France and England. Their way proves to be that which from the German standpoint has been advocated for years as the only course possible.

The presentation of this conception gives us the key to the political future of Europe, as the Germans see it; the significance of Munich lies above all in the fact that the four leading statesmen of Europe have put their hands to this policy of collaboration, whilst rejecting that of collective security, which must inevitably have led to war. It

therefore becomes necessary, in what follows, to set forth this view, and at the same time to answer the question as to where German foreign policy will lead in the future; for our foreign policy is nothing but the logical consequence of this view of things.

II

We Germans are convinced that it is not possible to consider objectively the present European situation, to weigh the significance of the various tendencies, forces, and interests struggling for power and recognition within it, if one accepts in advance as starting point a conclusion which stands in absolute contradiction to two decades of scientific research, but which is nevertheless tenaciously upheld in wide areas of Western Europe and America, which in the last few years has been revived for the purpose of tendentious propaganda, and which shrouds like a dark cloud all clear recognition of realities in Europe. I refer to the legend of the sole or principal guilt of Germany for the World War, a legend which has long since been refuted by experts, especially in the pioneer works of Sidney Bradshaw Fay, as editor of *Origins of the World War*, and Harry Elmer Barnes, *The Genesis of the World War*. With this thesis out of the way, the foundations and origin of the whole ideology of despair, described above, disappear, and it becomes necessary to begin by proving this comfortably grounded theory of the German menace, if the whole conjectural superstructure is to be justified. Failing such proof, it must be admitted openly that, in place of the alleged arguments, sheer assumptions, which would make no impression on public opinion, have to suffice.

It is the general view in Germany that the 'spirit of Versailles' has been the root of all evil in Europe during the past twenty years. An essential part of this 'spirit of Versailles,' however, is the thesis of Germany's sole or predominat-

ing guilt for the outbreak of the World War.

Without this thesis, the imposition of reparations was senseless, since, according to the text of Article 231 of the Versailles Treaty, they were justified precisely because of the 'responsibility of Germany and her allies for causing all the loss and damage to which the Allied and Associated Governments and their nationals have been subjected as a consequence of the war imposed upon them by the aggression of Germany and her allies.' Without this supposition as to the general menace of Germany, her unilateral disarmament was unjustifiable, as was also the demilitarization of the Rhineland, the mutilation of Germany's frontiers, the veto against union with the Reich of Germans living outside, and finally the confiscation of colonies, from which as a base, it was alleged, Germany had practised piracy against world trade.

One half of the Versailles Treaty implemented the consequences of this war-guilt thesis; the other half, and especially the League of Nations Covenant, contained in Part I of the Treaty, served the purpose of maintaining them by *force majeure*. This unnatural order of things, which was built on an untenable thesis, and the attempt to uphold it by force against the natural order (which, like all else in nature, struggles vigorously back out of such constraint to the natural equipoise), have poisoned the atmosphere of Europe for twenty years and threatened most dangerously European peace. Anyone not completely blinded by the false view described at the opening of this article must be shocked to note how, for the purpose of maintaining an unnatural, unfair, and impossible condition of things, every form of power and aggression was justified, including the Sanctions of Article 16, with its provisions for 'hunger blockade' and merciless war even against women and children; preventive war; the pact with Bolshevism; the denial of solemnly prom-

ised rights of self-determination for the peoples.

German foreign policy set itself, at first feebly, but since 1933 with the whole unconditional and radical force of National Socialist will power, to free Germany from the fetters of Versailles. This task is the quintessence of German foreign policy and the key to an understanding of all German 'aims.' Along with this task, Germany has at the same time undertaken the function not only of liberating herself from the chains, but also of freeing Europe from the burden of Versailles. With every link of the Versailles fetters that fell away, something was won for European peace, the danger of war became less — so long as this liquidation of Versailles could be attained by peaceful means, along the way of peaceful change, without a so-called 'preventive war' intervening to prevent the achievement of a just European peace.

The great significance of the Munich Agreement is that for the first time the coöperation of all four European Great Powers was won for this work of peace, whereas the earlier stages of the Versailles liquidation — of peaceful change — had to be carried through by Germany alone in face of the strongest possible opposition, threats of war, and the execrations of world-wide public opinion. The merit of Chamberlain's achievement at Munich is not only the fact of coöperation in freeing from the yoke of foreign rule 3½ million Germans,² not only the exorcism of the danger of war at this particular moment, but the active collaboration, together with Germany, France, and Italy, against war in general, active collaboration for the peaceful reconstruction of Europe and for the removal of important elements of the injustice of 1919.

It is clear from the foregoing that when we have managed at last to break free from the inevitable conceptions of the fatal spirit of 1919, and to look at things without prejudice in their true relations,

the aims of German foreign policy become simple, clear, and illuminating — as clear and simple as the guiding principles set forth in the Programme of the German National Socialist Party in February 1920, with which they are identical.

Germany is determined to free herself completely from the fetters of Versailles; and she will see to it that the unity of her people is realized and secured, a right long since regarded as a matter of course for all other peoples of Europe. Along this path Germany has already made considerable progress, so much so that Adolf Hitler could declare that, after the liberation of the 3½ million Germans in Bohemia, Germany had no further territorial claims to make in Europe.

If we start from the only right standpoint, — that wars are not chance events, but, like everything else in nature, follow the laws of cause and effect, representing a sort of revenge for a false, unjust order in international relationships, — then, with the liquidation, step by step, of Versailles, we approach, likewise step by step, the securing of lasting peace, as the causes of war, the injustices in the mutual relationship of peoples, gradually disappear. A specially important feature of this evolution in Europe must here be emphasized: that Germany has proceeded along this way of liberation without feelings of revenge, which would have been quite understandable in view of the injustice meted out to her.

One thing, however, the German people have learned from the experiences of the past twenty years, and this will continue to be one of the guiding principles of German foreign policy for long to come: a people, be their cause never so just, can expect no help from outside; they must help themselves, and must make themselves strong enough to help themselves.

The German people have to thank the United States of America above

all for this lesson. When, in 1918, President Woodrow Wilson announced a programme for the coming peace, a programme based on a new and just European order, on self-determination of the peoples, on a fair redistribution of colonies, freedom of the seas, and so forth, it was accepted with enthusiasm by the German people. When Mr. Wilson proclaimed that 'the impartial justice meted out must involve no discrimination between those to whom we wish to be just and those to whom we do not wish to be just,' that 'every territorial settlement involved in this war must be made in the interest and for the benefit of the population concerned,' he was proclaiming the German post-war programme, which was accepted unconditionally by the German Government — in contrast to that of England, which country was by no means prepared to proclaim the freedom of the seas.

In fact, when the American Government declared that negotiations over the details of these principles could not begin until Germany (alone amongst the combatants) had laid down her arms, whilst the Allied Powers retained theirs, Germany did lay down her arms, relying in good faith upon the undertaking, solemnly given to the German Government by Secretary of State Lansing in a formal note on November 5, 1918, in the name of the American and Allied Governments.

This note contained among other things the following words: —

The Allied Governments have given careful consideration to the correspondence which has passed between the President of the United States and the German Government. Subject to the qualifications which follow they declare their willingness to make peace with the Government of Germany on the terms of peace laid down in the President's address to Congress of January the 8th, 1918, and the principles of settlement enunciated in his subsequent addresses.

Never has confidence in pledged word been so disgracefully deceived; never has

a combatant who has unilaterally disarmed, on the proposal of its opponent and in order to make negotiations possible, been so shamefully coerced. Once Germany had laid down her arms, no more was heard of these conditions, stipulated as a preliminary to the making of peace; but precisely the opposite terms were dictated. No peace conference assembled at the end of the war, only a conference of victors to distribute the spoils; no peace treaty was concluded, only conditions dictated to Germany at the point of the sword.

The German people have not forgotten this terrible lesson. The German people will never again deliver themselves, trusting and defenseless, into the hands of foreign Powers. The German people will from now on see to it that they are strong enough to protect their own vital interests against anyone who might venture to attack them. This applies to the present as well as to the future, in spite of the proof which the leading statesmen of the Western Powers have lately given of their wisdom and insight; for the parliamentary constitution of these countries offers no guarantee of continuity in their foreign policy, a policy which depends upon majorities in Parliament that are liable to change at any time.

Naturally, it is not possible to forecast the future foreign policy of any country in exact particulars; but we may nevertheless summarize the foreign policy of the Third Reich at the present time.

III

1. The Third Reich is based on the National Socialist idea: on the principle of Socialism as regards internal policy, on that of Nationalism in foreign policy. This means that the German people are to live together as a unity and shape their own life in freedom and independence.

The process of national unification is to-day in its essentials completed; the

German Reich, now comprising 80,000,000 German people, has no further territorial claims to make in Europe. It rejects on principle the inclusion of foreign peoples within its frontiers, but requires from those states where scattered German groups exist unqualified respect for their racial rights.

2. The German Reich will continue its struggle against the system and spirit of Versailles until no trace of them remains, and until by this means complete and equal justice for Germany in the councils of the peoples, the complete vindication of her honor and position as a Great Power, have been secured. The German people are prepared to look back upon the monstrous injustice of Versailles without any feelings of hatred and revenge, if there is readiness on the other side to drop for good and all the discriminating Versailles spirit, and to accord without envy to the great German nation her appropriate place in the sun.

The German people desire to live in peace and friendship with all other peoples; but they will never again confide their rights and interests to other Powers. They will rather make and keep themselves strong, in order to meet with vigor and energy every threat to their vital interests. Germany is firmly convinced that only thus, by the removal of unjust settlements and the substitution for them of a just order, can peace in the long run be preserved. One specially important aspect of Versailles injustice which has not yet been redeemed — the question of colonies — should be here cited.

3. The German people reject the Geneva League of Nations as being an unsuitable instrument for international coöperation, and refuse ever again to enter therein. Their principal acquaintance with the League of Nations is as the executor and guarantor for the injustices of Versailles, appointed to support these injustices, with whom the plaints of the German people never found a hear-

ing. It has not kept the promise of collective security made to the smaller peoples. Abyssinia had to pay for confidence in its support by her downfall as a state.

The League was unable to solve any one of the big post-war international problems. In the attempt to secure general disarmament, — facilitated by that of Germany, already carried out, — it was no more successful than in protecting minorities or in the attainment of economic coöperation; above all, it tried to blink every big political issue. In the recent crisis, the eyes of Europe and the world were not turned upon Geneva, in spite of the fact that the League Assembly was in session there at the time — they were turned instead to Nuremberg, Berchtesgaden, Godesberg, London, Munich, Berlin, Paris, and Washington. Again collective security failed, and exists no more. France would have gone to war, if at all, on the ground of her Alliance, not on that of Articles 16 and 17 of the League of Nations Covenant. Every small and medium-sized Power immediately sought refuge in neutrality. Great Britain, bound by no pact with Czechoslovakia, declared by the mouth of her Prime Minister, on the evening of the day when her fleet mobilized, that she could not fight for the territorial integrity of Czechoslovakia — only for some bigger thing than that. What this bigger thing was became unequivocally clear from his statement — namely, the principle of the Balance of Power, to uphold which, in Europe, England has for centuries past gone to war.

4. In place of collective security and the League of Nations, there appeared for the first time at Munich the new principle of European Collaboration. The method chosen to deal with the Czechoslovakian crisis signified the application of that man-to-man policy which has from the first been advocated by National Socialism; it signified a return to the Four-Power policy of

Mussolini, nipped in the bud by France in 1933, and it signified the advent of the leadership principle in foreign policy as substitute for the barren parliamentary methods of Geneva.

Thus, return to the concert of the Powers is completed. This concert, apart from trivial interruptions, ensured peace in Europe for nearly a hundred years after 1815, whereas during that period, in both North and South America, considerable armed conflicts took place. The concert only failed to assure peace when it fell apart into two irreconcilably divided hostile blocs.

The Berlin-Rome Axis is no such antagonistic exclusive bloc; we are disposed to make the same assumption with regard to the Anglo-French Entente, and to hope that between the four great European capitals a nicely balanced system of collaboration will develop. For the rest, we regard it as desirable, now that the supra-national illusions of Geneva have been overcome, to start afresh from that point where pre-war Europe was beginning to coöperate with America in international law — namely, at The Hague, in the Peace Plan of Bryan (the Conference of Ambassadors, specified in the Munich Agreement, bears a remarkable likeness to the basic idea of this Bryan Plan), with those modest, limited, realistic steps towards international coöperation and the preservation of peace which have been practised for decades past in the Pan-American Union with so much blessing for the continent of America.

We hope in this way to achieve fruitful collaboration not only with the other European states but also with America. On the other hand, Germany refuses to coöperate with Bolshevism, in which she recognizes the real enemy to peace, order, and civilization; she has consequently drawn especially close to those Powers which, through similar philosophy and experiences, have reached the same conclusion — Italy and Japan. Neverthe-

less the Anti-Comintern Pact is no veiled alliance or armed bloc, but an open defensive front in which all are welcome who, with us, see in the ideology of world revolution, and its propagandist methods in every land, the true source of discontent, disorder, and unrest, which prevent the stabilization of lasting peace.

5. The Third Reich rejects all pacifist ideologies as being utopian and a menace to real peace; it has, however, since 1933 introduced a 'Good Neighbor' policy, which is destined to convert the most strained area of Europe into the most contented. In pursuit of this policy it concluded a Pact of Friendship with Poland in 1934, thereby lifting German-Polish relations, which for the past fourteen years had constituted a principal part of the work of the Hague Court and of the League of Nations, on to an entirely new level of understanding. The most friendly relations link Germany with Italy, Yugoslavia, and Hungary; Czechoslovakia too, after the disillusionment with her allies, and from motives of enlightened self-interest, seems ready to take her place in the ranks of Germany's friends. The neutrality of Switzerland, the independence and inviolability of the Netherlands and Belgium, have been most solemnly recognized by Germany. According to Adolf Hitler's official declarations, there exists no further conceivable material for conflict with France, and the French frontiers of 1919 have been acknowledged by us as definitely settled. Finally England, although separated from us by the North Sea, is still a neighbor — in fact, our most important neighbor, with whom we desire to live forever in peace and friendship, as set forth in the mutual declaration of Munich on September 30, 1938: —

We, the German Führer and Chancellor and the British Prime Minister, have had a further meeting to-day and are agreed in recognizing that the question of Anglo-German relations is of the first importance for the two countries and for Europe. We regard

the agreement signed last night and the Anglo-German Naval Agreement as symbolic of the desire of our two peoples never to go to war with one another again. We are resolved that the method of consultation shall be the method adopted to deal with any other questions that may concern our two countries, and we are determined to continue our efforts to remove possible sources of difference and thus to contribute to assuring the peace of Europe.

In order to prevent such tragic misunderstandings between two closely related peoples from ever happening again, Germany has voluntarily limited her naval strength to 35 per cent of that of the British Fleet, in order to prove to Great Britain by this most unequivocal and obvious act her firm decision not to think of challenging that superiority at sea which is the condition of British security. This Anglo-German Naval Treaty of June 18, 1935 represents at the same time the only effective agreement between Great Powers for the limitation of armaments, which, since England is

wholly the receiving and Germany the conceding partner, gives striking proof of the earnestness with which we are concerned for peace. Germany proposed similarly to the other Powers the conclusion, on a parity basis, of disarmament treaties on land, water, and in the air, in addition to an air pact, but unfortunately without meeting any desire to respond from the other side. The consequence of this was competition in rearmament, which represents a heavy burden on the national budgets, and the end of which cannot yet be seen.

Shall we now witness, as a result of the Munich Agreement and of the strict and fair implementing of the rights of self-determination of the peoples therein laid down, a growth of confidence as to German intentions, of which such clear proofs have been given, and a silencing of the warmongers in every land?

If this question could be answered in the affirmative, the peace of Europe would be assured for an almost indefinite period.

THE SAFETY OF FRANCE

BY PERTINAX

I

UNTIL the month of September 1938, France's foreign policy has consistently moved along well-defined lines. Its object was the maintenance of the peace treaties signed in 1919 and 1920: the treaties of Versailles, St. Germain, Trianon, and Neuilly. All the ministers of foreign affairs who, during the last twenty years, have taken charge of the Quai d'Orsay were strongly of opinion that their country's major interest was to support the Slav states formed or enlarged from the ruins of the four empires which had crumbled under the steady pressure of the Allied and Associated Powers: Germany, Austria-Hungary, Russia, and Turkey. Notwithstanding the criticism which, for so long, has been directed against that static policy, and the arguments put forward in favor of a drastic revision of the war settlement, a very good case can, in our judgment, be made for that steadfastness of French diplomacy.

We must never forget that the world conflict which broke out in 1914 really arose from the oppression of Slav majorities by the German and Magyar minorities in control of Austria-Hungary and of the house of Hapsburg in application of the dualist pact of 1867, which checked the natural evolution of the great Danubian empire towards a federal union of some kind. The rulers of Vienna, under the pressure of their German and Magyar privileged subjects, and because they were afraid lest the Slav states, elated by the victory they had

won against Turkey in 1912, should sooner or later bring about the revolt of the discontented races within their borders, were forced, to a greater and greater extent, to regard the Hohenzollerns as their protectors, to turn towards them whenever they were confronted with a serious difficulty, and to take their cue from them; the whole system worked as though a Pan-Germanic 'Mittel-europa' had already been in existence.

But German policy, on the eve of the Great War, was at work far beyond the countries watered by the Danube and its tributaries. The Bagdad railway was being built in all haste, the whole of Anatolia was seemingly doomed to be transformed into a German dominion (the British, Russian, and French Governments had given up all hope of resisting), and a German military mission had practically taken command of the Turkish army. Between Berlin and London another agreement had been arrived at for the eventual partition of the Portuguese colonies (the first in date had been negotiated in 1898). As against that formidable expansion of the Germanic power, the loose Triple Entente between France, England, and Russia could be described only as a very inadequate barrier; and, moreover, there were signs that Tsar Nicholas II and his advisers might surrender rather than engage in a struggle which bade fair to end in a social upheaval; there were already prophets of the Russian Revolution. A German diplomat told his government, in the

summer of 1914, that it had better refrain from resorting to violence, as the concessions which could be wrested from the British Government were practically unbounded.

The German dream which had so nearly come true gradually evaporated on the battlefields, because in July 1914 the French Republic, under the strong leadership of Poincaré, then the head of the state, did not hesitate to carry out her obligations under the treaty of defensive alliance signed with Russia in 1892, and because the violation of Belgium's guaranteed neutrality by the German armies roused British opinion to such a degree that the London Cabinet realized the hour had struck to pull down incipient German hegemony and chose to enter the struggle by the side of France. The war which went on for fifty-one months was essentially a war for the succession of Austria. The Europe that issued from it was formed of national communities freed from imperial moulds. In Central and Eastern Europe, it is true, the various national groups, mainly the result of German and Magyar colonization among the Slavs, were so hopelessly mixed up that the boundaries of the new states had to diverge, in many cases, from the correct ethnic frontier (exchanges of populations — then an undreamed-of procedure — would have supplied a more acceptable alternative solution), and besides, economic and strategic considerations could not be ruled out of account. But none the less the number of Europeans who, from 1918 onwards, had to live under an alien domination was reduced nearly to the incompressible limit.

The leadership of the politically rejuvenated continent devolved upon France, which is not an empire (except, beyond the seas, in the colonial conception of the word), but a compact national state where no heterogeneous element, no ethnic dissenters, are included. A League of Nations was formed, and its aim was to provide a machinery whereby future

conflicts could be solved by other means than the use of brutal force. However, since it could not be presumed that nobody would attempt a warlike aggression under the new order of things and that international law would be universally respected, penal clauses (the famous Article 16) had to be inserted in the Covenant; and since it would have been futile to expect that every one of the fifty-odd member states would be ready to incur the risks involved in the enforcement of the economic and military sanctions, it was necessary to recognize that the Powers most directly interested in the preservation of the political and territorial structure of Europe should bind themselves by pacts of mutual assistance.

Such was the origin of the 'French system' of post-war alliances which was opened up by the treaty with Poland and was developed to cover Czechoslovakia (1924) and Soviet Russia (1935). The treaties of the Little Entente, intended to keep in order Hungary; the Polish-Rumanian alliance, directed, on the whole, against Moscow; and the treaties of diplomatic consultation between Paris, Belgrade, and Bucharest (those did not entail military obligations) were all more or less conceived in that spirit. The articles in the Treaty of Versailles about the demilitarization of the Rhineland confirmed later on in the Rhineland pact of Locarno (October 16, 1925) had the practical result of investing France with a military preponderance in the general interest of the small nations.

Such was the new Europe as built up at Versailles and in the international conferences which succeeded each other for twelve solid years. Its decline dates from the Abyssinian War. (The consequences of the Sino-Japanese War of 1931 would not have been far-reaching, in that respect, if the international law had been upheld against the Fascist Government in Rome; and it can be observed that, conversely, any drastic steps taken to keep the Japanese Empire

within bounds would not have failed to stimulate the subversive factors at work in Europe, owing to the fact that British forces would have been busy in the East.) The reoccupation by the Reichswehr of the Rhineland districts is another landmark to record in that decay of what is called 'collective security.' The suppression of Austria's independence and, above all, the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia, in September 1938, have struck the last blow at the whole fabric.

II

Now, without any exaggeration whatever, it is possible to contend that, in September 1938, the Western Powers retroactively lost the war of 1914-1918, and that they find themselves, on the whole, in a worse position than a quarter of a century ago. In the Anglo-French conference which met in London on the twenty-ninth of April, the British ministers had more or less grudgingly made up their minds to stand by the French Government if the latter was called upon to resort to arms to safeguard Czechoslovakia's territorial integrity and national independence. Thus Great Britain, pledged by a defensive alliance that arose from the ruins of the Rhineland pact of Locarno to defend France's frontier against an unprovoked attack by Germany, had practically adhered to the 'French system' set up for the upholding of the status quo in Central Europe. Czechoslovakia, the direct ally of France and the indirect ally of Great Britain, has nevertheless been abandoned and delivered to the tender mercies of Hitlerian Germany, Poland, and Hungary. Both Western Powers have shown in a striking manner that they were ready to surrender to the German Reich and its associates rather than to fight.

As a consequence, it is not easy to perceive, now, where the Germanic tide can be dammed. The body of the Czechoslovak nation, after the surgical opera-

tion that has been performed upon it, can, at the most, survive in a condition of abject vassality. Collective security, under any conceivable form, has vanished altogether; and, left to themselves, such countries as Poland, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Rumania, will have no alternative left but to enter into bilateral agreements of a political and economic nature with the Nazi dictator. From 1936, and even perhaps from an earlier date, the various countries had become skeptical as to the material assistance that would be actually lent to them in an emergency, and they had tried to allay their apprehension through embarking upon a policy of reinsurance with Berlin and Rome, which, in the case of Poland at any rate, was developed to the length of active complicity under the aegis of anti-Communism.

Henceforward, they may be compelled to barter their independence against controlled autonomy. Soviet Russia, of course, stands behind them, and normally ought to be expected to back them all against the National Socialist foe. But the Stalinist dictatorship has not yet emerged from its fundamental crisis; all kinds of social prejudices, in addition to its own doings, strive to keep it in moral isolation; and the government of Moscow has made it clear, once for all, particularly by joining hands with the French Republic in May 1935, that it would never intervene in a European conflict except after the Western Powers had taken the initiative. As to Fascist Italy, she concentrates upon open or concealed schemes of conquest in the Mediterranean and Northern Africa, and she is probably determined to cast her lot with Germany to the end. Moreover, her economic distress makes it hardly possible for her to relax the bond with her stronger partner unless she gives up all her hopes of aggrandizement, a solution that no totalitarian state can safely contemplate.

It is being said by many that, in truth, the task assumed by the French

and British Cabinets, to keep alive the Europe of 1919, was *ultra vires* and, as demonstrated by the Runciman report of September 21, in direct contradiction to the very nature of things. That argument need not be taken very seriously. With due respect to Lord Runciman, none can claim for him the qualification of an expert in Central European politics, and his report is undermined by many inconsistencies. He set himself to work with the naïve idea, largely entertained in England and America, that political solutions can be evolved which are apt to last on account of their intrinsic merits and do not require the backing of military power to perpetuate themselves. Most censors of the Versailles settlement have behaved like Lord Runciman. They believe that in the European continent, as we see it to-day, conflicting interests might be harmonized in such a manner as to give rise to an equilibrium which would be satisfactory to everyone concerned and would not need occasionally to be propped up by force. It is nothing more than a delusion. The whole history of Europe can be accounted for by a continuous struggle, either violent or latent, between a single nation aspiring to hegemony and a group of nations pooling their resources to keep a balance of power. A moral element may have asserted itself with effects not to be despised on the side of the states which fought for the 'freedom' of the continent—for the *libertés européennes*, to quote the old expression. But those *libertés européennes* never had the better of the contest otherwise than by a superiority of armament or man power.

For fully sixteen years, France and Great Britain enjoyed that superiority. They had only to raise a finger to hold German revenge in check. In March 1936, to give a single instance of the opportunities which were theirs, the generals in command of the Reichswehr had been instructed, as soon as the French military reaction had begun to material-

ize, to withdraw from the Rhineland districts they had been ordered to invade. Thus, without even having to fire a shot, France was in a position to give a new lease of life to the Europe of 1919. It would not be so easy to discover in the past a territorial and political order of things the continuation and permanence of which could be bought at such a cheap price. To maintain itself, the new German Empire now in formation will have to be much more drastic and venturesome in its methods: in the background and even in the foreground, it must keep the Reichswehr and the state police very busy indeed.

III

The conclusion to be drawn from the above is that neither France nor Great Britain has shown herself morally and materially fit to keep alive the Europe they themselves had created at a gigantic expense of blood and treasure. They are to be compared to an investor who has sunk huge sums of money in building up an industrial plan and yet, later on, lets it go to the dogs rather than disburse another five-pound note. To-day they are called upon to carry out a much more exacting task.

Hitler's Germany last summer could hope to win in a war only by making the most of the superiority of her air forces. Had the military campaign lasted more than three or four months, had she failed to bring about, as the outcome of a succession of well-planned air raids, the military and industrial dislocation of the French and British nations, she was doomed to defeat. She could not contemplate prolonged hostilities: the limited supplies available to her forbade it.

In a not too distant future she may have appropriated the resources of Central and Southeastern Europe to such a degree that she will be able to put the Western Powers to a still more dreadful test than would have been the case, last September, during the initial period of

warfare. Such a possibility assumes that the Western Powers do not go down at the outset, and that they succeed in marshaling not only the abundance of raw materials and manufactured articles of warlike use which the command of the sea and American sympathy put within their grasp, but also enough men and arms, before it is too late, to compete in battle on equal terms. Therefore the preparations that the Western Powers will have to complete within the next twelve months or so, if they are not to fall hopelessly behind Germany's rising military power, do not bear any comparison, unfortunately, with the exertions that would have sufficed, up to a few months ago, to enable them to hold their own.

Following upon the disaster suffered in Munich, the British and the French ministers go about repeating that a revision of the principles upon which both countries' foreign policy has been carried out must be quickly undertaken. An easy phrase, a catchword which cannot lead very far. It is not possible for any clear-minded man to deceive himself about it for very long. MM. Daladier and Bonnet endeavored to define the new course of action that could be adopted, in the speeches which they delivered before the congress of the Radical-Socialist Party in Marseilles, on October 27 and 29 respectively; and as usual Mr. Neville Chamberlain volunteered to give much fuller explanations to the House of Commons on the first and second of November. Conciliation with Germany and Italy — such is the motto emphasized by all.

A new era of European peace has been opened up in Munich, they said, and there is no reason why what occurred in Munich on September 29 and 30 should not repeat itself until all the problems in suspense between the Western Powers on the one side, and the Berlin-Rome Axis on the other, have been disposed of. That phrase is meaningless unless it should be believed that the Munich

settlement partook of the nature of a compromise and was not merely the translation into diplomatic terms of the superior military power which, implicitly, Germany was recognized to possess.

Are we to assume that the French and British signatories of the Munich settlement are really so proud of their achievement that they wish to renew it at the first opportunity? No, they are not sincere. They do not express what they have at the bottom of their hearts. For political purposes they are weak enough to exploit the feeling of relief which very naturally spread among the multitude when it heard that this time it would be saved the dreadful ordeal that, on September 27 and 28, seemed to be impending. When, on September 14, Mr. Chamberlain resolved to ask Herr Hitler to receive him in Berchtesgaden, a highly placed person in Downing Street exclaimed that he was going to Canossa. He is not such a fool as to have ignored what lay in store for him in the village on the Bavarian hills. In the airplane that brought M. Daladier back to Paris, after he had appended his signature to the Munich arrangement, he freely told his fellow travelers, the head officials of the ministry of foreign affairs, about the anxiety he felt at the idea of having to meet the crowd in the streets of Paris. Bigger statesmen, when the cheering of the populace first struck their ears, would have shouted: 'This is not the proper hour for popular rejoicing! We could not behave otherwise than we have, but, from what has taken place, let us learn the lesson that we must unite more closely and work harder!'

The British Prime Minister and the French President of the Council have virtually become the prisoners of the mendacious interpretation of the Munich agreement they have been compelled to spread for the sake of saving their own ministerial skins. At any rate, the optimism that the flattery of the surrounding politicians may perhaps, later on, have inspired in them will not withstand

the test to which it will be put once the negotiations they intend to start with the totalitarian states have taken shape.

They encourage people to think that France and England, having lost their influence in Central and Southeastern Europe, can make up for it through concentrating upon their oversea empires and turning to better account the immeasurable wealth these contain. The wise thing to do, they add in a half voice, will be to retrocede to Germany, in whole or in part, the colonies that were taken from her in 1919; and, as a counterpart, Great Britain and France will be left in quiet enjoyment of their possessions. According to the same trend of thought an extra price will have to be paid, of course, to transform Italy into a contented nation, and it is even possible that the extra price will have to be handed down first, for the purpose of making Signor Mussolini less particular about the necessity of upholding his connection with Herr Hitler, which would abate German claims in proportion. But no valid reason can be detected to substantiate that all too convenient conception.

The hard fact is that the Spanish civil war has given, and still gives, Germany and Italy a pretext to seize for themselves points of strategic vantage in the western Mediterranean; that lines of communications essential to the French and British Governments are heavily mortgaged; and that the transfer to Germany and Italy of African territories would further increase their strangle hold, especially if the Togo and Cameroons were thrown into the bargain, since the Berlin-Rome Axis of military offensive would then be given a fair chance to prolong itself up to the Gulf of Guinea, across Libya and the area of Lake Chad, with dangerous results to British and French freedom of movement in the Atlantic Ocean.

Any attempt at an all-round settlement with both dictatorships would be sure to concern the limitation of air and land

armaments, and this subject is fraught with still more perilous possibilities. The Berlin and Rome Governments, which are deeply afraid of the French and British programmes of armaments and are determined to retain the advance they have won as regards their aerial armies (*vide* the Saarbrücken and Weimar speeches of October 9 and November 6 and countless pronouncements and press articles in both countries), would make it an absolute condition that the present distribution of forces should be 'crystallized,' above all, by the means of *qualitative* limitations. Thus, at one single stroke, would be canceled all the French and British 'prototypes' (aeroplanes, artillery guns, tanks, and so forth) which already give much food for thought to the would-be aggressors.

Qualitative limitations, in every domain, are certain to redound to the advantage of the states which, on account of their internal régime, are at liberty to appoint in advance a date for the attack on their neighbors, and, having at their disposal extensive industrial equipment, are able secretly to provide themselves with the very arms that their victims, respectful of international contracts, would not be entitled to have. It goes without saying that all Frenchmen and British want to arrange for a *modus vivendi* with the great dictatorial states in a way consonant with their dignity and their vital interests. But were those arrangements to be such as to place them under the compulsion to surrender, as they have had to surrender in Munich, every time a problem of magnitude crops up, they would, indeed, be changed into Powers with 'limited interests' — limited interests that would gradually shrink. Willingly or unwillingly, they would have to join the group of the 'secondary Powers,' a group which so far has not fared badly because its members indirectly benefited by the strength of the British Commonwealth and of the French nation — the ownership by Belgium, Holland, and Portugal

of vast and rich territories outside Europe cannot be accounted for otherwise.

IV

All these explanations lead to the conclusion that, in the new circumstances of the time, France and Great Britain can achieve very little by diplomacy as long as they have not provided themselves with military establishments on a scale comparable with those of Germany and Italy, and, moreover, as long as the moral mobilization of their people has not been taken in hand in all earnestness. As regards Soviet Russia only is some scope left to diplomacy. Were the worst to come to the worst, could some kind of contribution to the common cause be expected from her? In the Stalinist dictatorship, would the conditions that exist allow this, or is the idea to be dismissed as a futile dream? It is of foremost importance that an answer should at last be returned to that query. As to the necessity of military preparations commensurate with those on the opposite side, that goes without saying, and there is no need to prove it. Safety cannot be sought except on the assumption that the Führer and even the Duce are men to make the most of all the brutal means at their command, and that any controversy arising with them must be treated as merely a problem of physics or mechanics. But the urgency of the moral mobilization of French and British citizens deserves to be underlined.

The diplomatic defeat inflicted upon the great democracies on September 30 originated in the divisions of public opinion in France and in England, in the reluctance of all to sanction the most restricted introduction of authoritative modes of government, and in the very general apprehension widely felt in the upper and middle classes lest an international conflict should act as the promoter of social revolution. Hence the complacency shown by so many, and so apparent in the press, to the Italian and

even to the German despot. Hence the distortion of all international developments, which was a striking feature of the French newspapers, prevented the masses from forming a correct notion of what was at stake, and made the popular ovation to M. Daladier, on his return from Munich, a very natural phenomenon.

In the forthcoming weeks two dominant questions will practically settle the current discussions about what France's and Great Britain's foreign policy ought to be. The first is in relation to the financial and economic management of France. Will M. Paul Reynaud, the new Minister of Finance, succeed in rehabilitating French industrial production, in combing out the social legislation of the Popular Front, in augmenting the national income to its level of ten years ago (it has fallen from 350 billion francs to 220)? The French Army, in the words of General Gamelin, may still be likely to prove more efficient than the German, in the long run; the aerial power of France will nevertheless continue to be inadequate unless that rejuvenation of the economic body be quickly secured.

The other point concerns the British Government. Is it at least ready to reconsider its attitude towards the compulsory principle, to give precedence to the needs of national defense as against mercantile interests, and to lay down the foundations of an army on the continental model, as a set-off for the loss of the Czech Army to the cause of European freedom? Will Mr. Neville Chamberlain open his eyes to the European situation as it is and not disguise any longer the true significance of Munich? Will he be brought to understand that no acceptable bargain can be made with Berlin and Rome if his own country and France are not in a position to speak with 'equal weight' on the international forum?

France and Great Britain will join in the same fate, and the course either of them follows will affect the other.

TRIUMVIRATE

BY FLORENCE CONVERSE

THERE once was a Nordic Dictator,
Who tried to embrace the equator,
But England said, 'Please,
Be gentle, don't squeeze;
Let's pretend you're a Pacificator.'

There once was a Latin Dictator,
Who liked to be called Imperator;
He insisted Utopia
Spelled Ethiopia,
But the Brenner has proved his deflator.

There once was a Slavic Dictator,
Who could n't tell Comrade from Traitor;
He invented the Stunt
Of the United Front,
And his purge has rubbed out the Creator.

HEAVEN LIES ABOUT US

BY HOWARD SPRING

I

WHEN you told a boy you'd meet him at Joe Andrew's Stone, he knew well enough what you meant; for to us the Stone was a landmark as geographically important as the Cape or the Horn to more distant wanderers.

Our street was short, but nevertheless it was cleft in twain by another street that ran across it. Standing there at the crossroad, looking to one end of our street and then to the other, you would see little to choose. The houses were identical. Each one of them contained a sitting room, a kitchen, and a scullery downstairs, a stairway that ran up between walls with no banister or rail, and two bedrooms.

At each end of the street you would see a high wall, closing the uninspiring view, so that whether, coming into the street from the crossroad, you turned right or left, you were in a dead end.

Nothing to choose, then, looking from the crossroad. Yet in our end of the street the other end was always spoken of as The Other End. We understood, yet knew not why we understood, that The Other End was nefarious and evil. 'Don't go down The Other End,' my mother would say; and I remember as one of the queer facts of childhood that, for all the years I lived in the street, not once did I go down The Other End.

Joe Andrew's public house stood at the intersection of the roads; and in a corner of the wall was the tar-blackened but-tress that was Joe Andrew's Stone. The fathers of the street met in Joe Andrew's

bright bar; the boys consorted each night at the Stone.

Thence we ranged on our simple pleasures. It was unfortunate for Mr. Hann that every time the door of his corner shop was opened a bell rang. He would come from the parlor behind the shop, rubbing his hands in his apron in expectation of some such petty sale as his miserable stock permitted, and find a grinning row of young fiends chanting:—

'Hann, Hann,
Catch us if you can.'

He would fling up the flap of the counter and plunge spasmodically towards us, only to find that his quarry had disappeared into the dark lane that ran behind our street with the electric speed of a shoal of minnows among whom a stone has been dropped.

But Hann was a tactician ever alert to devise new methods of outwitting his tormentors. His first essay at counter-measures was a long cane, concealed behind the row of glass jars that shone with all the delectable and deceptive colors of cheap confectionery. Emerging from the parlor one night, he feigned a dull stupidity as he stared at ten dancing impudent eyes set in five impertinent faces; then with lightning speed grabbed the cane, threw his body across the counter, and slashed.

It taught us caution; we hovered nearer the door next night, more swiftly poised for flight. Alas, that it did not suggest something of the cunning of our

enemy. For not long after that, no sooner did the bell ring and we stand there gazing with unholy rapture at the lighted panes of the parlor door, than Hann leapt from concealment behind a parapet of sacks loaded to their chins with split peas and potatoes; and there, for the first time in our experience, was the baited bear plumb among the terriers. He seized me in a grip of iron, bent me in one masterly stroke across his knee, and with a flat brush, designed for the sweeping of carpets but, alas, not ill-adapted to more lethal ends, proceeded to demonstrate the inadequacy of my trousers.

Perhaps it was this revelation of Hann's readiness to meet enterprise with craft that turned our thoughts for much of that winter to the safer delights of Rap-tap-ginger — a game simple enough, God knows, consisting, in its crude and inartistic form, of merely banging on the neighbors' knockers and crying 'Rap-tap-ginger' as you fled from the wrath to come.

It was Joe Blain, ever an alert and enterprising mind, who raised this horse-play to the status of an eerie art. A neighboring street was well designed to meet the needs of the case, for the houses on one side of the street were flat to the pavement, while on the other side were niggardly yards of blackened earth where privets pushed an untidy growth against the rails.

A piece of blackened string was fastened to a knocker, the string was carried to our ambush behind the privets, and a pull set the knocker at work. Again and again some wretched householder was drawn from the peace and comfort of his fireside; and we, trembling behind the privets, savored to the full a deep conviction that that householder must sooner or later attribute the knockings to a ghostly agency.

Running Round the Block was another joy of winter nights, the competitors starting from the same point and running in opposite directions. We had

paced the track and marked with white chalk the halfway point; and what horror it was to find that your opponent was past the point — five, ten, or fifteen yards — before you reached it! How, then, your heart pumped, and you urged your feet, cased in heavy hobnailed boots, to a tremendous endeavor! Awful those moments of isolation, not seeing your flying foe, but knowing that not far away he too was panting his young heart out, bent on adding insolence to victory by running out to meet you!

But perhaps our greatest joy was that which depended on awful and grisly provision. Not far away was the slaughter-house, to which, in defiance of all rules and orders, we would often creep in, drawn by the repulsion of its dreadful sights and sounds and smells. In our street there lived a man who gained his living in that shambles, and we would waylay his homeward march and beg the boon of a pig's bladder.

He was an apparition from Hell, a little shambling man with a squint, whose clothes and hands were always imbued with blood. I could never see him without a shudder; but he was kind enough, and always our petition would be granted. Taking a bloody mess from his pocket, he would throw it to us, and there were, fortunately, boys who, with no qualms at all, would blow it up; and then the game would be on.

Playing football with a pig's bladder, enclosed in no leather case, is an exercise fit for fairies, and goodness knows there were no fairies among us. The game soon ended either with the bursting of the ball or with the sudden appearance of the sergeant of police.

One moment he was not; and the next, lo! in all his panoply he was materializing in the misty winter night. I have at this distance of time no difficulty in supposing that he was a simple and humane being; but then his mere appearance convinced us all of unimaginable guilt, and, taking to our heels, we would run till he was out of sight, and then steal home by

the darkest and most devious ways. No citizen as law-abiding as myself has fled the officers of the law through so many terror-stricken miles.

II

Terror is a dreadful companion once you have admitted him to your heart. From the start, there was terror for me in our street. The Other End held terrors unguessed. The women sitting on their doorsteps in the hot summer nights might have been hags from Hell; the men, with their cruelly buckled leather belts, lounging towards Joe Andrew's pub, looked fierce and inimical; and old Pheney, who lived opposite to us, and set out every morning with a great basket of crockery on his head to cry his wares about the streets, seemed always to me a presence to be peculiarly dreaded. Never once in my young life did I speak a word to old Pheney, or he to me; yet it would not have surprised me had he suddenly swooped upon me and subjected me to diabolic torture.

And this is how the Terror came to me. I do not know how old I was when we went to the street, but I must have been five or six. We shifted, as poor people do, with the aid of a handcart. My father carted such furniture as there was from the old house to the new one in a series of journeys, and on one of those journeys he took me and my brother with him. He took us into the kitchen, and sat us side by side on his old wooden armchair. Then he left us, and went away for another cartload.

It was wintertime, and the night was coming on. We were alone in that strange dark house. A glimmer of fire burned in the grate on our right; in front of us was an uncurtained window, giving upon blackness. The stairs in that house always creaked. They creaked of their own accord without anyone setting foot upon them. They creaked that night. We sat there, two babes in the wood of Terror, clutching one another, speaking

no word, looking at the dark window and listening to the stairs creaking.

Then through the night there boomed suddenly the sound of a great drum beating. Loud voices were upraised singing 'The Lamb, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb,' and upon them all burst a greater voice that shrieked through the night, 'The Blood!'

Still we spoke no word. We sat and trembled in that forlorn and empty house, and listened to the voice crying 'The Blood!'

We soon got to know it as a regular performance: that arrival of the Salvation Army outside Joe Andrew's pub, the rush from the bar of Mrs. Murphy, the street's most notorious drunkard. The singing of the hymns converted her every time she heard them; crying upon the Blood, she would rush forth, join the singers, march with them to their barracks, and be at Joe's again the next night.

So the Terror came to the street. Always to me the house in some sort was haunted. Sleepless, I would listen to the stairs creaking below me; to the thudding of the drum, to the cries upon the Blood; and to these were added now and then the shrieks of beaten women, the commotion of the arriving police; and then, when everything else was quiet, again the stairs would creak as though impalpable beings had weight and were ascending and descending.

III

For years, on Sunday nights, we sat around the fire and read. My father sat in his armchair on the right. My mother sat facing him in a low rocking chair. Between them was a long wooden backless bench on which we all sat: my sisters, my brother, and I.

It was cosy enough in the kitchen then. There was a lamp hanging to a nail in the wall: a tin lamp, a glass chimney with no shade, a reflector of polished tin. We read *The Pilgrim's Progress* and

Robinson Crusoe, and many another good book, because my father abhorred rubbish. He would read a little; then, one by one, the children would take their turns. If we mispronounced a word once, he would correct us irritably; if twice, he would clout us across the head. So we became acquainted with wholesome English.

He was an irritable man. I can remember only one occasion when I was conscious, in the fullest sense, of enjoying his company. I was a child just recovered from the only serious illness I have had in my life. I had been in bed for a long time, and my life was despaired of. I lived in a little cotton-wool jacket, and a Queen Victoria nurse came in every day. One of the boys whom I was accustomed to meet at the Stone sent me a present. It was a minnow in a Rose's lime juice cordial bottle — one of those absurdly long bottles with a neck-opening no wider round than a shilling. But there the minnow was in the bottle beside my bed to remind me of streams and fields. I do not think that to this day a more thoughtful gift has been made to me.

I recovered; and I recall walking on thin tottery legs, very slowly, in the street, holding my father's hand. He met a neighbor, and even now I can hear him say, 'You see, he's better,' and feel again the thrill that filled my heart at the swift consciousness that he was *glad* I was better, that I meant something to the silent, aloof, and enigmatic being who was my father.

His trade was that of a man who did such jobs as he could get in gardens. He had a printed card which set forth in terms worthy of a Micawber the multiplicity of his qualifications. He was — on this card — first and foremost a landscape gardener, by which, no doubt, he meant that if the Duke of Devonshire had offered him the overlordship of Chatsworth he would with serene confidence have done with the job what he could. From that peak he descended to

the plain of a straightforward offer to make asphalt paths, supply gravel, design and lay out gardens or tend them, and to provide turf in any quantity.

In practice, it came to little more than such jobs as any laborer might do; and long after he was dead my mother told me that, taking one week with another, he supplied her with about a pound a week throughout their married life. Nine children were born of the marriage; seven grew to manhood and womanhood.

He was very proud of his tools and was forever oiling their shafts and polishing the blades, which all too often were not shining from use. He had a branding iron with which he would burn his name into all he possessed; not only on to the shafts of tools, but on to the legs of tables, the bench we sat on for the readings, and all sorts of other improbable places.

I recall a night when there was gladness because, after being out of work for a long time, he had some shabby little job to start on the morrow. He made great play of assembling spade and rake, turf-cutting iron, a huge pounding weapon which he himself had fabricated from a block of teak, and much else. A neighbor came in then, asking the loan of a spade for a friend who, also, had been fortunate enough to find some work in a garden. My father heaped all his tools into the man's arms. 'Give him these,' he said.

And when, the man being gone, my mother protested, he made no answer, which was his front to all complaints, but, smoking his clay pipe as silently as an Indian, sulked in his chair.

'God help us,' said my mother. 'You'll be the ruin of us all.'

IV

Many a day I spent with him in gardens or in the fields where he cut his turf. We would take our dinner with us, and tea and sugar in a tin can whose lid was used as a cup. When the time for the

meal came, I would be sent to the nearest house to ask for hot water 'for the gardener.' Never did anyone refuse, though we had no claim upon the people who lived there.

With a tool which he called a half-moon he would cut down through the turf, drawing long parallel lines, then slice lines crosswise, till the whole area was marked out in long oblongs of about one foot by three. Then he would use the tool which slid beneath the turf, loosening it from the chocolate-brown earth; and it was my job to roll the turfs then till they were like big Swiss rolls, and pile them side by side. He promised me again and again that he would pay me a penny a hundred; but never a penny did I get. He must have had few enough pennies for himself; and with such as he had he would visit the second-hand bookstalls in the market, bringing home for himself, perhaps, some such book as the battered version of *Paradise Lost* — the only one of his books which I still possess — and for us a *Swiss Family Robinson* or *Tom Jones*.

Save for the occasions of the readings, he was taciturn, morose, and reserved, rarely stirring from his fireside chair in the kitchen, where he wrapped himself in aloofness and tobacco smoke. Never, I should think, was there a family which knew less about its own father. My mother told me that even to her he had never spoken a word concerning himself, save to tell her that, as a boy, he ran away from his home in County Cork.

Because I knew so little of him, and because, even when I accompanied him, I was in no sense with him, I recall the more vividly a Sunday walk when the barrier came near to obliteration. We stood on the top of a hilly field, with young spring woods greening on the right hand and the left. There were cowslips growing in the field and a stream at its foot where kingcups opened their golden saucers upon the water. The whole day was full of bird-

song and the quavering cries of lambs. I remember how my father stood there on the top of the hilly field, bareheaded, holding my hand; and when I looked up into his face I saw with a shock that there were tears behind his eyes. Brusquely then he urged me down the field to where, at the bottom, a man was turning the handle of a turnip-cutting machine. He and my father talked of the weather and this and that, as strangers will, while I munched a long finger of turnip.

It cannot have been long after that that he died. My brother and I were taken in to see him lying in his coffin; and when we were in bed that night we fell to arguing about the number of small pearl buttons that had fastened the top of the shroud. We crept out of bed and into his room to settle the matter.

After the funeral, I walked out to Fairwater to collect the wages due for the last job he had done. We could not afford to let those few shillings slide; and week after week thereafter I called every Saturday at a small grocer's shop to pay something off the bill. We began to get straight as soon as he was gone. God rest his soul! He was a lonely and unhappy man.

V

There were many ways of adding small sums to a family's income. Joe Blain, who brought ghostly complication to the simple game of Rap-tap-ginger, had a handcart made of a box fixed to the wheels of a perambulator. On the side he had painted:—

J. BLAIN
DEALER IN WHITE RATS
AND
OLD IRON

Joe had discovered the fecundity of rats and the irresistibility of the pink eyes that looked out over the soft pointed snouts. Any boy who coveted one of Joe's rats had to pay heavily in junk: any sort of old iron, jam jars, rags,

bones, or bottles. These he conveyed in his handcart to the marine-store dealer's.

We, lacking his imagination and enterprise, acted on the simple commercial principle of buying a thing and then selling it for rather more than it had cost. Behind the high wall which made our end of the street a cul-de-sac there was a sawyer's yard, presided over by a patriarchal old man whose flowing beard was always powdered with sawdust. It was a good place to visit, that woodyard, with its rich resinous scents, its chugging steam engine, its whining circular saw, and its good-natured old proprietor who was always willing to give sawdust for nothing to boys who owned rats, mice, or rabbits.

His son, who ran the engine, was something of a celebrity with us because once, taking the saw in his father's absence, he had sliced one of his fingers clean off.

There we bought wood: planks sawn into pieces that were approximately a foot square. Our only contribution to increasing their value consisted in chopping each piece into a dozen sticks and tying the sticks up into bundles. There was always a perambulator knocking about the house, and that made a good-enough hawker's cart. From door to door in the better-class streets that were not far away we would hawk our firewood and add about 50 per cent to the capital invested in the enterprise.

Rhubarb, in its season, was another line of ours, and one that I preferred, because it meant an early call at the market gardens, where everything smelt fresh and dewy. To sell rhubarb, you had to be an early bird — earlier than the orthodox greengrocers who came about the streets with their carts. So we would go to the gardens before breakfast, and we were always told to pull our own supplies. That was an agreeable thing to do, sinking your hands deep amid the wet lush leaves and pulling at the stalks that came away with a ripe sucking sound. Then home to breakfast,

a hasty bundling of the rhubarb, and off on the round.

When winter set in I became engaged as a regular Saturday errand boy at the greengrocer's and fishmonger's. Before there was light in the sky I would be at the shop, where a natty little pony was pawing the ground, harnessed to a light cart. The greengrocer was a woman, and a devil of a driver. Already she would be waiting, reins in her fingers, and no sooner had I leapt up beside her than we were off with a jingle of harness and a brisk cloppity-clop of the pony's hoofs.

I loved those rides, though to this day I can feel the bitter tingling in my feet that did not reach down to the friendly straw strewn on the floor. The sharp air cut like whips, but what of that when such a gallant drive was forward! Over the river bridge we went before a soul was stirring, and into the heart of the town. There in Custom House Street, which is Cardiff's Covent Garden, I held the pony while the woman chaffered over boxes of kippers and crates of oranges, sacks of potatoes, and all the ingredients of her picturesque calling.

Dead though the city might be elsewhere, Custom House Street was wide-awake, full of champing horses, and rattling harness, and shouting men; and the pavements exhaled into the still frosty air their unforgettable smell of trodden vegetable garbage.

Back then we would rattle as briskly as we had come, the lash lightly stroking the pony's flank as he tore past the gray face of the workhouse behind the elms that were winter-bare. Then, after a cup of tea in the parlor behind the shop, we would open up for business, and the day degenerated into a prosaic lugging of baskets about the streets, delivering the three-pennorths of this and that which housewives were too lazy or too proud to carry for themselves.

At 11 P.M., while the gas flares were still sizzling in the shop, I would be sent home after a sixteen-hour day with a shilling for wages and a couple of herrings

for charity. I had no complaints to make, for a sumptuous midday dinner was thrown in, too.

I liked that job, but lost it through ambition. A scholarship examination was held one Saturday, and in order to sit, my employer having refused me permission, I took French leave. I did not win the scholarship, but I was given the sack.

VI

All these money-making enterprises were engaged in on Saturdays, for we were still at school. Not that school and money-making could not be combined. My brother and one of my sisters used to get up very early, do an hour's work at a large house which provided them with breakfast, and be at school like the rest of us at nine.

I have no affection for the only school I ever knew. It was a gaunt and dismal barrack, full of stone stairs that echoed coldly to the clang of hobnailed boots. It was honeycombed with classrooms, and into each classroom fifty or sixty children were herded twice daily.

Our little mob was usually early before the gates, supported by a conviction, which had no warrant so far as I know, that at 8.30 the right of entry was ours. Just inside the great iron gates was the caretaker's house, and as soon as the caretaker was espied, walking wearily from the school to his own door, laden with brushes and pans, a shrill chorus would break out, as thin hands rattled the bars: —

'Half-past eight, Mr. Haywood.
Open the gate, Mr. Haywood.'

This chant would be monotonously maintained till in desperation Haywood would open the gate and spring deftly aside from the stampede.

I do not know why it was, but the first rush was always to what were incorrectly called the lavatories, outbuildings in the far corner of the yard. More understandably, this was the immediate

objective at the midmorning break. Down the stone stairs we would run with a hellish clatter, across the graveled yard, and into the lavatories. If a boy was first in, and first out again, he would stand without the wall triumphantly crowing, 'First in! First out!' though a poorer cause for boasting I have never known. But that, in our school, was one of the ingredients of prestige.

The most popular game in the school-yard bore the strange name of Bumberino. Sides were chosen, and about six boys made a team. A boy, tucking his head well down, would grasp a water-spout. The next would grasp this bending boy round the waist, the third would grasp the second, and so on, till the whole team made a line of bent backs and had the appearance of a strange and rather tall caterpillar. Then No. 1 of the opposing team, taking a run of ten yards, would make a leapfrog jump, landing as far as possible along the line of backs. No. 2 would follow, and soon the whole team was astride its opponents, and as each leap was made the leaper would yell: 'Bumberino!'

Then the leapers would comport themselves as violently as they knew how, hurling themselves up and down on the bent bodies below them, doing all they could to bring about their fall. But the horses — as the leapt-on team was called — would yell, 'Strong horses! Strong horses!' as long as they could stay upright and gasp a word; and when at last they crashed — and sooner or later crash they must — the riders shouted, 'Weak horses! Weak horses!' and took their turn to be leapt upon. A strange game, which I have never seen played elsewhere.

Mr. Flegg, the headmaster, had made a rule that when he appeared upon a balcony overlooking the playground, and blew his whistle, sound and motion must on the instant cease. On the second blast, everyone must fall into his own rank in front of his teacher. It need hardly be said that watchful eyes were

on Mr. Flegg as soon as he appeared on the balcony. The raising of the whistle to his lips was the signal for monstrous attitudes to be assumed, and when the whistle had sounded the schoolyard took on the appearance of a vast lunatic asylum struck to petrification. Mouths gaped open; fingers were pushing noses into strange distorted shapes, boys lay flat on their backs or, standing upon their hands, had their feet against a wall; couples were engaged in grotesque wrestling attitudes, or, caught in the middle of a run, remained struck with one leg lifted in air. Mr. Flegg never knew that the whole schoolyard was a howling derision: it seemed to give him a godlike sense of power to be able, with one expulsion of his puny breath, to strike life suddenly into the silence and immobility of death.

The whistle sounded again; the ranks formed; one by one the battalions marched to their several dooms.

VII

The Boer War was in full swing. In the playground we played Britons and Boers — a primitive pastime which consisted of chasing the Boers and lamming them with belts when they were caught. We all wore in our lapels buttons bearing the photographs of Gatacre and Buller, Roberts, White, and Kitchener; and those boys were greatly admired whose mothers could afford the popular extravagance of sending them to school dressed in little replicas of a private's uniform.

Mr. Simey, whom I chiefly remember of all my undistinguished masters, was never without a tie of khaki and red. He was a stripling thickly powdered with chalk dust, and on his upper lip grew a tuft that might have been the consequence either of negligence or of ambition. He was as lithe as a panther, and a cane seemed always to be twitching about him, angrily, like a panther's tail.

Under Mr. Simey we learned the prepositions by rote. We would intone: 'The prepositions are *about, above, athwart, against*' — and so through every preposition known to the English tongue.

All, in that way, was handed to us in made-up packets, which no one bothered to explain.

The Grand Patriotic Concert was a glorious break in the deadly routine of the board school. Mr. Jones, the pleasant little consumptive who was the musical authority of the school, was continually raiding classrooms and having out the boys who were to sing that song or give that recitation. He lived in a whirl of most congenial excitement, a tuning fork rarely out of his hand.

We were assembling in the school hall for rehearsal one bitter November morning when Mr. Jones called me to him.

'Will you run along to my house for me?' he said, knowing I should be no loss to the choir.

'Yes, sir.'

'I forgot to bring my milk and biscuits this morning. Ask Mrs. Jones to let you have them.'

A thin little woman answered my knock, when I reached Mr. Jones's house, and asked me in when I had explained what I wanted. It was a very clean house, but so poorly furnished that it shocked all my preconceptions concerning the status of board-school teachers. A baby in a wicker cot was crying lustily in the kitchen. Mrs. Jones put the biscuits into a tin box, and the milk into a bottle, and the whole into a basket. She said to me very suddenly and urgently: 'How is Mr. Jones this morning? Is he coughing much?'

I answered truthfully that he was. To my consternation she broke down in bitter tears. 'He always says,' she sobbed, 'that he *never* coughs at school.' She added: 'There, there! Don't tell him I was crying. Will you give him these?' And she handed to me three clean handkerchiefs.

VIII

A building began to go up in one corner of the schoolyard. Imaginative spirits predicted that it was to be a swimming bath; it turned out to be a workshop. It was in keeping with the rest of my experience at the board school that in the workshop I learned nothing thoroughly. The total product of my labors was one round ruler which was not very round.

Clarke, a bully with spectacles and a beard, was in charge of instruction. He was the most merciless wielder of a cane in all my knowledge of schoolmasters, and it was one of his quirks that no boy should be addressed by name. Each bench was numbered, and by that number the boy at the bench was known. On Sundays Clarke walked to a little church miles out in the country, where he was organist. I have seen more than one boy on Monday faint under his cane.

His assistant was named Simpson; and Simpson's nose was the longest ever seen on man. We would sing in the playground:—

'Simpson's nose is long,
Simpson's nose is strong,
'T would be no disgrace to Simpson's face
If half his nose were gone.'

One day Simpson was demonstrating the use of the chisel. 'At the end of the stroke bring it up — up,' he recited; and he brought it up a shade too far. His nose received the thrust, and, dripping with blood, he ran to the washbasin in the corner of the room.

This fulfillment of the song's prediction was too much for gravity. There was a loud laugh, silenced as Clarke blew his whistle. 'Who laughed?' he demanded; and to the amazement of us all there came an instant response from

a freckled boy named Mulligan. No one who could help it crossed Mulligan's path. He was a boy it were better to have on your side. And now, boldly, he exclaimed: 'I laughed.'

The frank confession so startled Clarke that for a moment he did nothing but glare through his glittering glasses at the offender. Then he exclaimed: 'Oh, you laughed, No. 18! Come out here, will you?'

We held our breath, expecting to see repeated the slaughter in which Clarke delighted. Mulligan was small for his age, but wiry as a terrier. He went to the front of the class, glowering as Clarke's tall form loomed above him, with cane upraised. Before the blow could fall, Mulligan sprang. He sprang like a furious little dog, with a snarl and a fierce upward drive, and with both hands he clutched Clarke's beard. He hung suspended, and then, his hobnailed boots being on a level with Clarke's shins, he began to kick. He seemed inspired by the unuttered hatred of all small boys for chartered tyrants. He kicked and kicked with a fury of strength, pouring out as he did so a torrent of incredible obscenity and abuse. Clarke screamed in anguish; the class stood in silent fascination. Then Simpson, still dripping blood, ran to the help of his chief. Mulligan dropped in time, dodged smartly from Simpson's grasp, and sprang through the doorway. Standing on tiptoe, we could through the windows see him going like a hare across the playground, and our hearts were nigh to bursting with envy and admiration.

In that moment Mulligan, for us, was in the rank of the great liberators. He had crushed tyranny to the dust. He had opened doors and let us hear the noise of trumpets.

(To be continued)

I MARRIED A JEW

ANONYMOUS

I

MY husband's father and mother are Jews. My parents are both what Mr. Hitler would be pleased to call 'Aryan' Germans. I am an American-born girl, and the first to defend my Americanism in an argument; yet so strong are family ties, and the memory of a happy thirteen-month sojourn in the *Vaterland* a few years ago, that I frequently find myself trying to see things from the Nazis' point of view and to find excuses for the things they do—to the dismay of our liberal-minded friends and the hurt confusion of my husband.

Here we are then, Ben and I, a Jew and a German-American, married for four years, supremely happy, with a three-year-old son who has his father's quick brown eyes and my yellow hair. Ours was a fervent love match, made more fervent by the fact that we had to wait in secret for two years until Ben earned enough at his profession to support a family. He had known other girls, and, as I was twenty-five before we married, I had had my share of other men's attention. Consequently our marriage was not the hasty, impassioned leap of two people soaring on the Icarian wings of a first love. That which was between us was calm as the night, deep as the sea; in the light of it we both knew that forever afterwards he would look upon other women, and I upon other men, as pale wraiths. We determined that no obstacle should prevent our union, and obstacles there were a-plenty

as soon as our families learned our intention.

'Child,' entreated my mother, who deep in her heart had always hoped that what she referred to as my superior intelligence, careful upbringing, talents, and attractiveness, would land me a husband well up in the social levels, 'bethink yourself what this means. Married to a Jew, you will be barred from certain circles. They can say what they like about Germany, but democratic America is far from wholeheartedly accepting the Jews. Remember that Ben could n't join a fraternity at his university. Remember there are clubs and resorts and residential districts that bar Jews. Remember there are a dozen other less tangible discriminations against them.'

'That makes not a whit of difference to me,' I stubbornly maintained. 'I love Ben. I'd marry him if he were a Hottentot.'

'But, child, remember the racial and religious differences between you. Remember that your children will be pulled in two different directions.'

Ben's mother and father attend an orthodox synagogue, observe the dietary rules and all the ritual holy days. Ben, however, like a large percentage of modern and intelligent young Jews, looks with affectionate tolerance on these parental habits but eschews them for himself. He goes to synagogue on Rosh Hashana to please his mother, and during the rest of the year wavers

between agnosticism and downright atheism.

All this I pointed out to my mother, adding, 'Ben does not ask me to cook kosher, if that's any comfort to you. And remember that, although I love the teachings of Jesus, I belong to no sect or church. It's not as if the shadows of a priest and a rabbi stood between us.'

Then my mother pulled out the oldest and bitterest chestnuts that have been hurled against the Jews — accusations as old as the Roman Empire.

'The Jews are essentially an Oriental race,' she stormed. 'East is East, and Jews and Christians cannot really meet any more than Christians and Chinese. Jews are sensual, aggressive, ostentatious, cunning — that is a heritage they can never overcome. They accomplish things in business because they are shrewder than Christians and never hesitate to seize an unfair advantage. They accomplish things in science — yes, but mostly windy theories like those of Einstein and Freud. Jewish painters like Picasso and Modigliani are clever but never great. Jews in the theatre — well, you have seen what they have done to Hollywood. The moving pictures are full of sex and sensuality, and cater solely to the Jews' god, money. Has there ever been a Jew who could approach Beethoven or Raphael? Has there ever . . .'

It must not be inferred that Mother, because of her German background, was particularly anti-Semitic. I have heard the same things from the lips of plenty of one-hundred-per-cent Americans.

'Mother,' I said quietly, 'remember the greatest Man who ever lived was a Jew — Jesus.' That held her for a minute. 'Yes,' she murmured, 'it is the great paradox.'

'And other great Jews,' I added quickly. 'Spinoza, for instance, and Epstein.'

Mother looked at me a little sadly. She was n't licked, but she was for the moment out of arguments.

What Ben's mother said to him I can only conjecture, for he has never told me. 'Ben,' she most likely said, 'it grieves my old heart to have you marry a Shiksa rather than one of us. The old persecutions are rising again throughout the world. We have need, as never before, to stick to our own people and traditions.'

But, loving Ben above the rest of her children, she probably also said, 'Well, then, if you love her and are sure that she is the one woman for you, you have my blessing. Above everything I want you to be happy.'

Our mothers met, embraced, and promptly forgot their differences in purely feminine discussions of wedding plans (we were to be married by a civil judge to eliminate difficulties), motherly laudings of their respective offspring, and the honeymoon. Once marriage loomed up as a certainty, not another word against Ben's race or religion escaped my mother's lips. She could have maintained this negative attitude and still have preserved the family peace. But gradually, as she learned to know Ben better and saw how fine he was, and how good to her daughter, there came shy words of affection and admiration.

'He's a fine young man with a great future,' I hear her tell her friends, with pride in her voice. 'The Jews make excellent husbands; so I've always maintained.'

'But,' she always adds, 'I am happy to say Ben is not at all Jewish in his make-up. He does n't look Jewish and his ways are not Jewish. In fact, you would n't think he was a Jew at all.'

II

Naturally, to our friends, the most interesting aspect of our marriage is its interracial side. I know that even now many of them, aware of my pro-German leanings, still chuckle behind our backs: 'Well, well, our little Nazi Gertrude had to go and marry a Jew, of all people.'

At one time or another almost every one of my intimates has asked me *sotto voce*, 'What is it like, living with a Jew? Is he very Jewish? Do you ever discuss the differences between you?'

It was this that finally propelled me to our typewriter — to tell the world how it really is between a Jew and a Christian, since the world is evidently so intensely interested. I wish I could say that, because Ben and I have worked through to complete happiness, there is no reason why Jews and Gentiles everywhere cannot live peaceably and happily side by side. But I am afraid that this harmonious relationship can come about only when Gentiles stop being one-hundred-per-cent Gentiles and Jews one-hundred-per-cent Jews — when both sides drop their false pride of race, their hidebound, worn-out traditions, and meet each other halfway.

Yes, we discuss our differences. Our discussions are not frequent because I seldom think of Ben as being Jewish, and he seldom thinks of me as a Gentile. We are just Ben and Gertrude to each other. It is that way when you love. But when we do have discussions we fire away freely. I know that in many Christian-Jewish alliances it is thought wiser and more conducive to marital harmony to treat these differences as nonexistent, to shroud them in a veil of silence. Ben and I have always looked upon this as an unhealthy practice. To throttle a subject and make it forbidden, we think, leads to distortion and often to explosion.

However, in our discussions, it is always I who must choose the more tactful way, for Ben, poor darling, still has the Jewish hypersensitivity toward all criticism of his race, for which he and his people are not to be blamed. In the beginning he could n't take it at all, though he loudly proclaimed that he invited argument, that he wanted to learn the Christian point of view in order to understand more clearly the century-old friction between the two groups.

All right, we would have at it. He would start by saying there was this and that about the Christians that he never could stomach. I would agree with him or condone the matter as the case might be, then point out a few Jewish traits that have irritated Gentiles. The moment I did that, he began to look like a crushed and visual embodiment of the 'Eli, Eli.' The least word against anything Jewish he took as a personal criticism of himself. 'Ben, dear,' I told him, 'when you attack the prevalence of crime in America, do you suppose I think that you are implying that I am myself a criminal?' It took some little time to drive this point home. But then up shot another one. Every criticism of Jewry was a vaunting of Christian superiority. 'In their hearts most Christians think of us as "dirty Jews,"' he mourned.

And I had to comfort him: 'Ben, if I say the English are too smug, the Germans too clumsy and pig-headed, the French too material, does that mean that I see no good in them at all, that I call them "dirty English" or "dirty French" or "dirty Germans"?' That too, took time to penetrate.

Of course we argue about religion. I have been to synagogue with him on the day when he goes, Rosh Hashana. I have found the singing, the music, and the preaching fine, and not so different from Catholic or Episcopal services. I find little difference between Catholic saints and Jewish angels, between the miracles encountered by Moses and Elijah and those by Jesus. I have admitted that I found strange, and a little comical, the presence of men in black derbies at the altar, the squeaky notes of the Shofar, or ram's horn, the continuous giggling and gossiping throughout the long services (Ben has told me you cannot expect people to keep quiet for six hours at a stretch), the absence of that reverent hush that makes the Catholic or Episcopal service inspiring.

For his part, Ben finds genuflections, incense, the intricacies of the Mass, choir boys, processions, holy statues, holy water, and prayers to Christ as a divinity, equally strange. He does not understand how anybody can believe in the Immaculate Conception and the Virgin Birth of Jesus.

'Well,' I parry, 'but you believe that the Jews, and nobody else, are God's chosen people. That sounds funny to us.'

My personal belief, which really has no place here, is that these are symbolical rather than literal truths. To me the Immaculate Conception and the Virgin Birth mean that the Christ consciousness can be born only in the heart that is immaculate and pure, even as 'Israel' means any and all who live in the ways of God.

Ben says there may be something in that, but he does not really believe it because he is not at all sure there is a God.

Again, I must tread softly when we talk about religion because, while Ben thinks it perfectly enlightened and proper to ridicule the various aspects of Christian religions, his lips clamp shut when I venture to suggest that Judaism is at least as dogmatic as Catholicism and as jealous of its own, that the Jewish church plays politics quite as much as Rome, wields an international influence equally strong, and, to an avowed agnostic like himself, should present at least as much ritual balderdash — the prohibiting of milk or butter at a meal where meat is eaten, the wearing of prayer shawls and hats by men worshipers at services, the tearful wailing of the cantor, the swaying back and forth of the worshipers at synagogue prayer. No, Ben is not a churchgoer, but instinct says that the Jewish church is of his people and as such should not be ridiculed or criticized.

Like most Gentiles, I read both the Old and the New Testament of the Bible, but neither Ben nor any of his

Jewish friends have, so far as I can ascertain, ever honored the New Testament with so much as a glance. I find much in the Old Testament to make me understand the Hebrew character, and I believe a Jew could find much in the New Testament to help him understand the Christian character, though he does not believe in the divinity of Christ, and though he may not believe that Christ ever trod this earth. Even if the New Testament were sheer fantasy, Saint Matthew and Saint Luke speak as much wisdom as Moses or Solomon.

III

Ben will often excoriate a member of his race — and he disagrees with those who hold that the Jews represent a religion rather than a race. As he points out, you can baptize a Jew and turn him into an outward Christian, but you cannot take away his feeling for his people, his racial appearance, or his tastes.

Ben will often call Mr. Finkleheimer or Mr. Salomon a 'rat' if he sees fit. But if I should do the same he would n't like it. He does not care for the Eddie Cantor programme; I do. He likes the Walter Winchell programme, and I don't. But if I say I don't like Walter Winchell he thinks it is because Winchell is a Jew. Ben's family beams whenever there is mention of such great Jews as Einstein, Epstein, Freud. They nod and smile as if to say, 'Ah yes, where would the world be to-day if it had not been for our Jewish great?' But never do you hear them speak of Jewish scoundrels or criminals. If you merely mention that So-and-so is a Jew, they suspect you of anti-Semitism.

Often Ben voices the age-old complaint of his race: the Gentiles think they are superior to the Jews. Face to face, they are polite to the Hebrews, take their money, hold jobs in their firms, buy from Jewish stores, eat at the tables of Jewish friends — then turn

around to snicker and sneer behind their backs. This is true, I admit to Ben, terribly true and terribly wrong, and certainly one of the major causes for the century-old friction between the two races. But then, conversely, it is also true of the Jews. They, in their turn, think they are immensely superior to the Gentiles. If they did not think so, would they still remain Jews after generations of living among Gentiles? Even Ben frequently lets slip the opinion that Jews are much 'smarter' than Christians. And who among the Jews will deny that while he also does business with Gentiles, eats at their tables, and calls them friend, he also goes away privately rejoicing in his superiority?

Unfortunately the Jewish publications and the church are not so private about it; they openly vaunt the superiority of their race and do not mince words when it comes to criticizing the Goy in whose land they live. And so the friction has continued through the ages, both sides firmly entrenched in self-righteousness. And so the friction will continue, now dormant, now bubbling uneasily, now flaring into riots and persecutions.

Ben is willing to concede that if it is true that Christians, in the mass, have seldom tried to understand the Jews, to read what they have written about their predicament, it is also true that the Jews have not tried to understand the Christians and to meet them halfway. The Jew seldom tries to mingle with the masses. Because of his religion and his traditions he is content to live a life apart from the community. And when persecutions come he bows his head and says it is the will of God.

Ben's family speak not without a certain pride when they allude to the curse of Israel and call themselves the martyred race. They honestly regard themselves as holy victims. They are only too willing to tell you what is wrong with the Gentiles, but neither in the family nor among other Jews have I met one who is willing to admit that

some repairs might also be made in the House of Israel. Almost any intelligent Gentile will admit that our attitude toward the Jews has often been unjust and shameful, though, making the admission, we do nothing at all about it.

However, it seems to me that, since both cannot be right in this quarrel of the centuries, adjustments must be made on both sides, and so I tell Ben. We must root out our groundless and arrogant feelings of superiority. They must pluck out the fixed and mystical idea that the Jew is forever doomed to be a wanderer and accursed; instead of turning their faces to the Wailing Wall every time sparks of the ancient friction catch fire, they must make some practical and rational effort to adapt their ways more graciously to the Gentile pattern, since they prefer to live in Gentile lands.

Our hottest argument concerns the question whether there exists such a thing as a Jewish problem. Ben is ready to discuss the separate differences between Jews and Christians, but when I lump them all together as constituting the world's Jewish problem he flares up. Oh, there's a problem all right, he allows, but it concerns only the Jews, and he'd thank the Gentiles to mind their own business and keep their hands off. To which I reply, 'How can we ignore it when it concerns us as much as the Jews? How can the host ignore the quarrels of the guest in his house?' To which Ben answers with some heat: 'We are not guests; we are good citizens of the countries in which we live.'

Here the fencing really becomes fast and furious. 'What constitutes a first-class citizen?' I ask. The answer, according to Plato, is one who places his country and that country's interests above his own. Is that true of the Jew? Rarely. Instinctively he desires first the welfare and advancement of his own people. So long as a country gives him a living and lets him alone, he does n't much care what happens to it. When things go well, he stays; when things go

wrong, he packs up and moves to another country. Where is the Jew who says, 'My country, right or wrong'?

'All right,' says Ben, 'but can you blame us? Outside of England and America, what country has ever made us feel we could belong?'

'You are right,' I reply, 'and I don't blame you. I should feel the same if I were Jewish. But what does this prove? That a Jew is, with few exceptions, first a Jew, and second a citizen of the country where he happens to pitch his tent. After two thousand years of living with Gentiles he still retains his identity as a Jew — as an alien, if an alien means one who has not been absorbed into the main stream. It is certainly not a different religion that has kept him alien, nor a prominent nose. There are plenty of Gentiles with prominent noses, and the difference between the Jewish church and, say, the Catholic is no greater than the difference between the Catholic and the Greek Orthodox church. No, what keeps the Jew alien is his alien culture, his alien tradition, his fierce pride in belonging to what he believes a superior race.'

'Well,' argues Ben, 'suppose my people are what you call aliens. What is to prevent them from living with others in peace, so long as they behave themselves? And most Jews do behave themselves. Shall not the lion lie down with the lamb?'

From a moral standpoint, Ben is completely right. It is sad and unjust that, the world over, the alien thing is regarded with suspicion. Because it is 'different' it cannot be as good as the familiar. It is the butt for the jibes of the narrow-minded, for the deprecation of the smug.

'But look at the matter from the political side,' I advise Ben. 'When a Swede or a Chinese settles down in a foreign land, such as the United States, the Swede makes haste to become a thorough American — at any rate he lets his children become thorough Americans;

the Chinese, realizing that this is impossible, lives aloofly in Chinatown, minds his own business, and keeps out of American political affairs. The Jew, however, wants to have his cake and eat it, too. Like the Chinese, he clings to his own race, culture, and tradition; he trains his children to cling to these just as tenaciously. Then, like the Swede, he sets out to annex all the privileges of Americanism. He wants to rise to the top of the Gentile social structure, to wield power in Gentile politics of the community, state, and nation. He wants to be left alone, but he also wants the country in which he lives to take good care of him. He wants to have full citizenship in that country, yet retain his citizenship in the Jewish nation.

'Certainly it is sanctimonious for society to reject him, I admit, to resent his success in business and the professions, his dabbling in politics, his strong international alliances. No one can deny that the Jew is often more brilliantly talented in these pursuits than the Gentile. Why should he be punished for his intelligence? The answer is simply that human nature resents the ascendancy of the alien. So long as the Jew wears the cloak of alien colors, so long will his predominance in any tier of the Gentile structure be resented.'

After we get this far, Ben inquires: 'You seem to be able to dissect the problem, but can you construct a solution?'

'Yes,' I answer, 'but it's only my personal opinion, and probably not worth much.'

'Well, let's have it,' he growls. And I tell him: the Jews must come off the fence and make up their minds whether they want to be primarily citizens of, say, France or England or primarily citizens of Jewry. They cannot be Jewish in their homes and French or English outside. They cannot pledge their pride and loyalty to Israel and expect Frenchmen and Englishmen to treat them exactly like other Frenchmen and

Englishmen. If they decide it is more important to preserve the Hebrew culture, tradition, and pride of race, then they must accept more graciously the distinction accorded them as aliens. In that case they would encounter less friction if they adhered to their own society, community centres, clubs, and so forth. At the same time, we on our side should give them the greatest respect as remarkable and admirable aliens. We must conquer our own feelings of superiority and learn to regard and treat them as our equals, for that they certainly are.

On the other hand, if they decide that they would rather be entirely one with us and be treated as such, they must throw off a large share of their (to Gentiles) dead and outmoded culture and traditions, their false pride of race. The Hebrew religion must be divorced from the promulgation of that race consciousness which every synagogue and temple considers as important a part of Judaism as prayer; it should be modified at least to the point where it does not belittle the great ideal of western culture and civilization: Christ.

'But,' demurs Ben, 'some of us have tried to become Gentiles at various times in history. We have changed our names, even our religion, and we have not been accepted.'

To this I can only answer: 'True. The prejudice of Gentiles against Jews in ages past has been a two-edged sword that has knifed the Jew when he has left his race as well as when he adhered to it. But I also maintain that there have been periods when almost all doors have been opened to Jews — a period in Poland, a period in Austria, and, most notably, a liberal period in England which culminated in the rise of the Jew, Disraeli, to the post of Prime Minister.

'Had the Jews seized these opportunities for amalgamation, eventually all the barriers would have been broken down. But the Jews did not seize the opportunity. They chose to retain their

identity and remained as intact as before. To-day it is America that is offering the children of Israel the greatest opportunity in history for absorption. Inter-marriage between Jews and Gentiles, business partnerships, and Jewish statesmen excite no more than passing comment. A few barriers remain, but they could be made to break like straws in this young, iconoclastic land. And still the synagogues and temples exhort their flocks to remember that they are Jews, that they have been Jews for 4000 years and, please God, will still be Jews 4000 years hence. A few cultured, intellectual Jews announce they are first Americans and then Jews, but they are voices crying in the wilderness.'

Of course we eventually come to Hitler, Ben and I. In the eyes of Ben, as in the eyes of all his people, Hitler stands for the Jewish equivalent of the Antichrist — a little, strutting monster whose sole purpose and pleasure in life is to flog, imprison, impoverish, humiliate, and plague Israel. Few history books trace the path of persecutions against the Jews as they have occurred throughout the ages. They have occurred in ancient Rome, Poland, Russia, Spain, England, and France, usually whenever Jewry becomes too numerous and too powerful, whenever it becomes, in the eyes of Gentiles, a threat, potential or actual, to Gentile supremacy. I try to tell Ben that Hitler is merely writing another page in a history that will continue so long as the status quo between Jews and Gentiles remains — a status that only the willing shoulders of both protagonists can remove.

But it is hard for Ben to take the long view. He looks upon Hitler as something malignantly unique, and it is no use trying to tell him that a hundred years hence the world will no more call Hitler a swine for expelling the Jews than it does Edward I of England, who did the same thing in the thirteenth century — an expulsion that remained in strict

effect until the time of Cromwell. Because a hundred years hence another country will be having its Jewish problem, unless . . .

IV

It must not be inferred that because my husband and I have these discussions our domestic life is one long dialectic on the differences between Jews and Gentiles. Our arguments are comparatively rare, because they are not prohibited by false feelings of tact, and, like fruits that are not forbidden, they hold no more than casual allure. We argue when we feel impelled to do so, when we read or hear something that touches the vital nerve of the Jewish-Gentile problem. The rest of the time we lead the even-tenored lives of two people who are happily married and deeply in love.

Since I am writing about Ben as a Jew, I should describe one of his traits — his pride in his non-Jewish appearance, mannerisms, and surname. His father changed the unpronounceable last name to something more Anglicized. People have known Ben casually for two or three years without discovering he was Jewish. It pleases him that he looks and acts like other people. His friends are preponderantly Gentile, not for reasons of expediency, but because, he says, 'We modern Jews ought to work out of our narrow, clannish ways and become more at one with the rest of the world. The Ghetto no longer exists in the physical world, but it still walls in the minds of too many of our older people.'

It is only when Ben is surrounded by his family that he lapses into Jewish ways, and then, no doubt, because of his early Jewish training. The family are extremely clannish. Every Sunday and holiday they gather in the home of this or that member. Vacations, too, instead of being spent in the mountains or at the shore, getting away from relations, are spent visiting one another. They over-

whelm me with kindness, urge me to enter more fully into the family life. This goes against the grain for several reasons. In the first place, my own family relations have always been more or less casual, and I lack entirely the clannish instinct. Moreover, deny it as I will, seek to overcome it though I try, there is something a little 'alien' in the atmosphere for me where so many orthodox members of Israel are gathered together, even though they are my husband's kin and blood. Separately I am fond of them; individually I welcome them to my home; but in a large group of them I feel like a fish out of water.

I can never quite put my finger on the reason for this. It is not the fact that Yiddish words like *meshuge* and *zimmiss* and *chassah* fall plentifully into the conversation. It is not the continuous babel of voices — many of my friends chatter more. Nor is it the Jewish intensity of outlook which lacks what we call broad-mindedness, because I know other people who are not broad-minded.

I think — if I can express it — it is the fact that they make no concession to me as a Gentile. They pass that fact over as if it did not exist. They go about their Jewish ways, talk of their Jewish problems, and consider me aloof if I do not enter whole-heartedly into all this and become as one of them. Out of courtesy I try to do as they do when I am among them, but their not reaching out to meet me halfway becomes a strain after a while. The result has been that I cut down my visits to a minimum; and in fairness I pare down my husband's visits to my own family to the same minimum. This is the one compromise my husband and I have reached by tacit understanding rather than by open discussion. You can discuss abstract problems, no matter how delicate; but, when it comes to anything as concrete as the family, the fewer the spoken words, the wiser, as any married couple knows.

The moment Ben is away from his

family, his Jewishness drops away from him like a cloak. Not that his non-Jewishness then becomes another cloak. It is, I think, far more his real attitude than the other, which is a relic of his childhood; for Ben is one of those who feel themselves first Americans, then Jews.

For all that, however, before our baby was born Ben announced one day that if it were a boy he would like to have it brought up as a Jew. If it were a girl, then I could 'stuff it full of Christian beliefs.' And he did not mean this unkindly.

'But, Ben,' I asked, 'why, if it is a boy, do you want to make him race-conscious? You do not believe actively in the religion, and you say that most of the Jewish traditions are as unrelated to modern life as those of the ancient Chaldeans.'

'Well — er,' he fumbled, 'well, I was born a Jew, and I went to Hebrew school, and — er — well, I want him to be like me.'

But it eventually turned out that his real wish was to please his mother. What that man would n't do to please his mother! Of all sons, surely the Jews are the best and the most loyal. But when I pointed out to Ben that it was I, the baby's mother, who would have the upbringing of the child, that what the child learns at its mother's knee sinks in far deeper than what would be superimposed at Hebrew school, and that I, who am not versed in Judaism, could

hardly be expected to teach it to the child — then he gave up the idea.

It is a curious thing that most pronounced agnostics or atheists nevertheless want their children to grow up believing in 'something.' And that was the way with Ben.

'Ben,' I said, 'you don't believe in anything. I believe in the teachings of Christ as well as in the teachings of the Old Testament. You have admitted that His teachings sound beautiful, even if you do not believe He ever lived. Then, since I believe in Him so strongly, let me teach to the child His precepts without the formulas of any religion. Let me also teach him the beauty of the Psalms of David, the wisdom of Solomon, the inspired sayings of Elijah and Samuel and Isaiah. I shall teach him that Solomon and David and Jesus are all of the same illustrious race as his father, that to belong to that race is something to be proud of — when that feeling does not become overemphasized.'

Ben beamed. 'Yes, that's it. That's about right.' And so it has been with our little Joseph.

When one of my husband-hunting girl friends asks me, 'Do the Jews make good husbands?' I think of Ben, respecter of women, generous to a fault, kind to every creature, open-minded, witty, sober of habit but gay of manner, imaginative and ambitious, and say with all my heart, 'The best in the world!'

MY COUSIN DIKRAN, THE ORATOR

BY WILLIAM SAROYAN

TWENTY years ago, in the San Joaquin Valley, the Armenians used to regard oratory as the greatest, the noblest, the most important, one might say the *only*, art. About ninety-two per cent of the vineyardists around Fresno, by actual count, believed that any man who could make a speech was a cultured man. This was so, I imagine after all these years, because the vineyardists themselves were so ineffective at speechmaking, so self-conscious about it, so embarrassed, and so profoundly impressed by public speakers who could get up on a platform, adjust spectacles on their noses, look at their pocket watches, cough politely, and, beginning quietly, lift their voices to a roar that shook the farmers to the roots and made them know the speaker was educated.

What language! What energy! What wisdom! What magnificent roaring! the farmers said to themselves.

The farmers, assembled in the basement of one or another of the three churches, or in the Civic Auditorium, trembled with awe, wiped the tears from their eyes, blew their noses, and, momentarily overcome, donated as much money as they could afford. On some occasions, such as when money was being raised for some especially intimate cause, the farmers, in donating money, would stand up in the auditorium and cry out, 'Mgerdich Kasabian, his wife Araxie, his three sons, Gourken, Sirak, and Toumas — fifty cents!' and sit down amid thunderous applause, not so much for the sum of money donated as for the

magnificent manner of speaking, and the excellent and dramatic pronunciation of the fine old-country names: Mgerdich, Araxie, Gourken, Sirak, Toumas.

In this matter of speaking and donating money, the farmers competed with one another. If a farmer did not get up and publicly make his announcement like a man — well, then, the poor fellow! Neither money nor the heart to get up fearlessly and throw away the trembling in his soul! Because of this competition, a farmer unable to donate money (but with every impulse in the world to help the cause), would sit nervously in shame year after year, and then finally, with the arrival of better days, leap to his feet, look about the auditorium furiously, and shout, 'Gone are the days of poverty for this tribe from the lovely city of Dikranagert — the five Pampalonian brothers — twenty-five cents!' and go home with his head high, and his heart higher. Poor? In the old days, yes. But no more. (And the five enormous men would look at one another with family pride, and push their sons before them — with affection, of course; that strange Near-Eastern, Oriental affection that came from delight in no longer being humiliated in the eyes of one's countrymen.)

No farmer was prouder, however, than when his son, at school, at church, at a picnic, or anywhere, got up and made a speech.

'The boy!' the farmer would shout at his eighty-eight-year-old father. 'Listen to him! It's Vahan, my son, *your*

grandson — eleven years old. He's talking about Europe.'

The grandfather would shake his head and wonder what it was all about, a boy of eleven so serious and so well-informed, talking about Europe. The old man scarcely would know where Europe was, although he would know he had visited Havre, in France, on his way to America. Perhaps Havre — perhaps that was it. *Yevroba*. Europe. But what in the world could be the matter with Havre suddenly — to make the boy so tense and excited? 'Ahkh,' the old man would groan, 'it is all beyond me. I don't remember. It was a pleasant city on the sea, with ships.'

The women would be overjoyed and full of amazement at themselves, the mothers. They would look about at one another, nodding, shaking their heads, and after ten minutes of the boy's talking in English, which they could n't understand, they would burst into sweet silent tears because it was all so amazing and wonderful — little Berjie, only yesterday a baby who could n't speak two words of Armenian, let alone English, on a platform, speaking, swinging his arms, pointing a finger, now at the ceiling, now west, now south, now north, and occasionally at his heart.

It was inevitable under these circumstances for the Garoghlanians to produce an orator too, even though the Old Man regarded speechmakers as fools and frauds.

'When you hear a small man with spectacles on his face shouting from the bottom of his bowels, let me tell you that that man is either a jackass or a liar.'

He was always impatient with any kind of talk, except the most direct and pertinent. He wanted to know what he did n't know, and that was all. He wanted no talk for talk's sake. He used to go to all the public meetings, but they never failed to sicken him. Every speaker would watch his face to learn how displeased the Old Man was, and

when they saw his lips moving with silent curses they would calm down and try to talk sense, or, if they had talked to him in private and learned how stupid he regarded them, they would try to get even with him by shouting louder than ever and occasionally coming forth with 'We know there are those among us who scoff at us, who ridicule our efforts, who even, out of fantastic pride of heart, regard us as fools, but this has always been the cross we have had to carry, and carry it we will.'

Here the Old Man would tap his sons on their heads, these in turn would tap their sons on their heads, these would nudge one another, the women would look about, and together the Garoghlanians, numbering thirty-seven or thirty-eight, would rise and walk out, with the Old Man looking about furiously at the poor farmers and saying, 'They're carrying the cross again — let's go.'

In spite of all this, I say, it was inevitable for the Garoghlanians to produce an orator. It was the style, the will of the people, and some member of the Garoghlanian tribe would naturally find it essential to enter the field and show everybody what oratory could really be — what, in fact, it really was, if the truth were known.

This Garoghlanian turned out to be my little cousin Dikran, my uncle Zorab's second son, who was nine years old when the war ended, a year younger than myself, but so much smaller in size that I regarded him as somebody to ignore.

From the beginning this boy was one of those very bright boys who have precious little real understanding, no humor at all, and the disgraceful and insulting attitude that all knowledge comes from the outside — disgraceful particularly to the Garoghlanians, who for centuries had come by all their wisdom naturally, from within. It was the boast of the Old Man that any real Garoghlanian could spot a crook in one glance, and would have the instinctive

good sense to know how to deal with the man.

‘When you look at a man who hides behind his face,’ the Old Man used to say, ‘let me tell you that that man is no good. He is either a spy or a swindler. On the other hand, if you look at a man whose glance tells you, “Brother, I am your brother” — watch out. That man carries a knife on his person somewhere.’

With instruction of this sort, beginning practically at birth, it was only natural for the average Garoghlanian to grow up in wisdom of the world and its strange inhabitants.

The only Garoghlanian who could n’t catch on, however, was this cousin of mine, Dikran. He was strictly a book-reader, a type of human being extremely contemptible to the Old Man, unless he could perceive definite improvement in the character of the reader — of necessity a child, as who else would read a book? In the case of Dikran, the Old Man could perceive no improvement; on the contrary, a continuous decline in understanding, until at last, when the boy was eleven, the Old Man was informed that Dikran was the brightest pupil at Longfellow School, the pride of his teachers, and an accomplished public speaker.

When this news was brought to the Old Man by the boy’s mother, the Old Man, who was lying on the couch in the parlor, turned his face to the wall and groaned, ‘Too bad. What a waste. What’s eating the boy?’

‘Why, he’s the brightest boy in the whole school,’ the mother said.

The Old Man sat up and said, ‘When you hear of a boy of eleven being the brightest boy in a school of five hundred boys — pay no attention to it. For the love of God, what’s he bright about? Isn’t he eleven? What bright? Who wants a child to burden himself with such a pathetic sense of importance? You have been a poor mother, I must tell you. Drive the poor boy out of the

house into the fields. Let him go swimming with his cousins. The poor fellow does n’t even know how to laugh. And you come here in the afternoon to tell me he is bright. Well, go away.’

In spite of even this, I say, the boy moved steadily forward, turning the pages of books day and night, Sundays and holidays and picnic days, until finally, on top of everything else, it was necessary to fit glasses to his face — which made him all the more miserable-looking, so that every time there was a family gathering the Old Man would look about, see the boy, and groan, ‘My God, the philosopher! All right, boy, come here.’

The boy would get up and stand in front of the Old Man.

‘Well,’ the Old Man would say, ‘you read books. That’s fine. You are now eleven years old. Thank God for that. Now tell me — what do you know? What have you learned?’

‘I can’t tell you in Armenian,’ the boy would say.

‘I see,’ the Old Man would say. ‘Well, tell me in English.’

Here everything would go beautifully haywire. This little cousin of mine, eleven years old, would really begin to make a speech about all the wonderful things he had found out from the books. They *were* wonderful, too. He knew all the dates, all the reasons, all the names, all the places, and what the consequences were likely to be.

It was very beautiful in a minor, melancholy way.

Suddenly the Old Man would stop the boy’s speech, shouting, ‘What are you — a parrot?’

Even so, it seemed to me that the Old Man was fond of this strange arrival among the Garoghlanians. Book-readers were fools, — and so were orators, — but at any rate *our* book-reader and orator was not by any means a run-of-the-mill book-reader and orator. He was at any rate something special. For one thing he was younger than the

others who imagined they had learned many things from books, and for another he spoke a lot more clearly than the others.

For these reasons, and because of the evident determination in the boy to follow his own inclination, he was accepted by all of us as the Garoghlanian scholar and orator, and permitted to occupy his time and develop whatever mind he may have been born with as he pleased.

In 1920, Longfellow School announced an evening programme consisting of (1) Glee Club Singing, (2) a performance of *Julius Cæsar*, and (3) a speech by Dikran Garoghlanian — a speech entitled 'Was the World War Fought in Vain?' At the proper time the Garoghlanians seated themselves in the school auditorium, listened to the awful singing, watched the horrible performance of *Julius Cæsar*, and then listened to the one and only Garoghlanian orator — Dikran, the second son of Zorab.

The speech was flawless: dramatic, well-uttered, intelligent, and terribly convincing — the conclusion being that the World War had *not* been fought in vain, that Democracy *had* saved the world. Everybody in the auditorium was stricken with awe, and applauded the speech wildly. It was really too much, though — I mean for the Old Man. In the midst of the thunderous applause, he burst out laughing. It was really

splendid, in a way. It was at least the best thing of its kind — the best of the worst kind of thing. There was some occasion for pride in this, even.

That evening at home the Old Man called the boy to him and said, 'I listened to your speech. It's all right. I understand you spoke about a war in which several million men were killed. I understand you *proved* the war was not fought in vain. I must tell you I am rather pleased. A statement as large and as beautiful as that deserves to come only from the lips of a boy of eleven — from one who believes what he is saying. From a grown man, I must tell you, the horror of that remark would be just a little too much for me to endure. Continue your investigation of the world from books, and I am sure, if you are diligent and your eyes hold out, that by the time you are sixty-seven you will know the awful foolishness of that remark — so innocently uttered by yourself to-night, in such a pure flow of soprano English. In a way I am as proud of you as of any other member of this tribe. You may all go now. I want to sleep. I am not eleven years old. I am sixty-seven.'

Everybody got up and went away, except me. I stayed behind long enough to see the old man take off his shoes and hear him sigh, 'These crazy wonderful children of this crazy wonderful world!'

THE IVORY TOWER

BY E. M. FORSTER

I

THE phrase 'The Ivory Tower' was first used, in the literary sense, by Sainte-Beuve, when he was examining the work of his friend and contemporary Alfred de Vigny. De Vigny had led an active life, but he was aloof and fastidious, rather disdainful, prone to mysticism, and when he took to writing he tended to withdraw from the hurry, noisiness, muddle, and littleness of the world, and contemplate action from the heights like a god, or from within a fortress where he remained unscathed. To hit off this tendency, Sainte-Beuve borrowed from religion the phrase *la tour d'ivoire*, the tower where the poet retreats *avant midi*, before the heat and the weariness of the battle have developed. The phrase had been used for centuries as a symbol of the Virgin Mary, and it occurs in the Song of Solomon, but Sainte-Beuve first applied it to literature.

It has come in again lately in a derogatory sense as a synonym for 'escapism.' 'Escapism,' like most words ending in *-ism*, is abusive, and prejudges the issue it professes to define. There is much to be said for escaping from the world, when it is the world of 1938, so that, if we are to discuss the problem dispassionately, 'The Ivory Tower' in Sainte-Beuve's sense seems the better title. It is noncommittal. Is there such a thing as an Ivory Tower? And if there is, shall we fortify it and make it stronger, or shall we try to pull it down? To put the problem in

other words: Can books be an escape from life, and if they can be, ought they to be? Do writers (all or some) escape from life when they write? Do readers (all or some) escape when they read? And when we speak of 'life' here, what meaning do we attach to that much belabored word? The subject strays into philosophy and politics, but its main line is literary: the proper function of books.

Let us start with a generalization upon human nature.

Man is an animal, but a queer one. He possesses the herd instinct, so that he readily forms tribes, gangs, nations. But, unlike other gregarious animals, he has the instinct for solitude as well. Consequently he is always contradicting himself in his conduct and getting into muddles — one of which we are examining now. He wants to be alone even when he is feeling fit. That is one of the differences between a man and a chicken. A chicken wants to be alone only when it is feeling poorly. When a hen withdraws herself from her female companions and even from her gentleman friend and walks about in solitude with a glassy eye, making sad little noises, you know she is probably ill. The other hens think so too, and give her a peck in passing, to show how different they are feeling themselves.

But a man who goes about alone is probably not ill, but trying to enter his Ivory Tower. He needs the Ivory Tower just as much as he needs the human chicken-run, the city. Both are

part of his heritage — solitude and multitudine. He is the gregarious animal who wants to be alone even when he feels well, and his glassy eye and sad little noises are often symptoms of something important. He may be getting a clearer view of the world, or thinking out a social problem, or developing his spirit, or creating a poem. He may be bored with the life around him, which is regrettable, and, worse still, he may be afraid of it. But, whatever his motive, he has an incurable desire to be alone. The instinct may not be as old as his gregarious instinct, but it goes back to the beginning of civilization, and has a particular bearing on the development of literature, philosophy, and art. As far back as history stretches, we can see men trying to retire into their Ivory Towers and there to resist or to modify the instincts which they possess as members of the herd.

If we look back nearly two thousand years, at the country which was recently Czechoslovakia, we shall see there a general conducting military operations. The general is thoroughly competent, but when he has a spare moment he takes out his pen and begins to write philosophy. His name is Marcus Aurelius. He had, and knew he had, an Ivory Tower. It was to him the more important side of his heritage; the public side, when he worked with the herd and was regarded as their emperor, meant nothing to him.

If we look back four hundred years we can see a tough, unscrupulous politician, who loves bits of Italy, his country, and is merciless in his methods of serving them. He is also a practical farmer, who runs his own estate, so when the evening comes he is covered in mud in both senses of the word. Then he washes himself, puts on a nice suit of clothes, has candles of the best-quality wax lit in fine candlesticks of silver, and sits down to read about the heroes and the virtues of antiquity. His name is Machiavelli. Machiavelli too had an Ivory Tower, though it was to him the less important side of his heritage: he needed to retire into it

after getting the better of his fellow men.

A third example. Sixty years ago there lived a great revolutionary, who did more than anyone else to put his fellow men against the existing structure of society. All his life was devoted to this — he worked for the herd and through the herd. And yet he could not stop himself from occasionally writing a poem, a lyric poem. He had no illusions about the merits of his poems, yet he says: 'The best of them made me see what Poetry is — an unattainable fairy palace, at the sight of which my own creations fell to dust.' The name of this yearning writer is Karl Marx. To Marx the Ivory Tower was not at all important, and he will be surprised at being assigned one. He would dismiss it as a regrettable bourgeois weakness, and his followers have developed some important arguments against it. But he illustrates my point — that it is part of the human heritage, that it pops up in the most unlikely landscapes, and that to deny its existence is false psychology.

A fourth example is Milton. Milton understands our problem, and his life illustrates it perfectly. He began in seclusion: he was a scholar and a Cambridge intellectual who knew himself to be a poet, and deliberately planned his æsthetic career. *Il Penseroso* is a manifesto of that early faith; it invokes the delightful sadness which exists in the globe of its own shade, and is untainted either by regrets or by fears, and it looks forward — at the age of twenty-five — to an old age which will attain 'to something like prophetic strain.' Wisdom is to come to the poet through seclusion, and in the Ivory Tower itself: —

Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato . . .

There young John is to be happy and wise, and his descents into human activity, when he makes them, are no more than visits to a country dance; the mud-

dles and the cruelties of daily life never entangle him, nor its poverty, nor disease.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

That is the Milton of the first period, and then — while he is finishing off his education in Italy (a necessary step, for *Il Penseroso* is bad Italian) — the civil wars start, and his plans have to be scrapped. He is obliged to take sides, as intellectuals all over the world are doing to-day; he has to come down from his tower and take service under the Commonwealth, and 'write with his left hand' for nearly twenty years. One would have expected that to be the end of him, but he has a third phase which makes him very valuable as a specimen: he returns to the Tower and writes *Paradise Lost* and *Samson* in it. His side has lost, but the seventeenth century, unlike the twentieth, did not kill intellectuals who fought on the losing side, and Milton is allowed to work out his poetic plan. We know how the plan was carried out, and how once more — aided this time by his blindness — he detached himself from the world. But Melancholy — what has become of her in the interval? She is no longer the bringer of pleasures, but one of the Furies, the sister of Fear and Remorse; she presides over the lazar house and the punishment of dissolute days: —

. . . In fine,
Just or unjust alike seem miserable,
For oft alike both come to evil end.

That is the 'prophetic strain' which he promised himself when he was twenty-five, and it's a terrible sort of tower to be shut up in, brass for ivory; still it does recall the architecture of his youth, and so is significant for us. It suggests that there are some types who naturally prefer solitude to multitude, and revert to it if they can. In many cases the man is worn out by the business of daily life before he can get back, but the normal tendency is to get back.

II

These examples suggest that 'escapism' is not new, not a bourgeois weakness or an economic by-product, but is to be deduced from the queer nature of man, who gathers together in groups like his cousins the monkeys, or his distant connections the chickens, but who also wants to build up a private life of his own. Both these tendencies contribute to civilization. They also distract it. We are troubled to-day, each of us, because we can lead neither the private nor the public life with any decency. I cannot shut myself up in a Palace of Art or a Philosophic Tower and ignore the madness and the misery of the world. Yet I cannot throw myself into movements just because they are uncompromising, or merge myself in my own class, my own country, or in anyone else's class or country, as if that were the unique good. We are in a muddle. We veer from one side of human nature to the other: now we feel that we are individuals, whose duty it is to create a private heaven; and now we feel we ought to sink our individuality in something larger than ourselves — something which we can only partially like and partially understand, just as Milton only partly liked or understood the cause of the Commonwealth.

Although this restlessness of man has always existed (he will never build Utopia because it would cease to be Utopia when built), it is specially obvious to-day because of his increased resources. To-day politics are more insistent than ever before. We can't get away from Nationalism, Fascism, and Communism, — three isms, — nor from armaments, their result, nor from moral rearmament, their dreary and ineffective counterpoise. The world is frightening. It is also boring, because the tragic march of events seems to be accompanied by no tragic splendor. Public taste declines, the countryside is being destroyed, the towns vulgarized.

When I walk in the town I know best — London — and see the architectural changes in Regent Street or in St. James's Square, which were once so dignified, I realize that we have indeed no abiding city, even when that city is the capital of an Empire. And when I go into the country and find it gashed with arterial roads, spattered with advertisements and spiky with pylons and screeching with bombers, I say with the Psalmist, though in another sense, 'If I go up into Heaven, thou art there; if I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, I still cannot escape from politics, from commercialism, or from the science that has been harnessed in their service.' Fifty years ago one could escape — by moving away. A hundred years ago Browning's Waring could give all civilization the slip and vanish from the midst of his friends into the unknown. They wonder where he has gone, explore one romantic possibility after another, and come to the quaint conclusion that he must be in Spain.

Ay, most likely 't is in Spain
That we and Waring meet again
Now, while he turns down that cool narrow lane
Into the blackness, out of grave Madrid.

These lines bring out with brutal force the contrast between that old world, where a man could escape from men, and our world, where, in the physical sense, escape is impossible. Waring, to-day, could n't slip off in his little boat. He would require a passport, duly visaed and endorsed, and if he got lost there would be a Police SOS for him in the nine o'clock news. The last person to attempt escape of this physical sort was the late Colonel Lawrence. He failed, although he had influential friends who gave him their help and tried to hide his tracks. He went down to the depths of the Tank Corps and into the uttermost parts of the sea, but it could n't be done, because this is the twentieth century and the clock says no.

Now, because it is impossible for the body to escape, a good many people —

many of the best critics of the younger generation among them — have come to the conclusion that it's wrong for the mind to escape. They argue that the duty of everyone, be he an engineer or a statesman, a creative writer or a mere reader, is to the community, and to the community as a whole; they condemn the private life as selfish, and they would pull down all Ivory Towers, whatever their architecture. I think that they are mistaken, and that their mistake arises from their taking too simple a view of human development, but they have much that's interesting to say.

In England we don't theorize much, but the two most theoretical countries in Europe — Russia and Germany — are working out a faith which is in the interests of the herd, and against those of the individual. Russia calls the herd the proletariat, Germany calls it the nation or the people (*das Volk*), but from our point of view their conclusions are the same. Herr Hitler, in an interesting speech about Art which he delivered in 1937 when opening the House of German Art at Munich, says, 'No doubt the Nation is not eternal, but so long as it exists it constitutes a stable pole in the whirling flight of time. The individual must rally to support that stability. If he is an artist, he must set up a monument to his people rather than to himself; if he is an ordinary citizen, he must not indulge in the luxury of a private universe. For the Nation is more real than any of the men and women who make it up.'

Lenin, in one of his earlier manifestoes, says the same, though he does not mention nationality or race, and though his tone is non-mystic. 'Literature,' he says, 'ought to be Party Literature. No individual ought to get rich on it, and it ought not to be an individual affair. Down with non-party writers. Down with the literary superman. No more hypocritical talk about individual freedom! If the proletariat is free, the individual will be free, but not otherwise.'

Words are confusing, and Nazi and Communist use different words just as they make different shapes with their hands. But this must not mislead us from realizing that neither of them has any use for the Ivory Tower. They deny to the individual the right to escape from the community of which he forms part. He cannot, of course, withdraw from it in the body, and they try to communize his mind also; and since the mind is the source both of creative art and of personal religion, and often functions best in solitude, both Nazi and Communist encounter trouble. The fight extends much deeper than political slogans, into the double nature of man.

III

Now the issue gets confused at this point by a sloppy and misleading use of the word 'life.' Escapism, we are told, is a retreat from life, a denial of life, a spiritual suicide. I read the other day in a left-wing paper that 'Art should be an expression of life in all its aspects, not a means of escape from life.'

This sounded convincing. But when I considered it carefully I realized that, while the first half of the sentence meant something, the second half was meaningless. For how can a living being escape from life, whether he's an artist or anyone else? Death is the only escape from life, but once dead he produces no art. Of course we often say a poem's dead, a picture's dead, and there's no harm in using these phrases as long as we know they are metaphorical and do not muddle ourselves. But the human mind is easily muddled, and the slinging about of 'life' and 'death' in a semi-mystic sense, as was often done by D. H. Lawrence, lands us in infinite confusion.

Marcel Proust is said to have 'escaped from life' when he shut himself up all day in a cork-lined room and would not let the sunshine in — sunshine being held, for some mystic reason, to be less unreal than cork; Racine to have escaped when

he withdrew from the French court to Port Royal and wrote plays for school-girls, one of these plays being *Athalie*; Edward Fitzgerald when he retired into the country and became a valetudinarian. All that is meant is that these people changed one sort of life for another — a busy for an inactive or contemplative. So we must amend that left-wing diction into sense: 'Art should be an expression of life in all its aspects, and so should include an escape from what officials call life and artists hold to be officialism.'

The idea that escape is, *per se*, wrong, is a bureaucratic idea. It has no basis in either ethics or aesthetics, and it comes to the front only in an age like this, when the community is highly organized and tries to boss the individual at every turn, educating him, taking his fingerprints, paying him if he produces children, punishing him if he does n't vote at its precious elections, refusing him a passport if he has n't been a good boy or is not accompanied by a good girl, controlling him at birth, death, work, and play. Run on such lines as these, a community runs easily, but if in this bureaucrat's paradise an individual sidesteps, there's instantly a jam, the traffic's held up, and the Five-Year Plan, or whatever it is, is retarded, no one knows for how long. An escape from the machine causes so much inconvenience to the operator that it is condemned as an escape from life, and the offender is accused of committing some spiritual crime. The offender may be merely a wastrel, but he may be a great artist, like Milton or Proust, who works best in solitude, and he may be and often is a quiet ordinary person who has to withdraw into his little fortress and build up a small private universe before he can see where he stands.

Of course the bureaucrat is neither a villain nor a fool. His trouble is everyone's trouble — the twofold nature of man, that gregarious animal who sometimes wants to be alone and is not necessarily sick when he mopes. If man could be split into two halves, the bureaucrat's

problem would be simple: one half would render unto Cæsar what is Cæsar's, and, as part of a herd, consent to be organized into a community. And the other half would render unto God what is God's, and retire into that sanctum where religion and contemplation and the creative force all have their home, and where the individual, according to his capacity, constructs his private universe. There would be no friction between the two halves then.

Christ, out of touch with the complexities of civilization, evidently thought such a division possible, but man does not seem to be made like that. He is not in two halves, he is twofold, and hitherto all attempts to harmonize the civilization produced by the convoluted creature have failed. There was a great attempt in the Middle Ages. The theory of the Mediæval World State was evolved, according to which the Emperor, as representing Cæsar, was to rule men's bodies, and the Pope, as representing God, their souls. The theory broke down, much to the bewilderment of Dante, and the Emperor and the Pope fought.

And we, in our trouble to-day, again look for a division which will render unto the community what is the community's, and to the self what is the self's. We have not found it, and the New Jerusalem cannot be built until we do. When the public and the private can be combined, and place can be found in the industrial and political landscapes for those symbols of personal retreat, Ivory Towers, the foundations of a New Humanity will have been laid.

IV

We retreat from the terrors and the boredom of the world. Here are the two chief reasons for escapism. We may retire to our towers because we are afraid, or we may retire because we're bored and indignant.

Though it's never safe to generalize, fear seems wholly bad. One's in a bad state while it's on — stupid, wretched,

unreasonable, undignified, and moaning, 'Oh, oh, what will become of me!' Like other people, I am sometimes in a terror over the state of Europe. 'Oh, oh, what will become of me if there is a war!' I think, and remain like that until I can switch off, like someone who has got stuck on to an electric current. While in that plight, I am of no use either to myself or to Europe, or to anyone or anything. Presently the current's switched off and I go rather sheepishly on with my job, feeling that I've wasted some strength and some time.

Certainly fear is worse than no use. For while we are under its power we behave so badly to other people. We become heartless and cruel. We strike lest the other fellow strike first. Most of the misery of mankind, both in their political and social relations, arises from fear — it has done more harm than even greed. It breeds not only cowards but bullies, and between them they drag down civilization.

If, then, fear is the motive for our retreat, there's little to be said for the Ivory Tower, and little peace to be found inside it. We shut ourselves up there, trembling, doing nothing, afraid to face danger, and waiting from moment to moment for the blow that'll shatter our fragile fortress. This is escapism in the bad sense and deserves all the hard things that can be said against it. There's no release through it, and no creation.

But there's another motive for retreat: boredom; disgust; indignation against the herd, the community, and the world; the conviction that sometimes comes to the solitary individual that his solitude will give him something finer and greater than he can get when he merges in the multitude. This is how Wordsworth puts it.

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away. . . .

This is the sound argument for escape. Wordsworth retreats, in his case from

the world of commercial competition, because it blinds him to the loveliness which he believes to exist in natural scenes, and because he has wasted on it something which it cannot value — namely, his heart. He retreats to the world of a vanished mythology, which is gone as a creed, but relives because he brings it passion.

. . . Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

'So might he'? But so he does, and so do we. We do have sight of Proteus and Triton, thanks to Wordsworth's imagination. He finds them because he has retreated from vulgarity and boredom to his tower. If he had begun the sonnet 'The world is terrifying,' he would have weakened the emotion as well as impaired the poetry. A frightened Wordsworth would not have caught sight of the sea gods, but they may well reveal themselves to an indignant one. He and his readers have chosen the legitimate path of retreat.

The mystics are still more uncompromising. They believe that retreat is imperative and our sole duty. 'Let us flee to the Beloved Fatherland,' counsels Plotinus, defining the Fatherland as 'There, whence we have come, and There is the Father,' and we get there not by moving our feet from land to land, but by 'refusing to see'; we withdraw into ourselves and strain our sight until we catch a glimpse of the inner vision, which is the human birthright. That is to say, Plotinus believes not only that the individual is more real than the community, but that it is absolute reality. The motive of his flight, however, is the same as Wordsworth's: indignation and disgust, not fear.

Granting that there is this good motive for escape, what uses can be made of the Ivory Tower in 1938?

Practical conduct can be learned only

by contacts with our fellow men, but when it comes to mysticism, to abstract thought, and to the detailed contemplation of events, we certainly need solitude. Mysticism is out of favor for the moment, and abstract thought is not much approved either. But the detached contemplation of events is the aim of every public-minded person. We all want to know what civilization is doing, what it is developing into, whether the present economic system will hold, whether the discovery of flying will transform the world abruptly or gradually, and so on. But in daily life we are so involved in these things that we cannot focus them properly. We desire to withdraw and behave as if they don't concern us, and then we have a better chance of seeing what they are up to.

Then as to literature. I don't want to overstate a case. Some writers — like Milton, or Matthew Arnold, or Proust, or Henry James, or Siegfried Sassoon — convey the impression that they have had to escape from the world before they could describe it. They have shut themselves up in the spirit, and perhaps in the body too. So that one is tempted to say that until a writer escapes he cannot create. That is probably true of meditative and of analytical writing. But there is some writing that reads as if it had been composed in the midst of the hum of affairs — Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, and a good deal of Shakespeare. Chaucer and Shakespeare throb with the power that comes not from contemplation but from moving freely among men. Fielding's *Tom Jones* is another example of this, and an interesting one, because Fielding tries both methods. Most of his novel has the hum of affairs about it, but at the beginning of each book he has a philosophic chapter where he retires into himself and attempts to meditate. These prefatory chapters make detestable reading — horrid little leathern receptacles that lead nowhere and keep us away from the gayety, bustle, and decent carnality which make

up the rest of the novel. Who wants to read what Fielding thinks about Avarice or the Stage when he can hear how Molly Seagrim fought in the churchyard and sent all the other trollops flying over the tombstones? Here's where Fielding's good, and he can also give us the gentleness and the spirit of Sophia Western. But he can't reflect, because he has a non-reflective mind. His place is in a west-country pub, amongst tankards of ale and an occasional bloody nose, not in a tower, where he just becomes a bore.

V

The more one reads, the less one can generalize on the creative impulse. It is obvious that Fielding and to a large extent Chaucer and Shakespeare were not escapists, and did not shut out the world when they composed, either consciously or unconsciously. And it is obvious that Marcus Aurelius, Wordsworth, Shelley, Proust, did shut it out. They dealt with contemporary problems, but they saw them through a veil of detachment. All one can do is to indicate two classes of writers, extroverts and introverts, and to say that the former seldom enter their towers, and write badly when they do, whereas the latter write best in their towers.

One cannot generalize over readers either, so I will just indicate my own experience. I find that when I'm reading for information I'm *not* in a tower: I keep in touch with the outside world and connect what I'm reading with what I know of it. If I read about China, I think of what I know of China. If, on the other hand, I'm reading creative literature, I *am* in a tower, shut up with the author, and only aware of him.

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree.

These words don't make me think about China. All that I'm conscious of is Coleridge's vision. I have escaped with him from the outside world. And if my

experience is usual it follows that for the reader, as for the writer, literature is sometimes a retreat, sometimes not. Are you shut off from the world or not when you read? Can you hear the dinner bell? Can you hear the telephone? These questions are worth putting, for there are various degrees of absorption. The most extreme was that of Archimedes, who was so absorbed in a problem that he refused to answer the questions put to him by a Roman soldier, and got killed.

There is, by the way, one obvious criticism that must be answered, and it is 'Oh, how selfish! The writer or reader who shuts himself up is a traitor to the community.' To which the reply is: 'Quite true. But it is equally true that the community is selfish, and, to further its own efficiency, is a traitor to the side of human nature which expresses itself in solitude. Considering all the harm the community does to-day, it is in no position to start a moral slanging match.' And we can also reply that the individual can be selfish in two ways, and that if he is selfish in the good way he wins a little victory not only for himself but for other individuals all over the world. It is a bad selfishness to cry, 'Oh dear, what will happen to me if there is war or if my investments go wrong!' It is a good selfishness to cry, 'Great God! I'd rather be a Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,' because the escape here is into poetry, and blazes a path which others can follow.

Let me recall, in conclusion, the career of Milton. Milton is anything but a perfect character. Prim and bitter, one would never choose him for a friend. But he did perform the great feat of coming out of his tower and going back into it again, and performed it with a fullness that makes him an example for our race. Milton wobbled; and it is in wobbling that the chief duty of man consists. We are here on earth not to save ourselves and not to save the community, but to try to save both.

MANUEL QUEZON

BY JOHN GUNTHER

'My loyalty to my party ends where my loyalty to my country begins.' — MANUEL QUEZON

I

ELASTIC, electric, Manuel Quezon is a sort of Beau Brummel among dictators. Here is an extraordinarily engaging little man. His prankishness, the rakish tilt to the brim of his hat, his love for the lights of pleasure as well as the light of power, the spirited elegance of his establishment all the way from the yacht cruising on Manila Bay to the refulgent pearls — so luminous they seem — cruising on his shirt front, combine brightly to indicate a character straight off Broadway or Piccadilly Circus, a lighthearted playboy among Eastern statesmen.

But such an interpretation would express only a fraction of the complex, composite truth. Mr. Quezon, the first President of the Commonwealth of the Philippines, is a great deal more than a playboy. He is full of nerve — and nerves. He is one of the world's best ballroom dancers; also one of the world's supplest and hardest-boiled practical politicians. He loves cards and alcohol; also he loves his country and his career. He likes to laugh, even at himself, but he is a genuine revolutionary, as much the father of his country as Kemal Ataturk or De Valera. The history of the Philippine Islands in the twentieth century and the biography of Manuel Quezon are indissolubly one.

When Quezon was a boy of eighteen or so he returned to his native village of Baler, feeling himself a grand cock of the

walk with his newly gained academy degree. Both his father and mother were schoolteachers. His father took him to see the chief authority of the village — that is, the local priest, who had come to Baler while Quezon was away at school. The tradition in those days was that anyone visiting a priest must kiss his hand. The priest was a very fat man who sat with one leg sagging over the arm of a chair. He extended his pudgy hand for the boy to kiss, not otherwise moving. So young Manuel grasped and shook the hand instead of kissing it. Sensation! The priest begged Quezon's father to punish him for his irreverence. Young Quezon bided his time. He discovered that the priest was having a liaison with a girl in the village. Quezon became acquainted with her himself, and then paraded the main street with the priest's handkerchief stuck jauntily in *his* pocket!

At about the same time he came in conflict with the other source of authority in the village. He quarreled with an officer of the civil guard over another girl. He managed to insert himself in the girl's place at a rendezvous with the officer, knocked him down, and fled. It was a bitterly serious offense then to assault a Spanish officer. Quezon was caught, arrested, and sentenced to imprisonment. But the authorities chose to mask the real reason for the quarrel, not caring to mention the female element; they justified Quezon's arrest

merely by asserting that he was a revolutionary — which was untrue. He had scarcely heard of the Filipino independence movement at this time. He began to get interested in it. The affair gave him the idea that the revolutionaries — no matter what their politics — must be nice people.

These two anecdotes, lost in years and trivial as they may seem to be, were important. Quezon would have become a revolutionist anyway, since it is his nature to expand and rebel, but this early conflict with authority sharpened him for the struggle that was to come, told him with irresistible pressure on which side he belonged.

Anecdotes about Quezon are abundant; yet they do not build up into a legend. There is nothing hazy or mythological about him. He is an exceptionally concrete and compact man. He has a genius for directness, and also for the unexpected.

His nephew, training to be a cadet in an army preparatory school, was one of a group recently convicted of a hazing offense. Quezon is an enemy of nepotism — indeed it is a rule in the civil service that no two relatives may work in the same office — and he expelled the entire group of cadets, nephew included. His wife pleaded with him; Quezon was adamant, asserting that the punishment must be a lesson to the army as a whole. A month later, he gave the cadets a chance to get their commissions after all, by serving for eighteen months as privates. Once the nephew was on guard duty at Malacañan palace, the residence of the President. Quezon heard that his wife was secretly feeding the lad in the palace kitchen. He ordered her to stop this, or else feed the entire two hundred privates in the guard.

He is exceptionally impulsive and generous. Once when Malacañan was being restored he noticed a workman who didn't seem to be the ordinary type of Filipino laborer. Quezon talked to him, found that he was a student out

of a job, and instantly gave him clerical work inside the palace. The next day the whole working crew struck and asked for the same kind of easier work.

Nothing daunts him. Crossing the Atlantic once, he taught the ship's orchestra to play the Filipino national anthem by tapping out the tune with one finger on the piano — though he had n't touched a keyboard for years, and though Paderewski was a fellow passenger and startled onlooker!

He is something of a scamp. Once, courting his wife, he arrived wearing a spray of orange blossoms. She asked him why. He said airily, 'Oh, I've just been married!' The poor lady burst into tears — so that Quezon knew that she really loved him.

His approach is inveterately personal. When a political prisoner is arrested, which is n't very often, Quezon usually talks to him himself. Once a prisoner had been arrested for making amateur bombs. He was the driver of a *carabao* (buffalo) cart, earning fifteen cents a day. Quezon said, 'This is ridiculous. No wonder you are a bomb-thrower. No one can live on fifteen cents a day.' And he ordered the man's release.

His temper flashes quickly over little things. He may violently rebuke a secretary, and twenty minutes later completely forget what the trouble was about. He likes to quote a saying of his father's, 'Better one day red than three days blue.'

He is full of histrionics; his agile, intensely mobile features make him an excellent mimic and actor. When he is bored or petulant, anyone who knows him well knows it instantly, because his thick eyebrows shoot up, and his long and expressive nostrils twitch.

He is almost startlingly informal, and makes his very informality dramatic. Saying good-bye to his great friend Roy Howard when Howard was in Manila last, he called alone at Howard's hotel and simply walked in unattended and unannounced. He takes guests out

yachting, and drives them home to their dwellings himself. But woe to anyone who abuses this informality by wanton insult to the dignity of his position. Swift and stinging rebuke came once to an American who, dancing at a party where Quezon was a guest, slapped him on the shoulder with a gay 'Hi, Manuel!'

He is very Latin and expansive, with great affection for his own roots, his own past. In his home in Pasay, a suburb of Manila, he has a large aeroplane photograph of the village where he was born, marked 'Here I First Saw the Light of Day.' In his official residence he has built up a veritable museum of Quezoniana. Last year he was pleased beyond measure to recover at last the knife he wore when he was captured in 1899 by American troops. But he has never been able to trace and find the sword he sold for twelve pesos when the war was over.

Loyalty and gratitude are good political weapons, and Quezon knows it well. Dozens of friends who helped him in the early days have been rewarded with jobs or pensions. He held a man named Antonio in such affection — Antonio fed and housed him when he was poor — that he adopted his name as part of his own. He has great sympathies for the old and poor. When he was a young lawyer he charged the poor no fees, and soaked the rich.

His wife told him recently, with considerable perturbation, that she had discovered their cook, whom he greatly admired, to be a Communist. Quezon went straight to the kitchen. He returned and told his wife, 'The cook is not a Communist. If he were a duke, he would be for the dukes. But he's a cook, and so he's for the cooks.'

He likes to do things quickly. He got General Douglas MacArthur to come to Manila as his military adviser and superintendent of the military establishment of the islands in five minutes of talk. He said to MacArthur, 'I want your answer to just one question: Are the islands defensible?' MacArthur

said 'Yes' and Quezon offered him the job.

He seldom stands on ceremony, and he always knows when it is wise to recede. Recently he decreed that Tagalog, his native dialect, should become the official language of the islands. Then it was discovered that Tagalog did not contain enough of the technical vocabulary necessary to modern government. So he dropped the idea without a murmur.

After his election to the presidency he called together the rich Manilans who had supported him and paid for his campaign. 'Gentlemen,' he said in effect, 'let there be no misunderstanding between us. Of course I know, now that I am in office, that you do *not* anticipate any political favors. You have contributed to my campaign, but surely you do not expect to derive profit from having done so. If you should have such an assumption, you would be dishonoring yourselves, by suggesting that you had attempted to bribe the President, and also myself, by suggesting that the President could be bribed.' The rich Manilans were too staggered to say a word.

Once, years ago in Washington, he was chatting with friends in the office of Secretary of War Henry Stimson. Stimson turned to him suddenly: 'Quezon, do you really want independence for the Filipinos?' Quezon smiled and told the anecdote of the young Spaniard who always asserted that it was his ambition to become bishop of the church. The Spaniard ended up happily enough as a janitor for the church property. Quezon winked.

A superb politician, he knows all the approaches. Once a group of legislators were n't doing the work he expected of them. He announced, 'I won't fire you, but if your job is n't finished by next Monday I'll write a letter to the newspapers under my own name denouncing you as incompetent.' The job was done by Monday.

Lloyd George said of De Valera: 'He

is like trying to pick up mercury with a fork.' Quezon has something of this defiantly fluid quality.

II

Don Manuel Luis Quezon Antonio y Molina was born in Baler, a small town on the island of Luzon, on August 19, 1878. His father was a Filipino schoolmaster, certainly not rich, but not desperately poor, a member of the *ilustrado* class; his mother, Molina by name, who also taught school, was partly Spanish. Young Quezon was a bright lad, but lazy. As a schoolboy his nickname was *gulerato* — bluffer. The family pinched itself to send him to Manila, eighty miles away, where he studied first at San Juan de Letrán, a junior college, and then at the law school of the University of Santo Tomas. His studies were interrupted by the revolution against Spain in 1898.

The Philippine Islands, discovered by Magellan in 1521, were forlorn and almost forgotten remnants of the Spanish empire. That empire, corrupt and decadent, was governed by remote control from Madrid, but most actual power locally was in the hands of the Catholic Church, plus a few Spanish *grandees* and landowners. The Filipinos — about 9,000,000 of them then and perhaps 14,000,000 now — are in the main Malay by race, Christianized by Spain and with strong admixtures of Spanish blood. They are an easygoing people, but they rose against Spanish oppression under the patriot Aguinaldo, and were fighting a bloody and successful revolution when the Spanish-American War broke out. America attacked Spain in Philippine waters, promising to help the revolutionaries. Then America, victorious, took the islands over; Aguinaldo continued his revolt against the United States, but he was captured in 1901, and the fighting fizzled out.

Young Manuel Quezon, a student at Santo Tomas, plunged melodramatically

into this situation. He joined Aguinaldo, in a year rose from private to major, and fought the Americans. Advancing under a flag of truce, he was told that Aguinaldo had been taken and that the revolt was over. Quezon refused to believe this. The Americans took him to Malacañan palace and showed him Aguinaldo in captivity.

Quezon spent six months in jail; his cell was a dungeon in the city walls near the southeastern gate, and not more than a hundred yards from the Letrán school he had attended. When, fifteen years later, he returned to Manila from Washington with the Jones Law (which prepared the way for Philippine independence) in his pocket, the gate was renamed Quezon Gate in his honor.

Quezon was furious at the United States when the rebellion collapsed. The insurrectionists who fought with the Americans in the original struggle considered themselves betrayed. Out of jail, Quezon was so angry that he refused to learn English. But he met an American officer, General Bandholtz, — the first American he had ever known well, — and discovered promptly that Americans were not Spaniards. Bandholtz said that Quezon must learn English and that *he* would pay Quezon, instead of vice versa, to take lessons from him! Then Bandholtz was transferred from the islands; Quezon dropped English, and did not take it up again until he became Philippine Commissioner in Washington in 1909, when he learned it with astounding speed.

Quezon's first years after the revolution were difficult. He resumed the study of law, while scratching out a living at odd jobs. His father died, and he returned to Baler to settle the family estate; then he began practice in Tayabas Province. He was at once successful. Politics beckoned. He gave up his job, at which he was earning \$500 per month, to accept a position as local *fiscal*, or prosecuting attorney, at \$75. He got a national reputation almost at

once by daring to prosecute a prominent American lawyer for fraud; this was as early as 1904, when it was almost unheard of for a youthful Filipino to attack a foreigner. By 1906 he had become governor of Tayabas; by 1908, when he was thirty, he was floor leader of the Filipino Assembly, and obviously the potential nationalist leader of the islands.

The next twenty-five years were all variations on a single theme — the stubborn and wary campaign of Manuel Quezon to achieve independence for his country. Battles with ill-health; spectacular junkets;¹ a local struggle for power with Señor Osmeña, alternately his rival and running mate in Filipino affairs — these were subordinate to the unchanging main current of his life.

Two things helped Quezon cardinally. One was the very considerable anti-imperialist sentiment in the United States, which steadily favored liberation of the islands on political grounds. The other was the sugar lobby in Washington, which I will touch on later. Very early Quezon saw that the key to everything was Washington. So he contrived to become Resident Commissioner there, a post which he held from 1909 to 1917. He was an exceedingly effective lobbyist. He helped arrange the appointment of the pro-Filipino Francis Burton Harrison as governor general in 1913, and he was spiritual if not temporal author of the Jones Bill in 1916. He knew also that complete independence — too soon — might wreck the islands economically; he had continually to plot and follow a sinuous middle course.

By 1917 he saw that Manila was a better strategic post than Washington; he became president of the Philippine Senate, and as such the first man of the islands. He had years of passionate struggle with General Wood, a governor

who reversed the Harrison policy; he ingratiated himself with other governors, cajoling, bluffing, threatening. He dodged back and forth to Washington. Finally, in 1934, came the Tydings-McDuffie Bill, which tentatively, at least, won the fight. The Philippines became a commonwealth of autonomous status, with complete independence promised in 1946.

Quezon went to the country and won its first presidential election. His chief opponent, whom he overwhelmed, was old General Aguinaldo, who wanted independence without compromise and at once. Quezon moved into Malacañan palace, and the American governor, now known as the high commissioner, rented a house in town.

III

Quezon is sixty. He does n't look it. He lives hard still, and works a long and restless day. Usually he is up at dawn, and he likes to entertain at breakfast. As chief executive of the islands he has to face multitudinous administrative decisions; on anything important his is the final word. He reads the papers carefully, and a clipping bureau in America sends him by weekly air mail a big packet of news. He receives visitors in a comfortable airy room on the second floor of Malacañan, decorated in gamboge and orange. He has what seems to be a velvet swivel chair, and photographers snap pictures of El Presidente and his guest as they converse. Next day the photographers try to sell the pictures to the visitor.

The President two or three times a week makes surprise inspections anywhere in Manila. Without warning, without ceremony, he drops in at a local police station, a tobacco factory, a prison, or any government department; if all is not in order, the feathers fly. He likes to listen to grievances. Sometimes he eats luncheon with workmen out in the yard.

¹ In 1908, when chairman of the Committee of Appropriations, he sent himself to St. Petersburg as delegate to a navigation congress. Cost: \$4,000 pesos, or \$17,000. — AUTHOR

He loves good clothes; the splendor and multiplicity of his shirts are famous. For his own dress he has invented a semi-uniform of high russet riding breeches, a soft white shirt, and a military tunic with a high collar. But often he receives visitors informally, wearing a polo shirt open at the neck. At home he wears native Tagalog dress, which he claims to be exceptionally comfortable.

If he ever lost his job he could make an easy living at cards. He is indisputably one of the best poker players in the world. Lately he has taken up bridge too, and likes it even better than poker. Most of his relaxation nowadays comes on his yacht, the *Casiana*, on which he cruises and dines when the day's work is done. He got it, a bargain at a reputed price of 100,000 pesos (\$50,000), from the oil magnate E. L. Doheny. He reads a good deal in a utilitarian way, especially when he wakes up, restless, very early in the morning; but he is an impatient reader, who finds it hard to finish books he has begun. He plays golf a little, and sometimes practises mashie shots in Malacañan garden. He likes to ride, and is a tolerable horseman.

There is a bar in the palace, and he asserts that he has never refused a drink, but in fact he drinks rather little. At one reception at Malacañan that I attended no alcohol was served at all. The President likes to joke about liquor as he likes to joke about the ladies. Old photographs show him with wonderful twirling mustachios over a jawbreaking collar; he says he cut them off because they tickled the girls too much. Once he said, apropos of alcohol: —

When I left Manila the doctors told me that I could drink nothing intoxicating. When I reached Java I saw a doctor and he said a glass of beer would not hurt. So I drank beer from Java to Paris. In Paris another doctor said, 'You should not drink beer; wine is the thing.' So I changed gratefully to wine. Then a French specialist told

me, 'You should drink only champagne; it is the only drink for you.' So I drank champagne for a time. Then I reached the United States, and the physicians said, 'Don't drink wines or beer at all, but only whiskey.' So now, if I want a drink, all I have to do is decide which physician I shall obey.

He is fond of good food, but of his trim figure too. Before he underwent a serious operation at Johns Hopkins in 1934, he asked for *adobo*, a highly seasoned Filipino specialty consisting of beef steamed in vinegar, then fried with garlic. The doctors wouldn't let him have it. He enjoyed his operation, which was for gallstones, immensely; he dramatized every detail, and the newspapers in Manila carried front-page photographs of all the instruments the surgeons used. He said afterward, 'All I have is a thin red line that looks like a pin scratch, and I can say that it is even elegant.'

But what he likes most of all is a Junket. His political pilgrimages have carried him all over the world, and nothing is lacking to make the journeyings impressive. The President travels with a flash and a flourish. Special trains, mass meetings, speeches, are in order, and the entourage is huge. Usually Quezon takes with him a doctor, two or three secretaries, a military aide, and a half-dozen hangers-on. He has learned more than one lesson from the politics of the United States: he is a Junketeer par excellence, and his expense accounts are wonderful to behold.

In Manila, Quezon goes from place to place in a big limousine with special glass through which occupants in the car may see outside, but which impedes the view inside. Contrary to report, it is not armored or bullet-proof. But there is a small revolver in the side compartment, which contains writing materials, cigarettes, and the like. The car bears license plate No. 1.

He wanted to attend the coronation of George VI of England during his Euro-

pean trip in 1937, but the British foreign office did not know quite what precedence to give him, and informally persuaded the Americans to ask him not to go. On this trip he had planned to visit Ireland and Denmark, also the U. S. S. R., to study agrarian problems; time cut his itinerary short. In Germany he saw Schacht, but not Hitler. On the way he visited Cuba and Mexico; for the Mexican President Cardenas he has terrific admiration.

About Mussolini, Quezon once said, 'He talks loudly, but everyone can rely upon him to do the right thing.' About Hitler: 'That's not my idea of a leader.' The President calls himself 'almost a Communist' except that he believes in the right of private property. But he also believes that the government has the privilege of curbing the right of private property 'if and when public good demands it.'

His wife, whom he adores, and who has considerable influence over him, is his first cousin. Her name was Aurora Aragon; he eloped with her to Hongkong in 1918 after an interrupted boyhood romance. She is a pretty and cultivated woman, and a devout Roman Catholic. When they were in Mexico she told her husband that perhaps she ought not to go to church, since that might embarrass his conversations with Cardenas; the President replied that she could blanket-blank well go to church any time and anywhere she chose. The Quezons have three children: Maria Aurora, who is eighteen; Zenaida, seventeen; and Manuel, Jr., twelve.

Donna Aurora does not pay much attention to politics, — her hobbies are orchids, her collection of dolls, and her two thousand books, — but she did contribute something to the woman suffrage movement in the islands. Quezon was lukewarm on the issue, and, hoping to forestall it, arranged a compromise providing that suffrage should come if 300,000 women voted for it within a year. No one thought that 300,000

women could be found who would vote. But Mme. Quezon plunged into the campaign, and the votes were found. Quezon was uneasy, because most women voters are in the hands of the priests, whom he thinks have enough power already. But he did not want to oppose his wife's wishes.

Quezon and Paul V. McNutt, the present High Commissioner, are not intimate friends, but relations between the governments are quite correct. Quezon hoped that another man would be appointed and that in any case he would be consulted on the appointment; McNutt's name was rushed through before Quezon got to Washington, and for several days he sulked, refusing to call on McNutt until Roy Howard smoothed the matter over. Quezon records that his friendship with McNutt was cemented by a poker game in which both were winners — Quezon, however, by a bigger margin.

The McNutt toast story set tongues wagging on several continents. What really happened was this. When McNutt arrived on the islands the Japanese Consul General gave him an official dinner, at which the first toast was to the Emperor of Japan, the second to the President of the United States, the third to President Quezon, the fourth (after rather a long pause) to High Commissioner McNutt. The next day McNutt wrote a private and confidential memorandum to the consular corps asking that this procedure be henceforth corrected, since officially he, as representative of the President of the United States, outranked Quezon. He did not want a scandal; he was as embarrassed as was Quezon when the story got out, which it did when the Japanese tipped off the newspapers.

Sometime later, asserting his prerogative to be consulted in all international matters, McNutt asked that correspondence between the various consuls and Malacañan be routed, as was correct, through him. The Japanese

sought to get around this by using the telephone instead of writing.

Quezon has a fabulous number of friends all over the world. In Manila those closest to him are probably his physician Dr. Antonio Vasquez, who sees him daily; his chief secretary Jorge Vargas, who is his useful man-about-politics; and his aide-de-camp Major Manuel Nieto. Nieto is the Brückner of the régime, the confidential bodyguard. He knows all the secrets; when Quezon went on the operating table at Johns Hopkins, he dictated to Nieto the letters that were to be opened only in the event of his death. Nieto, a fine athlete and boxer, was in the tobacco business before taking his present post.

Also close to Quezon are the four Elizalde brothers, of an old and distinguished Spanish family who took out Filipino citizenship only recently. They are very rich; the four compose their own quite good polo team. When Quezon needs money for a political campaign or for a junket, it is to the Elizaldes that he turns first. Another person very close to the President is Adong, the seventy-year-old Chinese body servant who goes with him everywhere, who has been with him forty years, and who sleeps on a bench outside the master's bedroom.

Like most good American politicians, Quezon gets on nicely with newspaper men. Once he promised a Manila correspondent some letters of introduction to friends in China; he was suddenly stricken with appendicitis, and while being wheeled to the operating theatre he saw the correspondent in the hall and remembered to call a secretary to tell him not to forget the letters. His press conferences are quite informal. Ninety per cent of what is said is off-the-record. Once the correspondents asked him about a matter in connection with his personal religious history. Quezon could not remember a date exactly. He reached for the phone, telephoned his wife, and got it from her.

No one knows with certainty who will succeed Quezon when his six years are concluded in 1941. Resolutely the President has stated that he will take no second term, which indeed is forbidden by the new constitution. One obvious candidate is Vice President Osmeña (who incidentally is partly Chinese in origin as Quezon is partly Spanish). Another is Manuel Roxas, a lawyer for the sugar interests and former speaker of the assembly, who, like Osmeña, has a checkered career of affiliation and opposition to Quezon. Another is the present Minister of the Interior, Elpidio Quirino, dictatorial in tendency, whom the President finds useful, but who may appear to him to be too rough and too anxious for the job.

Quezon's religious history is curious. He was, of course, born a Roman Catholic, but he was not confirmed until he was fourteen, although the usual age in the Philippines is three or four. Then he joined the revolution and became a Freemason, when Masonry, forbidden by the Spanish régime, was a symbol of the independence movement. He rose to be a thirty-second-degree Mason, but was reconverted to Catholicism in 1928 after two decades of apostasy. His wife strongly wanted him to reënter the Church for the sake of the children. He was ill with tuberculosis; he took Communion when he thought he might be on his deathbed, but only—a typical enough Quezon touch—after he told the priest that he would continue to refuse to believe in miracles. He is a Catholic, like everything else, on his own terms.

Stories to the contrary notwithstanding, Quezon is not particularly rich. His salary is only 30,000 pesos (\$15,000) per year, and he needs every cent of it. He was always an easy spender; after several years of successful law practice in 1905, he made a great ceremony of giving a friend all the money he had saved—a half-ounce gold coin worth four dollars! He has some real estate, but he is no millionaire. When he needs

money he asks for it from his political supporters, and it is instantly forthcoming. The budget appropriation for his trip to the United States in 1937 was 75,000 pesos, which was not nearly enough, so he asked the sugar interests to contribute 50,000 more, which they did. It's as simple as that — in the Philippines.

One could list many of the sources of Quezon's power. For instance, he is indisputably the best orator in the islands in any of three languages, English, Spanish, or Tagalog. His considerable charm, his patriotism, his executive capacity, his curious combination of American characteristics, like aggressive practicality, with a Latin heritage of suppleness and adroit facility in negotiation, all contributed to his career. But his knack of getting along well with both rich and poor, with the miserably fed peasants of the countryside as well as the Spanish millionaires in Manila, is probably his single most valuable characteristic. The masses adore him, because he gives them something. The rich eat out of his hand — when he is n't eating out of theirs — because he guarantees their survival. By using both he has built up an irresistible machine.

IV

The question of independence is alluringly complex, even if we do not touch upon the question whether or not the Filipinos are capable of self-government. At the end of 1938 the situation provides one of the most attractive paradoxes one could find. It is that Manuel Quezon, having devoted the whole of his life to Philippine independence, is n't so sure that he wants it; it is that the people of the Philippine Islands, after forty years of agitation which have brought them to the threshold of nationhood, are increasingly alarmed that they are going to get — what they desired.

The Tydings-McDuffie Act provides an interim period until 1946 in which the

United States retains certain rights in the islands, and is responsible for their defense. America is to give up its military bases in 1946, though the question of naval bases is left open. Until 1946, American law controls matters of tariff, immigration, debt, currency, and foreign trade. After 1946 all this is cut off. The country becomes the Philippine Republic, and swims — or sinks — alone. The theory behind the Act was to provide a ten-year transition during which the islands could learn to swim.

Now there are several points of view among Filipinos in regard to independence. Some outright folk like Aguinaldo want unconditional independence at once. They call Quezon a trimmer. Some would like a 'Permanent Commonwealth' — that is, the status quo extended in perpetuity in the form of something resembling Dominion Status. There are some who stand by the Tydings-McDuffie Act. And there are the Retentionists, who do not want independence at all, though they are not often bold enough to say so outright. Among Retentionists are the reactionary clergy, who fear social revolution when the islands are left to themselves, and the sugar interests, who know that they will no longer sell sugar profitably to the United States — and sugar is by far the most important item in the economic life of the islands — when it becomes a foreign commodity and must pass an American tariff wall. At present Filipino sugar enters the United States duty-free.

The Tydings-McDuffie Act provides that, beginning in 1940, the Filipinos shall be charged a 5 per cent export tax on sugar, rising 5 per cent per year until a full tax of 25 per cent is reached by 1946, so that the economy of the islands may adjust itself to the loss of the free American market. No one at this moment can calculate the effect of this arrangement. Thus any long-range attitude to national affairs is difficult, if not impossible. No one knows what

future revenue will be. No one can dare to estimate future programmes of public work, national finance, and the like, planning of which ought to begin to-day.

In essence the struggle for Filipino freedom is a struggle between two competing spheres of sugar interests. This is basic fact.

Local American sugar, and Cuban sugar, which is controlled by New York finance, want the islands to be independent, so that Filipino sugar will have to pay duty in America and enter the American market at a severe and possibly fatal handicap.

Filipino sugar fears full independence. It prefers the status quo, so that it may continue to flourish by free entry into the American market, which will be lost when the islands become a foreign state and have to climb a tariff barrier.

Thus arises an odd situation: American interests tend to support the liberation of the Philippines, whereas Filipino interests tend to prefer the present situation — their own servitude. Patriotism? But the Filipinos say that real patriotism is to avoid independence if its result is suicide. Seventy-two per cent of Philippine trade is with the United States; 60 per cent of this is sugar.

American imperialism has never been as tenacious or grasping as European imperialism; the United States is not a 100 per cent imperialist power. The Filipinos know this, and are grateful. If you ask a Filipino why almost no one harbors deep or passionate resentment against the United States (as an Arab, say, may harbor resentment against an Englishman), he will say that, first, America was a veritable fairy god-mother compared to Spain — for instance, American educational impetus raised literacy in the islands to 60 per cent, a very respectable total — and that, secondly, America has always been willing to clear out. The present constitutional situation may remind one of

the miserable amalgams whereby France prepares the way for the 'liberty' of Syria, or the makeshift compromises which in recent years led to provincial autonomy in India, but the comparison is not really analogous; the Tydings-McDuffie Act set the route for complete and unequivocal independence for the islands, sweetened by sugar as it was.

Immediately after Quezon's inauguration a curious thing occurred. The President took Roy Howard for a cruise on the *Casiana*. When Howard returned he wrote an inspired story — this was in 1935! — to the effect that the 'dream of Philippine independence was fading.' If Quezon, having just won his fight, was indicating by this that he had not wished to win it, he might justly have been accused of monstrous hypocrisy. But probably the story was a *ballon d'essai* to sound out political opinion in the United States; Quezon did not want America to cut the Philippines adrift too soon.

In 1937 Quezon took the utterly opposite line. He came to Washington and asked for complete independence at once. He said: —

The Philippines have been assisted economically and schooled politically by the United States for almost forty years. No people in history, coming under a foreign flag, have ever been treated so generously. . . . We are as competent to govern ourselves now as we can possibly be eight years hence. . . . Under actual test the terms of the Independence Act are proving surprisingly capable of creating irritation. One high commissioner, even if of the highest character, if lacking in sympathy could create a most unfortunate clash. . . . One [American] Congress apparently cannot bind the action of a succeeding Congress. Consequently, as long as we are bound by the present Independence Act, which we have no power to alter, the Philippines will continue to be at the mercy of every self-seeking group of lobbyists capable of logrolling a tariff or commercial quota to our disadvantage.

Also Quezon may have feared that President Roosevelt might be succeeded

by a Republican Administration in 1940, which might repeal the Tydings-McDuffie bill.

This was in early 1937. By 1938 the situation had changed again — reason, the Japanese campaign in China.

The flamboyant MacArthur, former chief of staff of the United States Army and now a Philippine Field Marshal, believes firmly that the Filipinos, even if absolutely cut off from America, could defend themselves. General MacArthur has a battery of technical reasons to support his claim. The Filipino general staff agrees with him. For one thing, they say that air power would not be effective against the islands, and that an infantry invasion is hardly possible. The Filipino army is training 40,000 recruits a year, and is turning into an excellent fighting force. But the islands have little of the industrial equipment upon which modern war depends. It can hardly have a navy capable of keeping Japan's fleet away. A war would be a disaster.

Very many in the islands have genuine fear of Japan. They think that if America goes Japan will come in. There is a close-knit and powerful Japanese colony in Davao, perhaps 15,000 in all, growing hemp — and possibly trouble.

In July 1938, Quezon made a sudden brief holiday visit to Tokyo. He has been there several times before, and the Japanese do their utmost to be nice to him. Quezon denied hotly a story to the effect that he sounded out official opinion in regard to Japanese intentions toward the Philippines. Japan, he said, was willing after 1946 to adhere to an agreement neutralizing the islands, according to former pronouncements of policy. Yet it would be an insult to Mr. Quezon's very active intelligence to suggest that he does not know that Japan is hungry for just the sort of loot the riches of the Philippines, including very large gold deposits, provide.

One can be sure that Quezon has

heard of Czechoslovakia. He will not be caught and squeezed out like Dr. Beneš.

One can be sure at least of one thing: if the islands are alone, Quezon will make the best terms with Japan that he can get.

V

Politically the Philippines are an advanced democracy, at least in theory; economically they are still in the feudal age.

Spain left its ugly heritage. Industry is largely in the hands of a few Spanish aristocrats; the land is held largely by great landowners or by the Church. Less than one fifth of one per cent of the landowners own 21 per cent of the total arable land. They give staggeringly lavish parties in Manila; their tenants pay the taxes; the peasants starve. In one district in central Luzon 90 per cent of the land is owned by 2 per cent of the people. The landless proletariat numbers 10 per cent of the total population. Agrarian wages may be as low as fifteen cents a day. The Church has vast properties, some gained by gifts or purchases through the tithe, some when priests coerced men and women to donate their land to God in penance for sins confessed.

Quezon has begun cautiously a programme of breaking up the big estates. He would like, as he says, to 'complete the revolution,' and abolish feudalism; he must move very slowly. He promises much. But he is roughly in the position that President Roosevelt would face if, attacking Wall Street, he knew that all his Cabinet and perhaps 70 per cent of his majority were Wall Street men. Quezon knows that to make a real revolution he must destroy feudalism — that is, the Church. This he can do only by destroying himself too.

Opposition to Quezon is feeble. In 1935 a group known as the Sakdalists staged an uprising, and its leader, Benigno Ramos, fled to Japan. To-day a Popular

Front, embracing everyone from Communists to the 'National Socialists' of Aguinaldo, has been organized to combat the President, but it has not got very far. One dissident leader of consequence is the liberal head of the Philippine Independent Church, Bishop Aglipay. The popularity of Quezon is enormous, — and carefully nurtured, — and no real opposition leader is in sight. In the last election Quezon won every seat. There is not a single opposition deputy.

Indeed, members of the Popular Front do not dislike or oppose Quezon, whom they regard as the father of the country, as a man or a leader; they simply want him to modify his policy. Their complaints are that he has created a bureaucratic dictatorship; that he controls not only the executive, but the judiciary, the army, the legislature, the entire complex of government; that he is afraid of the Church and the big landowners; that his economic programme is too slow. They

do not want to replace Quezon; they want to swing him to the Left.

Quezon was profoundly impressed by Roosevelt and Cardenas in 1937; he returned to announce a kind of New Deal for the islands under the name of the 'Social Justice' programme. This, he announced, gave expression to a 'distributist' philosophy, a middle path between capitalism and socialism; he said that it was the duty of the government to use every means it had to force the distribution of wealth so that the rich would be less rich and the poor less poor. 'I do not believe,' he said, 'that any one man can earn a million pesos by his brain alone. If that is Communism, then I am a Communist.' He inaugurated a minimum wage for government employees (one peso per day), and set about a new tax programme.

Thus Quezon at sixty. Perhaps a tongue is in that roguish cheek. The next few years will tell.

POEMS BY WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

MAN AND THE ECHO

MAN

In a cleft that's christened Alt
Under broken stone I halt
At the bottom of a pit
That broad noon has never lit,
And shout a secret to the stone.
All that I have said and done,
Now that I am old and ill,
Turns into a question till
I lie awake night after night
And never get the answers right.
Did that play of mine send out
Certain men the English shot?
Did words of mine put too great strain
On that woman's reeling brain?
Could my spoken words have checked
That whereby a house was wrecked?
And all seems evil until I
Sleepless would lie down and die.

ECHO

Lie down and die.

MAN

That were to shirk
The spiritual intellect's great work
And shirk it in vain. There is no release
In a bodkin or disease,
Nor can there be a work so great
As that which cleans man's dirty slate.
While man can still his body keep,
Wine or love drugs him to sleep,
Waking he thanks the Lord that he
Has body and its stupidity,
But body gone he sleeps no more
And till his intellect grows sure
That all's arranged in one clear view
Pursues the thoughts that I pursue,

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

Then stands in judgment on his soul,
 And, all work done, dismisses all
 Out of intellect and sight
 And sinks at last into the night.

ECHO

Into the night.

MAN

O rocky voice,
 Shall we in that great night rejoice?
 What do we know but that we face
 One another in this place—
 But hush, for I have lost the theme,
 Its joy or night seems but a dream.
 Up there some hawk or owl has struck,
 Dropping out of sky or rock,
 A stricken rabbit is crying out
 And its cry distracts my thoughts.

THE CIRCUS ANIMAL'S DESERTION

I

I SOUGHT a theme and sought for it in vain,
 I sought it daily for six weeks or so.
 Maybe at last, being but a broken man,
 I must be satisfied with my heart, although
 Winter and summer till old age began
 My circus animals were all on show,
 Those stilted boys, that burnished chariot,
 Lion and woman and the Lord knows what.

II

What can I but enumerate old themes,
 First that sea-rider Usheen led by the nose
 Through three enchanted islands, allegorical dreams,
 Vain gaiety, vain battle, vain repose,
 Themes of the embittered heart, or so it seems,
 That might adorn old songs or courtly shows;
 But what cared I that set him on to ride,
 I, starved for the bosom of his fairy bride.

And then a counter-truth filled out its play,
 'The Countess Cathleen' was the name I gave it;

She, pity-crazed, had given her soul away
 But masterful Heaven had intervened to save it.
 I thought my dear must her own soul destroy,
 So did fanaticism and hate enslave it,
 And this brought forth a dream and soon enough
 This dream itself had all my thought and love.

And when the Fool and Blind Man stole the bread
 Cuchullain fought the ungovernable sea;
 Heart mysteries there, and yet when all is said
 It was the dream itself enchanted me:
 Character isolated by a deed
 To engross the present and dominate memory.
 Players and painted stage took all my love
 And not those things that they were emblems of.

III

Those masterful images because complete
 Grew in pure mind, but out of what began?
 A mound of refuse or the sweepings of a street,
 Old kettles, old bottles, and a broken can,
 Old iron, old bones, old rags, that raving slut
 Who keeps the till. Now that my ladder's gone
 I must lie down where all the ladders start
 In the foul rag and bone shop of the heart.

POLITICS

'In our time the destiny of man presents its meanings in political terms.'

—THOMAS MANN

How can I, that girl standing there,
 My attention fix
 On Roman or on Russian
 Or on Spanish politics,
 Yet here's a traveled man that knows
 What he talks about,
 And there's a politician
 That has read and thought.
 And maybe what they say is true
 Of war and war's alarms,
 But O that I were young again
 And held her in my arms.

CALL IT HOLY GROUND

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

I

THE Ancient Landmark is still there. I can always 'feel' the difference as soon as my train passes from New York into Connecticut. Only One of Us, perhaps, can see how the landscape, the architecture, the vegetation, stiffen, within five minutes, into the New England shape. I have lived outside New England ever since I attained legal maturity, but, once past Port Chester, I feel my origins. I once heard of a New England woman who, returning to Boston from a stay in California, patted the North Station for joy. Similarly, I could have patted the Grand Central, any time these thirty-five years. New England is still, to me, a prison; and it does not matter in which of the Six States I am immured. Penobscot Bay does not deliver me from Provincetown, or Franconia from the Old South Church. It is all 'home.'

I think I am not a pathologic case. I believe I am merely a tenth-generation New Englander with the tenth generation's self-consciousness fully developed. The beauty of the New England landscape can still startle me; the 'quality' of the New England village street still wakes in me an approval almost religious; this is the only soil in the wide, wide world into which my roots sink without effort; and all the delicate steeples seem to say to me, 'You may be damned in our sight, but be sure we know you to the marrow.' (Our children, having been born elsewhere, 'riot unscared' over the New England hills; while I discern in the

loveliest contours of these a hint of Hell.) Oh yes, spiritually speaking, I can be as nasal as any Puritan. I not only understand poor George Apley — I *like* him.

All my adult life I have returned to New England, first at regular, later at irregular, intervals. When I know that my sojourn will be short, I can court the pleasures of perception. There is an intellectual delight almost sensuously keen in having one's secret knowledge confirmed at every crossroads, in deriving from every elm leaf corroboration of the nerves' hurt. When I have been in New England for a fortnight, the rest of the world begins to seem to me somewhat despicably simple, and quite despicably normal. What (I say) is humor without grimness? What virtue can be found in serene objectivity? What man is complete and considerable whose vitals are not knotted within him? No individual is One of Us who is not hag-ridden by perfection, and driven by the hag to compromises that have, to the alien, a little look of madness.

The rest of the world has always perceived that we were 'different,' and has chosen this or that trait to emphasize. The phenomenon that has perhaps been most famous is the 'New England conscience.' No New Englander, I believe, would deny that our 'conscience' is a peculiar possession and recognizable at an enormous distance. The new psychiatry has little to teach us. Complexes, inhibitions, and fixations were the daily

diet of our infancy, and all the secrets of sublimation were known to us before Freud was born. I once heard a French Jesuit beg his congregation to stop brooding over sins confessed and forgiven. Neither the confessional nor psychoanalysis can bring the New Englander to forgetting his sin, for the special horror of the New England conscience is remorse undying. Absolution this side Judgment Day (if, indeed, beyond) is something our temperaments cannot grasp, and even reparation cancels nothing. Every true New Englander is a haunted house.

Our shrewdness has also been matter of legend. I have often wondered about that shrewdness, having constantly seen the New Englander overreached by the alien. I fancy what is called shrewdness would prove on analysis to be a compound of other traits. An intense preoccupation with detail is native to us; and we can see, clearly, minor aspects of a bargain that are passed over by a wider vision. Partly, our shrewdness derives from a simplicity of life originally enforced by the stony soil and piously enjoined by a stonier religion. We are better, I imagine, at a horse trade than we are on the stock market. Our business ventures go best when we can see with our two eyes, touch with our two hands, all the elements of success or failure. We are not, most of us, good at guessing or gambling. Have we then no imagination? Indeed, yes; but it feeds within, behind the skin and bone. The shrewdest selectman who ever sprang from these bewitched acres must reënter, business over, his inner maze.

We have been called, also, obdurate to beauty. The barn, they say, is always built between the house and the view. If the barn always cuts off the view, it is not merely because, to our utilitarian sense, barns are more important than houses. You cannot account for us without due reference to the Old Testament and John Calvin. By them, we have always been warned against beauty

— that frequent weapon of the devil — as we have always been discouraged from joy. Beauty was deliberately excised from religious worship, and as far as possible from daily life — for beauty is the greatest of delight-makers, and pleasure was ever suspect.

Our architecture and our planted elms, indeed, constitute our main claim to æsthetic achievement. With Wiscasset, Portsmouth, Salem, Cambridge, Newburyport, Farmington, Orford, fully in memory, I can but say that these white mansions, grouped or isolated, impress more by their negations than by their affirmations. Blast the elms and store the paintpots (there *is* no white paint outside New England!) and many an antique village street would be shorn of glory. It is the typical that must concern us; and I am thinking less of this or that 'show' place (built perhaps like the lovely Christopher Gore house, from plans made in Europe, indicating a European conception of social and domestic life) than of the four-square type which can be found in scores of places: the type approved by New Englanders in general, the type we visualize when we say 'Colonial.' The central hall passing from front to back, with two square rooms on either side, the whole built of clapboarded wood — that is the dwelling the mind's eye perceives when, in New England, 'Colonial' is whispered.

Perhaps it is simply that I do not like these dwellings — and it is ill judging from prejudice. . . . Yet I have often stood before them, admiring perforce the solidity, the proportions, the delicate detail of fanlight and tracery, and none the less found my spirit rebelling against their informing spirit; have seen in those firm lines and square spaces a deliberate denial of social amenity and gracious living: a refusal to be gay, a refusal to be stately, a refusal to be secret, to be harmonious. Even crammed with the loot of our most romantic period, when the sea captains were the kings, they defeat the imagination by their very

plan; those walls cannot stretch themselves, the mind cannot stretch them, beyond their spare and homely tradition.

II

Frown on beauty and forbid joy, and you will not learn to live gracefully. When I think of New England making holiday according to its own genius, I think of that peculiarly New English festival, Thanksgiving. We have managed to impose the celebration on the rest of the country, but I think no other section could have invented the Thanksgiving dinner — that stolid and patriarchal repelion. Though pious in origin, it has come to be rather a tribal than a religious feast. People still make an effort to gather kinsfolk round the board that groans with pie.

When I was a child, Fast Day still lingered (I believe it survives only in New Hampshire), but it had not the prestige of the other. Nor, for that matter (as far as our meetinghouses were concerned) had Christmas. New England, indeed, took up Christmas reluctantly — perhaps because it had papistical connotations. I dislike to think what my paternal grandmother would have felt had she heard her grandchildren singing 'Good King Wenceslas.' And I believe, if she had ever found candles in the front windows, she would have expected to find the Pope in the pantry and the Devil in the kitchen. She was, however, a notable Thanksgiving Day hostess, and worked hard, every year, to give that dreary feast its peculiar lustre.

Before Thanksgiving Day, we children filled the great paper bags for the Little Wanderers; on Thanksgiving Day we overate, lost our tempers, and discovered all the secret vices of relatives whom, at other times, we liked well enough. It was not in our genius to find ways of gracing the festival, and Thanksgiving was a true holiday only in that it released us, in one direction, from our accustomed temperance. On one day in

the year, that is, we were allowed to commit one of the Seven Deadly Sins. (Only of course we had never heard of anything so picturesque as the Seven Deadly Sins.)

Thanksgiving may have had for our ancestors God knows what sublimating value; but in my time it had become mere oppression of sense and spirit. There must have been something essentially repellent in it, I think, to make me, at my mature age, avoid my home when Thanksgiving comes around. I go to New York to the matinée, and lunch in the station on whatever antithesis to turkey I can find. Thanksgiving is the one occasion in the year when I cannot be tribal without nausea. Powerful are the memories and associations that make me seek, on that day, the most public of places, and welcome the bleakest denials of family life. I take those memories and connotations too hard? Of course I do. Only a New Englander, probably, could preserve undimmed for a quarter of a century so impersonal a moral disgust.

III

Only by long exposure to the Old Testament and Calvin (I have said) have we grown to be what we are. Only that exposure, I suppose, could account for our famous reticence. That trick of understatement for which we are noted does not come, believe me, from chilled blood and slow reactions, from horny hearts matching horny hands. It comes rather from the long war waged against exuberance, from the secular distrust of anything so pleasant (perhaps) as impulse. By bridling the tongue (that 'unruly member') we have come near to paralyzing it. How often have I seen the New Englander longing to say what lies next his heart, and sweating over his incapacity! We communicate, if at all, as one rock to another. The tragedies of the little white houses behind the elms are, most often, tragedies of the word not said. Death goes uncomforted, love

sinks discouraged, because of those terrible congenital silences. Our hearts are not atrophied; only the heart's eloquence. Indeed, we are capable enough of salty speech when there is no question of personal feeling or of human relations. When it bursts, our reticence bursts often in sardonic phrase. I was telling the village librarian last summer that my spine had been chilled by the sight of the barn in which Almy hid for a week after killing Christy Warden (a famous murder of the nineties). She bent forward and asked eagerly, 'Have you seen Kill-Baby Whitcher's house? It's the third on the left after you cross the railroad track, on the Orange road. Dashed the baby's brains out on the doorstep — but the Whitchers went on living there until twenty years ago.' Kill-Baby Whitcher! Zeal-of-the-Land Busybody! Page Ben Jonson. . . . It was the seventeenth century that we brought with us from England, and there is much of that lusty century left in us.

There was a delightful epithet current in my mother's childhood: 'proud-spirited.' (I have heard her use it about Emily Dickinson's father, who decorated the streets of Amherst when she was a little girl.) A great many New Englanders are proud-spirited. When Aunt H. forced Uncle B. to attend Grace Church in New York, he had to come out before the service was over because the genuflections made him ill. 'What does he do during prayers in church at home?' I asked. 'He closes his eyes.' 'Does n't he bow his head when he prays?' 'No, never.' 'But why?' I pursued. Aunt H. thought for a moment. 'I suppose it is pride,' she answered simply. We are literally as well as figuratively a stiff-necked race. We are not really too proud to bow down spiritually before the Lord; but we are too proud to let our neighbor see, by any gesture of our bodies, the emotion of abasement.

Our pride, as everyone knows, has given us a bad case of ancestor worship. Ancestor worship is not confined to New

England, but I think it is, in New England, more savage, more primitive, than elsewhere. The ancestor worship of the South seems, in comparison, sentimental and harmless, reducing in the end to a familiar snobbishness. Southerners seem to take a childish pleasure in counting cousins like apples on the family tree; and if some of the apples are worm-eaten it gives them no grave concern. New Englanders, on the contrary, are totemistic; as if, like the Australian natives, we were born witchetty grubs or dingoes. Through long decades I have heard New Englanders discuss their relatives, living and dead; and when they do I cannot but recall the notes of anthropologists. Indisposed to recognize the conventional social classifications, we have fallen back on something more terrible: the totemism which admits no recruits, which finds a special, sacred, isolating quality in the family itself, and which makes the meanest witchetty grub or dingo somehow more important than George Washington or Abraham Lincoln — which could say '*numen inest*' even about the family fool.

As vices are sometimes said to be virtues gone wrong, so ancestor worship has a pleasant aspect. All New Englanders, for example, are born antiquarians. Ask anyone who suddenly had to acquire a passport after the war and was sent searching his birth certificate. People born elsewhere than in New England often had to put up with affidavits from parents or old family friends; but anyone born in New England could get his birth certificate by return post. Vital statistics were kept in the smallest towns before cities like Brooklyn had heard of such things.

A few years ago some of my husband's family went exploring in New Hampshire, looking up villages where ministerial ancestors had lived and preached. Most of their researches were successful, but Sullivan baffled them. My husband's great-great-grandfather took up land in Sullivan after the Revolution,

and in Sullivan his paternal grandmother was born. They knew that the big farm had been sold before the Civil War and that it had long since been abandoned. They were looking, in this case, only for a site. Sullivan, as I say, baffled them: a tiny green; a church of the fifties; well out of sight of the church, one house and a 'grange'; an uninhabited, hilly scene — 'all woods and wilderness.' It would be vain, they said, to look for sites, and they went off to lunch in another direction.

Later my husband and I, being natural ferrets, sought out Sullivan for ourselves. We saw the green, the church, the lack of habitations, the surrounding hills, but declined to be baffled. While I sat on the church steps, watching the car, my husband departed into what Kipling would call the *Ewigkeit*. He was gone a long, long time — as if his grandmother's ghost had stopped him for a wayside sermon. When he came up the road I was relieved. 'Did you go to the house?' I asked. 'Of course I did. The post office is there. Mrs. X. is the postmistress. She showed me a map. All the cellar holes are numbered. Great-grandfather's is 76. If we drive down towards Keene we'll see her father-in-law working in a corn lot, and he can tell us how to get there. Stupid of the others not to inquire! She has a history of Sullivan, and we're all in it. I might have known. You can trust New England, every time.'

We got there. The farmer working in the lot down the Keene road turned out to be a Jewett (great-grandmother was a Jewett) and he knew a back road to a farm whence we could climb through pastures to the cellar hole on the top of an indistinguishable hill. Not more than five minutes' scramble, at that (fending off curious cows), and the stone walls ('wide enough to drive a team of horses abreast,' as grandmother said in her autobiography) still, though breached, existent. It was a prince of cellar holes, and, with a little tree-felling, a prospect of the goodliest, Monadnock-way. We

even found later the older cemetery with great-great-grandfather's headstone. Woods and wilderness, indeed! You can trust New England every time. . . . She turned us into witchetty grubs, there and then, and we came away very proud-spirited.

IV

Were the New England character composed of such sorry negations, we should be unable to explain its power over the American blood stream. But there is more to it — far more — than a morbid conscience, a pinched morality, a petty shrewdness, inarticulate pride, and an incapacity for the nobler forms of pleasure. I have but been indicating some of the limitations within which our genius strives. So odd and deforming are those limitations that it is sometimes hard for the alien to recognize our peculiar strength: which is nothing more or less than a congenital belief in the dignity of the intellect. However orthodoxy may have dealt in its heyday with what it considered vagaries, New England, as an entity, has never denied the powers of the mind. Our religion, by its overstress on intellect, lost many comforting amenities, — at our worst, we turned the Almighty into a sort of super-Aristotle, — but we kept one of the greatest of virtues when we permitted (nay, expected) men to use their minds.

New England has paid many penalties for its stark intellectualism. It has been, often, the prey of half-baked pedantry, or it has clung too faithfully to the letter that killeth; but on the whole its insistence on the individual right to think has been clear, constant, and shining. Homeliness and nasality have not baulked wisdom. Thornton Wilder's *Our Town* gave many grounds of offense to authentic New Englanders; but his most irritating statement, perhaps, was that Grover's Corners knew little of books and culture, and much about birds and sunsets. The reverse is, of course, true. Birds and sunsets are the preoccupation

of 'city folks' and summer boarders; while preoccupation with books and such culture as comes from them is native to Grover's Corners.

Only in the Six States, indeed, are you likely to find (as I have found them) Plato on the cobbler's shelf, or *Paradise Lost* in the farmhouse pantry. Behavior may be criticized, circumscribed, channeled, by our narrow ethic, but a man will never be damned for good logic. In New England, *a man has the right to think*. I remember, in one of my youthful explorations of the Way of Things, asking my father why lies were so wicked. 'Because,' he answered, 'a lie perverts the ultimate signs of thought.' Though he was a minister of the Gospel, he still gave the explanation that lay deepest within him: the holiness of reason.

Only once has my deliberate avoidance of New England been understood in the family circle. 'I know what you mean,' said a sister-in-law; 'it *Hawthornes* you.'

Precisely. Those writers who, like Henry James and Edith Wharton, have persisted in comparing us with Europe and concluding that Europe was more civilized are negligible as critics of the New England scene. They merely turn us into a tragedy of manners. Howells perceived — or could render — only our external traits. Mary Wilkins, subduing all material to the limits of the Maupassant *conte*, foreshortened at will. Too often her issues are slight, her motivation petty. We are capable of monstrous sacrifices, but when we lay fifty years of life on some unconscionable altar it is no minor quirk of temperament that impels the gesture. Our morbidness is on the Miltonic scale. (We have always known our Milton pretty well.) It perverts eternal values, that is, in the grand manner. We do not deform ourselves over nothing. Some exaggeration of a real responsibility, of a valid moral fact, has done the original distorting. True 'New England nuns' may have hardened in their celibacy like moral arthritics, but they did not renounce love in the begin-

ning for a cat or a clean doormat; and our 'mortal queerness' is apt to be virtue with a wry neck.

Henry James (originally so influenced by Hawthorne) should, by rights, have understood us better; for the 'fine shades and nice distinctions' that so concern him are the very stuff of our mental life. Unfortunately for New England, he came to see drama more and more in terms of a highly organized social tradition — which of course left us out of account. New England was in the end, for him, only the home of an outlandish purity — even more outlandish than pure. He made provincials out of us, and provincial we are not, for we look to no centre of civilization this side the New Jerusalem. Boston may be provincial — perhaps is; but not the New England village, which learned its mundane values long ago from John Bunyan.

V

It has been, in fine, the peculiar doom of New England to perceive inwardly the fine shades and nice distinctions without being able to express them in subtle speech. Though we are as hypersensitive and delicately motivated as any of the middle-aged heroines who pick their way tenderly through James's latest manner, we lack their verbosity. Because we are intellectuals, above all, our actions are incurably logical — but we can never, never, even for an audience of one, state our premises or complete our syllogisms, and the style of our living is entirely elliptical. To be a New Englander is to move, mentally, in a *Sacred Fount* world, with the limited eloquence of a Quaker meeting. I remember characterizing (long ago) daily life in one New England household as an Elizabethan drama written by Henry James. As I think back, I see what I meant: that the least incident, because 'felt,' with its myriad implications, as a Henry James character would have 'felt' it, swelled as monstrously in the family mind as if a Ren-

aissance drama were afoot. While the family intellect gave itself up (silently) to infinite modifying parentheses, the family temperament stalked about the same parlor in (mute) iambic pentameters. Daily, mice brought forth moun-
tains.

It is small wonder that we have not been understood. The nervous strain of at once perceiving subtly, acting logically, feeling violently, and being totally unable to state one's case, is greater than any uninhibited babbler can know. The sealed countenance, or semi-lunacy, is a frequent result. If we survive these inner tensions at all, it is because we are singularly tough-minded; because our religion, which forbade most aids to normality, did not forbid cerebration. Moreover, no race as logical as the New English can lack humor. Perception of incongruities is instant in us. The absurdity of his fellow men is often the only luxury a New Englander of the villages can afford — and he makes the most of it.

This New England at which I hint is not, someone will say, the New England of the Concord group or the Cambridge group, by whom we were made famous; not the New England of Emerson, Thoreau, Lowell, and Longfellow, of Prescott and Parkman. Perhaps not; but most New Englanders were conquered neither by transcendentalism nor by Europe. The autocrat of the breakfast table ate, and continues to eat, his breakfast in Boston. Whittier's mother and aunt, making (according to Van Wyck Brooks) their waxen man, are nearer it. So is Captain Ahab, pursuing his White Whale. So is the Minister, wearing his black veil. I have said before that the seventeenth century is not dead in us. I believe the New Englander of the old stock will still find the proud-spirited Milton more sympathetic than Wordsworth; and Donne, with his white-hot metaphor and his tough intellectual core, is truer to our secret selves than *The Psalm of Life* or *Brahma*. Of our own writers only Hawthorne (I repeat) has

dealt fairly with our conscience, our pride, our silence, and our inward symbolism. (For, scorers of visible ritual, we live, within, a preponderatingly symbolic life.) Only Hawthorne has realized that we are haunted houses; has recognized, behind our colorless external habit and our flat and frugal speech, our magnificent central morbidity. I say 'magnificent' deliberately, for it is by our morbidity that we attain the grand style, by our departure from normality that we become considerable. Foredoomed to narrowness in our æsthetic, social, and ethical ways, we take a large liberty in the world beyond the senses. No code, no convention, no compromise, is good enough for our inquisitive, unworldly minds; and without compromise there is no golden mean, no temperance, no sanity. The madness that is sheer single-mindedness is wholly familiar to us; we have a natural proud affinity with obsessions, with the isolated motive, pure and terrible.

These may seem to be exaggerations. Many visitors to the Six States find us, no doubt, much like other people, with only 'sectional' differences, of speech, aspect, and manners. I offer no apologies. I have known New England all my life, as only One of Us can know it. Never once has true exploration failed to discover some secret overemphasis that throws the temperament slightly out of true. A New Englander is not a New Englander unless he is morbid, and often his morbidity — curiously enough — is the best of him: the pearl in what would otherwise be mere oyster. Often, that is, it is his purest and subtlest perception that frets him hardest, grows diseasedly within him, and unbalances his personality.

No matter how we strive for peace, about something or other — lucky if it is a single or a small thing — each One of Us is hypersensitive beyond reason. As a group one hundred per cent 'repressed,' we might seem to need psychoanalyzing. But the irony of it — as Hawthorne

could have told the world — is that you cannot psychoanalyze out of existence a trauma deliberately cherished for the most moral of reasons, or straighten a man up if he has deformed himself for a pure idea. We expect to live with fixations and complexes; we are used to them; we neither understand nor admire the uninhibited and the unrepressed; and if you tell us that we should be happier without our obsessions, we reply that (in spite of the Declaration of Independence) men have no natural right to happiness. As a New England woman said to me recently, happiness is only a by-product. Our obsessions do not come from inaccurate vision — of that, we should be ashamed; rather, from seeing some fact or other, as through a spiritual microscope, too intensely and too minutely, outside normal perspectives and proportions. We are not proud of being morbid. Our morbidness is simply a necessity of our character. We accept it, as the haunted house accepts its resident ghost.

But — I come back to the point where I began — who wants to be a haunted house in a whole street of haunted houses? Who, having once breathed a freer, though less distinguished air, desires to be bounded again by those dark horizons? Who that has encountered a simpler, franker life can wish to walk again under those inhibiting, allusive elms, or feel his very soul impaled upon those Wren-like spires? Only a few days ago, getting into my train in the South Station, I felt the old surprise — surprise that I could seat myself in Boston and rise from the same seat in New York. A vehicle that takes you from New England to non-New England is out of the vehicular convention — it is more like a rocket to the moon. Outside New England, that is, the New Englander can often, for hours together, conceive himself to be as other men; whereas, at the first step across a border of the Six States, he is again 'Hawthorned.' The Ancient Landmark is not removed.

CHÂTEAU BOUGAINVILLE

BY H. E. BATES

THE headland was like a dry purple island scorched by the flat heat of afternoon, cut off from the mainland by a sand-colored tributary of road which went down past the *estaminet* and then, half a mile beyond, to the one-line, one-eyed railway station. Down below, on a small plateau between upper headland and sea, peasants were mowing white rectangles of corn. The tide was fully out, leaving many bare black rocks and then the great sun-phosphorescent pavement of sand, with the white teeth of small breakers slowly nibbling in. Far out, the Atlantic was waveless, a shade darker than the sky, which was the fierce blue seen on unbelievable placards. Farther out still, making a faint mist, sun and sea had completely washed out the line of sky.

From time to time a puff of white steam, followed by a peeped whistle, struck comically at the dead silence inland. It was the small one-line train, half-tram, making one way or the other its hourly journey between town terminus and coast. By means of it the engaged couple measured out the afternoon.

'There goes the little train,' he would say.

'Yes,' she would say, 'there goes the little train.'

Each time she resolved not to say this stupid thing and then, dulled with sleepiness and the heat of earth and sky and the heather in which they lay, she forgot herself and said it, automatically. Her faint annoyance with herself at

these times had gradually begun to make itself felt in her mind, as the expression of some much deeper discontent.

'*Je parle français un petit peu, m'sieu.*' In a voice which seemed somehow like velvet rubbed the wrong way, the man was talking. 'I was all right as far as that. Then I said, "*Mais, dites-moi, m'sieu, pourquoi* are all the knives put left-handed *dans ce restaurant?*" By God, it must have been awfully funny. And then he said —'

'He said, "Because, *m'sieu*, the people who use them are all left-handed."'

'And that's really what he said? It was n't a mistake? All the people in that place were left-handed?'

'Apparently,' she said, 'they were all left-handed.'

'It's the damn funniest thing I ever heard,' he said. 'I can't believe it.'

Yes, she thought, perhaps it was a funny thing: many left-handed people staying at one restaurant — a family, perhaps. But then there were many left-handed people in the world, and perhaps, for all you know, their left was really right, and it was we, the right, who were wrong.

She took her mind back to the restaurant down in the town. There was another restaurant there, set in a sort of alleyway under two fig trees, where artisans filled most of the tables between noon and two o'clock, and where a fat white-smocked woman served all the dishes and still found time for her three words of English on the engaged couple.

From here they could see the lace-crowned Breton women clacking in the shade of the street trees and the small one-eyed train starting or ending its journey between the sea and the terminus that was simply the middle of the street.

They liked this restaurant, but that day, wanting a change, they had climbed the steps into the upper town, to the level of the viaduct, and had found this small family restaurant where, at one table, all the knives were laid left-handed. For some reason she now sought to define, this left-handedness did not seem funny to her. Arthur had also eaten olives, picking them up with his fingers and gnawing them as she herself, as a child, would have gnawed an uncooked prune, and this did not seem funny either. Somewhere between olives and left-handedness lay the source of her curious discontent. Perhaps she was left-handed herself. Left-handed people were, she had read somewhere, right-brained. Perhaps Arthur was left-handed.

She turned over in the heather, small brown-eyed face to the sun. 'Don't you do anything left-handed?'

'Good God, no.' He turned over too and lay face upwards, dark with sun, his mouth small-lipped under the stiff moustache she had not wanted him to grow. 'You don't either?'

For the first time in her life she considered it. How many people, she thought, ever considered it? Thinking, she seemed to roll down a great slope, semi-swooning in the heat, before coming up again. Surprisingly, she had thought of several things.

'Now I come to think of it, I comb my hair left-handed. I always pick flowers left-handed. And I wear my watch on my left wrist.'

He lifted steady, mocking eyes. 'You sure you don't kiss left-handed?'

'That's not funny!' she flashed.

It seemed to her that the moment of temper flashed up sky-high, like a rocket,

and fell far out to sea, soundless, dead by then, in the heat of the unruffled afternoon. She at once regretted it. For five days now they had lived on the Breton coast, and they had five days more. Every morning, for five days, he had questioned her, 'All right? Happy?' and every morning she had responded with automatic affirmations, believing it at first, then aware of doubt, then bewildered. Happiness, she wanted to say, was not something you could fetch out every morning after breakfast, like a clean handkerchief — or like a rabbit conjured out of the hat of everyday circumstances.

The hot crushed-down sense of security she had felt all afternoon began suddenly to evaporate, burnt away from her by the first explosion of discontent and then by small restless flames of inward anger. She felt the growing sense of insecurity physically, as if at any moment she might slip off the solid headland into the sea. She suddenly had a tremendous urge, impelled for some reason by fear, to walk as far back inland as she could go. The thought of the Atlantic far below, passive and yet magnetic, filled her with a sudden cold breath of vertigo.

'Let's walk,' she said.

'Oh, my God, it's too hot.'

She turned her face into the dark sun-brittled heather. She caught the ticking of small insects, like infinitesimal watches. Far off inland the little train cut off, with its comic shriek, another section of afternoon.

In England he was a draper's assistant: chief assistant, sure to become manager. In imagination she saw the shop, sun blinds down, August remnant sale now on, the dead little town now so foreign and far off and yet so intensely real to her, shown up by the disenchantment of distance. They had been engaged six months. She had been thrilled about it at first, showing the ring all round, standing on a small pinnacle of joy, ready to leap into the tremendous spaces of marriage. Now she had suddenly the feeling

that she was about to be sewn up in a blanket.

'Is n't there a castle,' she said, 'some-where up the road past the estaminet?'

'Big house. Not castle.'

'I thought I saw a notice,' she said, 'to the Château.'

'Big house,' he said. 'Did you see that film, *The Big House*? All about men in prison.'

What about women in prison? she wanted to say. In England she was a schoolteacher, and there had been times when she felt that the pale green walls of the classroom had imprisoned her and that marriage, as it always did, would mean escape. Now left-handedness and olives and blankets and the stabbing heat of the Atlantic afternoon had succeeded, together, in inducing some queer stupor of semi-crazy melancholy that was far worse than this. Perhaps it was the wine, the sour red stuff of the *vin compris* notice down at the left-handed café. Perhaps, after all, it was only some large dose of self-pity induced by sun and the emptiness of the day.

She got to her feet. 'Come on, *m'sieu*. We're going to the castle.' She made a great effort to wrench herself up to the normal plane. 'Castle my beautiful. Two francs. All the way up to the castle, two francs.' She held out her hand to pull him to his feet.

'I'll come,' he said, 'if we can stop at the estaminet and have a drink.'

'We'll stop when we come down,' she said.

'Now.'

'When we come down.'

'Now. I'm so thirsty. It was the olives.'

Not speaking, she held out her hand. Instinctively, he put out his left.

'You see,' she said, 'you don't know what's what or which's which or anything. You don't know when you're left-handed or right.'

He laughed. She felt suddenly like laughing too, and they began to walk down the hill. The fierce heat seemed

itself to force them down the slope, and she felt driven by it past the blistered white tables of the estaminet, with the fowls asleep underneath them, and then up the hill on the far side, into the sparse shade of small wind-leveled oaks and, at one place, a group of fruitless fig trees. It was some place like this, she thought, just about as hot and arid, where the Gadarene swine had stamped down. What made her think of that? Her mind had some urge towards inconsequence, some inexplicable desire towards irresponsibility that she could not restrain or control, and she was glad to see the château at last, shining with sea-blue *jalousies* through a break in the mass of metallic summer-hard leaves of acacia and bay that surrounded it. She felt it to be something concrete, a barrier against which all the crazy irresponsibilities of the mind could hurl themselves and split.

At the corner, a hundred yards before the entrance gates, a notice, of which one end had been cracked off by a passing lorry, pointed upwards like a tilted telescope. They read the word CHÂTEAU — the rest of the name gone.

'You see,' she said, 'Château.'

'What château?'

'Just Château.'

'You think we'll have to pay to go in?'

'I'll pay,' she said.

She walked on in silence, far away from him. The little insistences on money had become, in five days, like the action of many iron files on the soft tissues of her mind: first small and fine, then larger, then still larger, now large and coarse, brutal as stone. He kept a small notebook, and in it, with painful system, entered up the expenditure of every centime.

At the entrance gates stood a lodge, very much dilapidated, the paintwork of the walls gray and sea-eroded like the sides of a derelict battleship. A small notice was nailed to the fence by the gate, and the girl stopped to read it.

'What does it say?' he said. 'Do we pay to go in?'

'Just says it's an eighteenth-century château,' she said. 'Admission a franc. Shall we go in?'

'A franc?'

'One franc,' she said. 'Each.'

'You go,' he said. 'I don't know that I'm keen. I'll stop outside.'

She did not answer, but went to the gate and pulled the porter's bell. From the lodge door a woman put her head out; there was a smell of onions, and the woman turned on the machine of her French like a high-pressure steam pipe, scrawny neck dilating.

The girl pushed open the gate and paid the woman the two francs admission fee, holding a brief conversation with her. The high-pressure pipe finally cut itself off and withdrew, and the girl came back to the gates and said, 'She's supposed to show us round, but she's just washing. She says nobody else ever comes up at this hour of the afternoon, and we must show ourselves round.'

They walked up the gravel road between sea-stunted trees towards the château. In the sun, against the blue sky above the Atlantic, the stone and slate of it were burning.

'Well,' she said, 'what do you think of it?'

'Looks a bit like the bank at home,' he said. 'The one opposite our shop.'

Château and sky and trees spun in the sunlight, whirling down to a momentary black vortex in which the girl found herself powerless to utter a word. She walked blindly on in silence. It was not until they stood under the château walls, and she looked up to see a great grapevine mapped out all across the south side, that she recovered herself and could speak.

'It's just like the châteaux you see on wine bottles,' she said. 'I like it.'

'It does n't look much to me,' he said. 'Where do we get in?'

'Let's look round the outside first.'

As they walked round the walls on the

sun-bleached grass she could not speak or gather her impressions, but was struck only by the barren solitude of it all, the arid, typically French surroundings, with an air of flyblownness and sun-weariness. To her amazement the place had no grandeur, and there were no flowers.

'There ought to be at least a bougainvillæa,' she said.

'What's a bougainvillæa?'

Questioned, she found she did not know. She felt only that there ought to be a bougainvillæa. The word stood in her mind for the exotic, the South, white afternoons, the sea as seen from the top of just such châteaux as this. How this came to be she could not explain. The conscious part of herself stretched out arms and reached back, into time, and linked itself with some former incarnation of her present self, Louise Bowen, schoolteacher, certificated, Standard V, girls, engaged to Arthur Keller, chief assistant Moore's Drapery, sure to become manager, pin-stripe trousers, the voice like ruffled velvet, seventy-three pounds fifteen standing to credit at the post office; and in reaching back so far she felt suddenly that she could cry for the lost self, for the enviable incarnation so extraordinarily real and yet impossible, and for the yet not impossible existence, far back, in eternal bougainvillæa afternoons.

'Let's go inside,' she said.

'How they make it pay,' he said, 'God only knows.'

'It has long since,' she said mysteriously, 'paid for itself.'

They found the main door and went in, stepping into the undersea coldness of a large entrance hall. Now think that out, now think that out, now think that out. Her mind bubbling with bitterness, she looked up the great staircase, and all of a sudden the foreignness of her conscious self as against the familiarity of the self that had been was asserted again, but now with the sharp contrast of shadow and light. She put her hand on the staircase, the iron cool and familiar,

and then began to walk up it, slowly but lightly, her hand drawn up easily, as though from some invisible iron pulley, far above her. She kept her eyes on the ceiling, feeling, without effort of thought, that she did not like and never had liked its mournful collection of cherubim painted in the gold wheel about the chandelier.

For the first time that day, as she mounted the staircase and then went on beyond into the upstairs corridor and into the paneled music room with its air of having been imported as a complete back cloth from some pink-and-gold theatre of the seventies, her body moved with its natural quietness, accustomed, infinitely light, and with a sense of the purest happiness. All this she could not explain and, as they went from music room to other rooms, ceased to attempt to explain. Her bitterness evaporated in the confined coolness, as, outside on the hot headland, her security had evaporated in the blaze of afternoon. Now she seemed incontestably sure of herself, content in what she knew, without fuss, was an unrepeatable moment of time.

She did not like the music room, but, as she expected, Arthur did. This pre-awariness of hers saved her from fresh bitterness. As part of her contentment, making it complete, she thought of him with momentary tenderness, quietly regretting what she had said and done, ready now to make up for it.

'Shall we go up higher,' she said, 'or down to the ground floor again?'

'Let's do the climb first,' he said.

To her it did not matter, and, climbing a second staircase, they came eventually to a small turret room, unfurnished, with two jalousied windows looking across to the two worlds of France and the Atlantic.

She stood at the window and looked, as from a lighthouse, down on to the intense expanse of sea light. Her mind had the profound placidity of the sea itself, a beautiful vacancy, milkily restful.

'Funny,' Arthur said. 'No ships. The Atlantic, and not a ship in sight.'

'You would n't expect to see ships,' she said, and knew that she was right.

Looking down from the other window, they saw the headland, the brown-lilac expanse of heather, the minute peasants scribbled on the yellow rectangle of corn, the estaminet, the one-eyed station. And suddenly, also, there was the white pop of steam inland, and the small comic shriek, now more than ever toylike, pricking the dead silence of afternoon.

'Look,' he said, 'there's the little train.'

'Yes,' she said, 'there's the little train.'

Her mind had the pure loftiness of the tower itself, above all irritation. She felt, as not before in her life, that she was herself. The knowledge of this reincarnation was something she could not communicate, and, half afraid that time or a word would break it up, she suggested suddenly that they should go down.

Arthur remained at the window a moment longer, admiring points of distance. 'You'd never think,' he said, 'you could see so far.'

'Yes, you would,' she called back.

Now think that out, now think that out, now think that out. Her mind, as she went downstairs, sprang contrarily upwards, on a scale of otherwise inexpressible delight. Arthur engaged her in conversation as they descended, she on one flight, he on the one above, calling down, 'It may be all right, but the rates must be colossal. Besides, you'd burn a ton of coal a day in winter, trying to keep warm. A six-roomed house is bad enough, but think of this' — but nothing could break, suppress, or even touch her mood.

Downstairs she went straight into the great reception hall, and stood dumb. At that moment she suddenly felt that she had come as far as she must. Time had brought her to this split second of itself simply in order to pin her down. She stood like an insect transfixed.

Arthur came in. 'What are you looking at?'

'The yellow cloth. Don't do anything. Just look at it. It's wonderful.'

'I don't see anything very wonderful,' he said.

At the end of the room, thrown over a chair, a large length of brocade, the color of a half-ripe lemon, was like spilled honey against the gray French coldness of walls and furniture. Instantaneously the girl saw it with eyes of familiarity, feeling it somehow to be the expression of herself, mood, past and future. She stood occupied with the entrancement of the moment, her eyes excluding the room, the day, Arthur and everything, her self drowned out of existence by the pure wash of watered fabric.

Suddenly Arthur moved into the room, and ten seconds later had the brocade in his hands. She saw him hold it up, measure it without knowing he measured it, feel its weight, thickness, value. She saw him suddenly as the eternal shopkeeper measuring out the eternal remnants of time — the small tape measure of his mind like a white worm in the precious expanse of her own existence.

'If you bought it to-day,' Arthur called, 'it would cost you every penny of thirty-five bob a yard.'

'Let's go,' she said.

Half a minute later she turned and walked out of the door, Arthur following, and then past the wind-stunted trees and on down the road, past the estaminet. It was not herself who walked, Louise Bowen, — Standard V girls, certificated, deduct so much from superannuation scheme, — tired as after a long day in the crowded, chalk-smelling classroom. As they passed the estaminet, the place looked more flyblown and deserted than ever, and they decided to go on to the station and get a drink there while waiting for the train. As they passed the fig trees her mind tried to grasp again at the thought of the Gadarene swine, her mood blasted into the same barrenness as the tree in the parable.

'Well, you can have your château,' Arthur said, 'but I've got my mind on one of those houses Sparkes is putting up on Park Avenue. Sixteen and fourpence a week, no deposit, over twenty years. That's in front of any château.'

She saw the houses as he spoke, red and white, white and red, millions of them, one like another, sixteen and fourpence a week, no deposit, stretching out to the ends of the earth. She saw herself in them, the constant and never-changing material of her life cut up by a pair of draper's scissors, the days ticketed, the years fretted by the counting up of farthings and all the endlessly incalculable moods of boredom and inconstancy.

'Two coffees, please.'

At the little station café they sat at one of the outside tables and waited for the train.

'Well, we've been to the château and never found out its name,' he said.

'It ought to be Château Bougainvillæa.'

'That's silly,' he said. 'You don't even know what a bougainvillæa is.'

She sat stirring the gray coffee. She could feel the sun burning the white iron table and her hands. She looked up at the château, seeing the windows of the turret above the trees.

'Now we can see the château,' she said, 'as we should have seen ourselves if we'd been sitting down here when —'

It was beyond her, and she broke off.

'What?' he said.

'I did n't mean that,' she said.

'What did you mean?'

'I don't know.'

'Well, in future,' he said, 'mind you say what you mean.'

The future? She sat silent. Inland the approaching train made its comic little whistle, cutting off another section of the afternoon.

And, hearing it, she knew suddenly that the future was already a thing of the past.

FULL VALUE RECEIVED

BY LOUIS E. KIRSTEIN

I

A WOMAN customer telephoned a leading department store in one of our largest cities saying she had purchased a mangle there some time ago and asking the company to send for it and see what was wrong with it. Of course, said the courteous adjuster, the store would gladly call for the mangle at her address in the city where it had been originally delivered. 'Oh,' said the customer, 'I'm not living in the city now — I am at my summer home in the country.' Although the country home happened to be fifty miles from the city, the store sent for the mangle, and, after a thorough examination which proved that there was absolutely nothing wrong with it, telephoned the customer that it was in perfect condition and would again be shipped to her country home. 'But,' said the customer, 'I am now back in the city, so will you please deliver it there.'

Obviously it would have cost the customer ten dollars to express the mangle from her country home to her city home; she had the store's assurance that there was nothing wrong with the mangle; and incidentally *she* saved the ten dollars.

A certain lady customer of another prominent store knitted a suit with materials purchased in the yarn shop, the yarn costing in the neighborhood of ten dollars. She was a schoolteacher, and claimed that she spent the entire summer knitting the suit; incidentally, she told the salesgirl that she had sacrificed many social engagements to do the work. After she had knitted the suit, she

brought it into the store for blocking. The blocking job turned out to be a poor one, and the store, admitting that it was at fault, offered to refund the entire cost of the materials. The lady became indignant. The suit could not have been purchased for \$125, she claimed, and certainly the reimbursement should be no less than that amount.

It would obviously prove ruinous for any store to pay people for the time spent in knitting, but the management offered to have another suit knitted for this customer. She agreed, reluctantly. Even though she liked the second suit when it was completed, she complained that the knitting had taken longer than it should have. She threatened boycott of the store by herself and her many friends. She threatened a lawsuit, and even brought her lawyer into the case. Eventually, to quiet a rather abusive tongue, the store let her have the second suit gratis, canceled all charge for materials, and in addition gave her fifty dollars in cash for her trouble.

While women constitute by far the larger number of those who add to the worries and — even more important — to the cost of retailing, men are by no means guiltless in making what mildly might be called unreasonable demands. One man had bought a rowing machine for which he paid twenty-five dollars. After four years of satisfactory service, it got out of repair. He complained to the store, which offered to send the machine to the manufacturer for recondi-

tioning — at the store's expense. Unfortunately, the manufacturer went into bankruptcy before the job was completed, and the machine was lost. Since the store had assumed responsibility for forwarding the machine, it felt liable, and offered the customer the original price of the machine, from which, may I remind the reader, he had had four years of service. But no; nothing but a machine costing sixty-five dollars would satisfy him. For once the worm turned, and the store was firm in its decision. He finally accepted a check for twenty-five dollars, but to the last he insisted that the store had been unfair.

II

These anecdotes could be multiplied by the hundreds in any major community of the country. Now, in my opinion, the customer is not always right, but I am only too happy to say that we believe that the customer is usually right and usually honest. Who knows how much it costs a large store to allow its women customers the privilege of changing their minds? Has anyone figured the real cost of a returned-goods rate running from 10 to 30 per cent, depending upon the department? Does the public realize that the retailer must incur the expense of selling three dresses in order to have two stay sold, and that every third dress sold is returned? This means that to the cost of making the first sale must be added the cost of delivery, in many cases the cost of sending for the goods to be returned for credit, the cost of putting them back into stock (often in a damaged condition), plus the extra investment in stock necessary when so much of it is off sale, and finally the cost of the necessary accounting accompanying all these transactions. The total of all these items is an important figure that gets little attention, scattered as it is through the different classifications of selling and accounting expense, markdowns, and stock investment. How much it adds to the

store's total expense no one knows, but almost all agree that any store that dared to eliminate the returned-goods privilege would suffer greatly in sales.

Credit departments, deposit accounts, monthly statements, collections, all cost money. No doubt about it. But these things are here, firmly established in the retail business because they satisfy the wishes and meet the demands of Mr. and Mrs. Customer. They bring and hold business that otherwise would not come. 'Competition' is usually construed as competition in prices; but actually retailers are just as much in competition in efficiency of delivery, in granting of credit, and in liberality of administering the exchange privilege.

In all these items there appears to be an element of waste and often abuse, but to-day these functions and services are necessary to attract and hold a desirable volume of sales. The necessity for such services is indicated by their increasing introduction in the grocery chains, which originated, grew, and prospered on a strictly price appeal. Now both large and small chains make deliveries and extend credit; and the practice is growing rapidly. The expansion of two large mail-order houses within recent years into the retail field, with charge and installment accounts, gives further recognition to the buying habits and demands of customers.

III

Day in and day out we are told that the cost of distribution is too high. But what is 'too high'? Generally those who make this statement imply that there is too great a spread between the cost of producing an article and its final cost to the retail purchaser. This point of view portrays the retail distributor as a sort of public enemy instead of what he really is — an indispensable unit of the modern community.

What are the real facts of the case? A fundamental fallacy underlies all these

discussions of production and distribution which has gone unchallenged too long. This fallacy, like so many others in economics, arises from the effort to subdivide economic activities into separate and distinct functions. In reality economic life contains no separate functions. To-day there is no thing we can call 'production' set apart from another thing called 'distribution.' There is instead a linked process of making and moving goods.

In that process, retailing has its wastes — just as wholesaling, transportation, and manufacturing do. It would be ridiculous to claim that any division of industry has yet appeared anywhere which can claim perfection. I do not expect to see the day of industrial perfection. Nor do I expect to see the time when one can point to any large and important item of expense and say, 'This is waste,' without arousing a million objections from others to whom the item is a positive necessity and a thoroughly justifiable expenditure. I do, however, believe that many of the complaints heard about 'the cost of distribution' are unjustified and caused largely by the failure to realize the extremely close connection, amounting actually to interweaving, of production and distribution.

In other words, the fault is that of accounting rather than of accomplishment. Indeed, were accounting practice made to conform to the realities of the situation, — that is, considering production and distribution as one function of doing business with proper allocation of costs, — I am confident that many costs now charged to the distributor would then be charged to the producer. Isn't it obvious that, without wide distribution, large-scale production is impossible, and, from this point of view, that the cost of developing large-scale distribution might as well be charged to the manufacturer as to the merchant?

For the sake of clarity, let me put the chief points of my argument in summary form.

1. Low production costs to-day are largely a result of mass production.

2. Mass production is not possible without mass distribution.

3. To create the necessary demand and reach the necessary maximum number of consumers involves sustained effort and expense.

4. Such effort and expense are essential to mass production and the resulting low production costs.

5. This effort and expense, now charged to distribution, might with equal justice be considered part of the cost of production.

The meaning of the expression 'low production costs,' which has been used so much, is not clearly understood. A common use of the term, especially in recent years when the spotlight of public interest has been turned on striking technical improvements, is the unit cost of production as figured over a short period with equipment running at or near its maximum rate. But a more practical consideration is the unit cost of production over a period of years, which includes the costs of changing the productive setup, the necessary shut-downs for changing equipment, and low seasonal production as well as peak production, all of which have to be paid by the public in one way or another, often in the form of capital losses.

A striking example is furnished by the experience of the Ford Motor Company in changing from Model T to Model A. Indicated losses for the two years 1927 and 1928, during which the change was made, amounted to \$115,000,000. If this amount is considered as part of the cost of discontinuing one model and getting into regular production of cars of the new model, of which approximately 5,000,000 were produced, the developmental costs for each Model A produced are about \$23. Furthermore, indicated profits for 1929 and 1930 together only slightly exceed the losses incurred in 1927 and 1928.

IV

The common idea that a great deal of waste exists in retail distribution arises partly from the misconception which has always existed in grammar-school mathematics as to retailer's profit. This is illustrated by a common form of question such as 'A man buys a 100-pound bag of sugar at \$4.00 and sells the sugar at 6 cents a pound. What is his profit?' Of course, the fact is that, taking into account his expense of providing the clerk's services, packaging, delivery, and a host of other items, he may be actually selling at a loss. But, without going into a detail of the items which contribute to distributing costs, I should like to mention a few fundamental considerations.

In the old days, when shoes were made by hand in little shops adjacent to New England farmhouses, the operator worked at the bench only when the season or the weather made farming impossible. His shop, which was little more than a box with a stove in it, cost him practically nothing even though it served also as a salesroom. The proportion of the price of the shoes which might be charged to selling was negligible. The customer, who was his neighbor, came to the shop, placed an order for the shoes, and took away his own purchase, so that there was no question of being overstocked or of markdowns, or return for credit.

How different is the present situation, where, in order to make possible the existence of the modern shoe factory, a consumer demand, a market, and a complete system of distribution to all corners of the earth have had to be developed.

Moreover, at the retail end, each pair of shoes must be individually fitted by the contact of one salesman with one customer at a time. No improvement in production methods will eliminate this selling requirement. Automatic vending machines and self-service are equally impracticable in this customer-merchant relationship, where the cost of selling has become a major part of the total cost of

the article. As working hours universally decrease, the factory is able by better machines and better assembly methods to produce the shoes even more cheaply, but the retailer finds it impossible even to maintain, much less to decrease, the unit cost of selling.

From time immemorial the effecting of an economic exchange — that is, 'selling' — has been largely a personal matter. We say 'largely' because, of course, there are certain commodities and certain services which require no personal contact, and their number has grown with increasing mechanization; but the fact remains that we shopkeepers are still expected to provide courteous, intelligent, and well-informed salespeople to demonstrate and discuss the hundred and one types of merchandise we have on sale. It is true that we now sell cigarettes by coin-operated machines, but it is also true that we failed in a similar experiment made a dozen years ago when we attempted to sell by machine things that people like to feel and handle such as stockings, gloves, and so forth. When we get away from the more or less standardized or packaged product we find that customers want individual attention by a human being in the form of a salesperson.

It has been said that merchandise well bought is half sold. This generalization is true at least in part; undeniably it is much easier to sell merchandise bought intelligently, with the wants of the consumer paramount. But how many customers know precisely what they want when they come into a store? A man may want a suit or a woman a hat, but the final decision as to what kind of suit or hat is the result of interpersonal conference between customer and salesman that may last anywhere from fifteen minutes to three hours.

The men's clothing business offers a widely accepted illustration of the importance of the personal element in selling. Precedent has long made the payment of salesmen in most clothing stores

a flat percentage on total sales volume, on the theory that a salesman of men's clothing succeeds or fails in direct ratio to the number of customers who rely upon him for their wardrobes, and who, presumably, will leave one store for another should he change his affiliation. The same is true to a somewhat less degree so far as saleswomen are concerned. To thousands of customers, Blank's Store means only 'that wonderful Miss Smith in the Coat Department,' and 'I would n't dare to buy a single stitch without Miss Jones's advice.' As an example of the ultimate in consumer desire for personal service, think for a moment of Mrs. Consumer's devotion to her favorite hairdresser, and her husband's allegiance to his barber.

During the NRA, when factory workers were given a reduced working schedule, employers reduced the hours of factory operation. Retailers, on the other hand, while required to reduce the employee's working hours, had to maintain without any reduction the hours during which the store was open to the public, thus having to increase payroll expense. Since the NRA, retailing has shared with other occupations in a permanent reduction of working hours, but decreases in the length of store hours are strongly resisted by customers and appear, on the whole, impracticable. There seems, then, little hope that there may be a marked saving in distribution costs at this end. At any rate, this is clear: the retailer, because he must maintain a constant labor force to meet individual needs of individual customers frequently at peak shopping hours, cannot, as does the manufacturer, reduce his labor costs by increased efficiency and reduced personnel.

Retailing is at a considerable disadvantage compared to manufacturing in the matter of its freedom to run its own business. The manufacturer can and does close his factory on occasion, either because his warehouse is full of finished product, or for retooling, or

perhaps to obey a government restriction of the work week. I am reminded of a manufacturer who was restricted to a five-day week by the operation of the NRA code. When the Blue Eagle left for parts unknown, I asked the man if he contemplated going back to a six-day week. 'Certainly not,' he replied. 'Why should I? The only man I have around the plant now on Saturdays and Sundays is a watchman; 95 per cent of my workers are on piecework; I have been able to produce enough in a week of five days both to supply my customers and to give my employees practically as much income as they had in a six-day week; and I like that Saturday holiday myself!'

Of course he was right, but I suddenly realized how little control we retailers actually have of our own businesses on a comparable basis. Our bosses, obviously, are our customers; and, when they want to buy, either we or our competitors must open our doors to supply their wants, though we have made some changes in store hours as a concession to the modern idea of a shortened work day and a shortened work week. It happens that I am connected with an institution which started closing all day on Saturday during the months of July and August more than twenty years ago, when such procedure was far from the common thing it is to-day. We have also seen the store day greatly shortened, and in my city the majority of the large stores do not open their doors until nine-thirty in the morning, closing at five o'clock from June 1 to October 1 and at five-thirty the balance of the year, in addition to closing all day on Saturday during the two summer months.

This was not accomplished, however, without opposition, and we feel that the complaints which some of our customers make about their inability to shop during the shortened time our doors are open are often valid. Indeed, many an employee whose working day is not over until five finds the shorter working day a

decided disadvantage, with no opportunity for shopping at all in the leading stores of the community. Labor wants a short day and a short work week, but Mrs. Consumer wants to be free to buy what she wants when she wants it. Between the two forces we retailers have a nice problem in balance and adjustment. Perhaps it is the fact that labor is also a consumer which prevents even more drastic changes.

During the depression, shrinking volume led many stores to open evenings until nine o'clock or thereabouts, and greatly exceed the normal working hours in the holiday season. Now that retail business is better — and it is better — the question as to retaining these long days is a moot one, and I, for one, sincerely regret the continuance and possible expansion of the idea, which looks toward a return to the gaslight era of storekeeping. Eventually the problem will be settled, as most problems of this nature are, by public opinion and consumer demand.

V

We in the retail field have been as eager to expand the volume of our business as anyone, and the persistent upward trend of our expense ratios well testifies to the price we have paid for volume. But I firmly believe that the great majority of our expense items are necessary. Our customers demand not only service by intelligent, tactful, and well-trained salespeople, but also the privileges of credit, delivery, and exchange, modern equipment in the store, and many things heretofore looked upon as luxuries.

Indeed, the multiple services demanded by our customers are nothing but a reflection of the constantly rising standard of living. With increase in incomes, and with the complexity of modern urban life, our middle classes are in easy proximity to shopping centres, deliveries, charge or deposit accounts, returns, and the other innumerable services covered by

the term 'merchandising' in a retail establishment. It is nothing but an accident that, being closer to the great mass of consumers, the retailer is charged with the cost of these services.

It is argued that there is a tremendous waste because of the manufacture of a multiplicity of styles. Here again we may refer to shoes, for undoubtedly it would be much more economical — even if the monotony of sameness proved deadly — if everyone wore the same kind of shoes and owned at any one time two or three pairs at the most. But consider the limitation which would automatically be placed upon factory production under any such plan, where advertising and selling did not create a style consciousness in the wearer and thus build up the necessary market.

It could well be argued, also, that a considerable saving would result from the agreement of all breakfast-food eaters to accept and use the same article. Undoubtedly considerable expense could be avoided in connection with the stocking of goods in anticipation of customers' requests, the window display to tempt the customer's eye, and a certain amount of spoilage which is inevitable when a large variety of similar items must be carried. The same thing is true of many different lines carried in drug and toilet-goods departments. To mention only one of them, a single department in one store is carrying nineteen tooth pastes and fifteen tooth powders, which are only a fraction of the total varieties of these articles. That this is wasteful and uneconomical is beyond argument, but it would not be so easy to prove that it keeps up the price of tooth paste in general. The very competition in these items of which we see evidence in all national advertising probably tends in the other direction.

The point I want to make about such items as breakfast foods and tooth paste is that the creation of the vast markets which they now serve is something for which a great deal of credit must be

given to the retail distributor. The latter is receiving altogether too much criticism for his sins, with a very common disregard on the part of his critics of the large and valuable part he plays in keeping business going.

It is sometimes said, also, that the cost of distributing automobiles is too high. It is reported that a certain inexpensive automobile can be taken from the delivery line with a production cost of less than half its customer price. Is this the fault of the distributor? Is he, in fact, to be blamed for his share of the cost of the car, or to be credited with making its quantity production possible?

Among the costs of distribution we must count the advertising in magazines, running to several million copies an issue, the cost of weekly broadcasts of the highest-paid musical talent in the world, and the setting up throughout the country of selling units so that the customer in Eastport, Maine, or San Diego, California, may receive not just an automobile from the assembly line, but the car of his choice, with the body style, the upholstery, the accessories, to say nothing of the service, which create in him the necessary desire to purchase. It should be noted that, in spite of the standardization of parts which the manufacturer of such a product as automobiles has been able to bring about with great economy in production, he nevertheless builds into his cars considerable variety of choice and makes it necessary for the dealer to handle many models.

This leads me to observe that a good deal of confusion exists between the terms 'want' and 'waste,' or 'luxury.' By way of illustration let me mention tobacco, silk stockings, and cosmetics. I need not recite the history of the development of the tobacco industry, nor attempt to classify it as a luxury or a necessity. No one can deny, however, that it is one of our important industries. Over a billion and a half pounds of tobacco are produced annually in this

country alone. It is exported to 99 other countries. It employs over 100,000 wage earners in over 1000 factories. It contributes over \$400,000,000 in federal taxes. How many people are engaged in selling it at retail I do not know, but the number must be enormous. By some, this whole industry might be classified as waste.

No better illustration of the development of to-day's necessity from yesterday's luxury can be shown than in the silk-stocking industry, and who is to classify such things as cosmetics, hair-dressing, and other items of personal appearance? It has been said that furs, at least in this climate, are entirely unnecessary. I believe the Eskimo insists that they are useful only when worn with the fur inside. Consider the importance of the industries which depend on retail distribution of furs, perfume, jewelry. There is scarcely an article we wear which does not contain a good deal of the luxury element, but to say that this element is waste is to ignore completely the importance of the distribution of these products in the sum total of employment in the country.

President Roosevelt has indicated the desirability of reaching an annual national income of 90 billion dollars, which is nearly 9 billions larger than the highest previous income of the country and 20 billions higher than the figure for 1937. It is clear that if the increase of 20 billions, which would be required to raise the 1937 figure to the proposed amount, came simply from a general elevation of prices by approximately 30 per cent, there would be no more work done, no more articles made, and no employment benefit as a result. We must assume that the intent is to produce many more goods and services of all sorts. Even granting that a large part of this may well be in the form of necessities, I venture to assert that the total cannot be reached without greatly increased consumption of out-and-out luxuries and items which have a luxury element.

VI

Finally, in these days when human freedom is at so low an ebb, who is there wise enough to decide for us what is luxury and what is necessity? Freedom of choice for the individual is the essence of democracy. Justice Holmes in an important decision once said: 'But to many people the superfluous is the necessary.' I do not know of any area of human relations in which the citizen enjoys a greater freedom of expression than that where the customer walks into her favorite shop, decides precisely what she wants to buy, states how she wants her purchase serviced and delivered, and, if she does not like it after it is in her home, asks that it be taken back.

The greater the variety of goods and services, — that is, the larger the element of style, — the greater, obviously, the range in freedom of choice. The customer is confronted with no penalties, no prisons, no concentration camps, no compulsions whatsoever except those modes of persuasion which we may call advertising and salesmanship; and these, however faulty, are part and parcel of values rated high in democracy — free

press and free speech. Indeed, what better evidence can we have that these free choices meet both basic human cravings and the aspirations of democratic society than the statement so often heard that American stenographers can hardly be differentiated from American debutantes?

I am frequently amused when critics who hold a radical point of view politically take the merchants of the country to task for the so-called waste inherent in sales-promotion policies. They fail to see the inconsistency between the underlying philosophy they are advocating for greater political and economic freedom, and the denial of the same liberties in the relation between the customer and the merchant. The minute anyone begins to decide what is need and what is luxury, he is implicitly setting up a standard of what he thinks should be the mode of behavior for the mass of the people. The more he insists on his way of thinking, the more he must, to be logical, devise an apparatus for enforcing his standard. In this area of social living, as in others, we cannot, it seems to me, be half free and half slave.

UNDER THIRTY

[What are the aims, the experiences, and the perplexities of the Post-War Generation? The ATLANTIC intends to find out. Space has been reserved for the best letters written by men and women under thirty. The letters should, if possible, be compassed within 650 words, and those published will be paid for. Under special circumstances, anonymity will be preserved. — THE EDITORS]

THE NEW SOCIETY

To the Editor of the *Atlantic*: —

The preoccupation with personal fate suggested by my letter and others is one form of a romantic distortion; the self-scorn of the cynic, who writes no letters, is another. Somewhere between these extremes lies objective recognition that all of us are in the boat together, and that 'Under Thirty,' with its revelations and heroics, is not set off against the world alone. Indeed, accent on youth bears the shadow of Fascist pseudo-primitivism. Like adults, 'Under Thirty' must work out a maturing faith within the community. Realizing this, yet out of lack of knowledge, I speak for myself.

I spent the summer of 1931 in Russia, with a small group of American students. We saw many Russian youths, and in a sense were envious. For they seemed to have no troubles such as confronted us: what to do for a living, what to do for a career. They taunted me, as capitalist apologist, asking how anyone could be happy in a competitive society, serving himself at the presumed expense of others, serving no greater cause. It was hard to answer them. It was tempting instead to throw oneself, as one of my companions did, into the external, picturesque activity of building the Soviet — building tractors, bridges, railroads. It was easy. After all, we Americans had done just that in the previous one hundred years.

Our problems were tougher, for the building that remained for us to do was subtle and complex — the building of good society with all its fine adjustments. But our generation was raised in the Victorian (now Russian) mechanical notion of progress, and, when the building of bridges and making of fortunes were over, so was our drive. We are a democratic and literate society. Hence our opinions about it and ourselves are as important as any statistical data. The penetration of Marx and Veblen gave us crushing insight into that society; the penetration of Freud gave us crushing insight into ourselves. The insights were partial, but we assumed them to be complete. Sensitive and idealistic lads dreaded emergence from college into the stridency of pecuniary competition: we knew about it, since we could read and had no censors. We became cynics. Our Russian contemporaries, if not illiterate, read *Pravda* and not Dostoevsky; unsophisticated, they did not know themselves or their society with its malevolence of bureaucratic competition. They dreamed of life as of a football game, teamed spectacle of industrial touchdowns and military stratagems. By now, perhaps, they know — are dead, or cynics too.

No hope for personal fortune. No hope for social panacea. No hope for hedonistic shrug. Good riddance, I think. The important asset remains: intransigent refusal to bow to the in-

evitable. Some of my friends have lost all hope. To them, ideas for social reform are either picayune or impractical; supposed laws of economics — the new astrology — will thwart the small gains that I care for. But I hold to a marginal claim: within limits too narrow for the cynicism that feeds on enthusiasms, too wide for the indifferentism which runs before the chance for a battle saying there is none, I know that the only inevitable is that our hopes will come to pass, if we try. I have hope.

I see, of course, the stale, mad battle of Reds and Blacks, opposing caricatures of industrial and pre-industrial nostalgias. I know that the battle will end sometime, but possibly not before the world is exhausted by war, foreign and civil, with art and joy choked in the unjust, disorderly struggle for justice and order. I feel that reconciliation between the two warring conceptions of a decent and just social order will have to be sought in an ethical treaty still undiscovered, search for which is relinquished by those who return to a church that cannot be returned to. Pilgrims must progress.

We start with conventional views. Relearning that evil exists and that power corrupts, we must save and renew constitutional limitations, not forgetting that wealth is no beauty to power's beast. Relearning that goodness exists and that men must be treated as men, we must save and enlarge popular rule, not forgetting how delicate the balance must be between constitutions and democracy. But, without the ethical treaty I speak of, the words 'good' and 'evil' are voided of meaning except in a partisan sense. Without it our liberal political devices become mere mechanics — almost as fruitless *per se* as the tractors and bridges and railroads which mark the belated stage of the Russians. That ethical foundation begins with our common religious tradition; that too we must save, as we change it. We must change all three by the candle of reason

— wax, to be sure, but what other light have we got? The match to the candle is faith — faith that we can pioneer towards commandments for conduct, in which sin will not be an obsolete word for maladjustment or underprivilege, nor goodness for integration or wealth; faith in the common man and his catholic spirit.

The Blacks, in their clear cloaks and disguises, brush out the flame of that candle like bats afraid of the light. They scrap constitutions, pervert democracy, and root out from blood-and-soil the small ethics we have, as well as the big we profess. The Reds, hurrying from rational premises towards valid humanitarian goals, shove the bellows of force at the candle, to blow it their way, and have ended too by blowing it out, like the candles on feast cakes. We must fight without charity both unreason and reason's inhuman abuse even while they are fighting each other, even while we are shaping our treaty between them. We must fight with the candle of reason and faith, and not with our foes' weapons of evil, for our only irreparable defeat would be to suffer their thoughts to enslave us. Even so, we may lose; but what of it? Who ever said life was like a snap course in college?

DAVID RIESMAN, JR.

[*Mr. Riesman, now in his twenty-ninth year, is professor of law at the University of Buffalo.*]

OUT FROM RESIGNATION

Hutchinson, Kansas

To the Editor of the *Atlantic*: —

Only recently I have come to believe that opportunity for our bewildered generation is not entirely relegated to a bygone age.

One day I was polishing the silver when I realized that I was twenty-seven and still at the same old job of general housework — and not a peg higher! That is, disregarding the fact that I was

then getting two dollars a week more than the summer after I finished high school. The silver polish made my fingers gray, but I could see that my knuckles had grown large and that my hands were covered with thousands of fine wrinkles.

In my second year at high school I had to go to work for my room and board in order to live. On the night of Commencement I made a vow to myself that I was not going on doing housework. After finding no job I decided that I must make preparations — and also that it was quite necessary to eat. Thus I secured a full-time position at general housework. I spent my evenings going to business school and at length was qualified for secretarial employment.

Slowly I came to realize that being qualified is quite remote from being hired. My domestic service may have been unfavorable — at any rate, I was unsuccessful. I kept up my practice, but it did not take all my time, so I made use of another educational advantage our town offers. By night school and extension I have laboriously acquired twelve hours' credit from the local college. I found myself staring into the face of the fact that, at the rate I should have to go, it would be fifteen years before I could hope for a degree.

Gradually I saved enough money to spend a month in Kansas City. I thought that there, where no one knew I was Mrs. So-and-So's maid, I might have a better chance for an office job, but at the end of the month I returned empty-handed.

The years had gone by quickly because I believed that, if I kept up my study and applied at every hint of a job, it would not be long before I would get my start.

Then that day I saw the light. It came over me like missing a step on the stairs that I probably should never be doing anything but general housework. If I sat there on the high stool any longer polishing the silver, I should start crying in self-pity and rage against the deplorable economic setup into which I had been so unworthily cast. Thereupon I

got up and made myself a pot of coffee. Surely there must be some way to turn. The coffee, though it fortified me against tears, did not bring forth any shining new horizons.

After that I stopped my night study and all my extra working and planning. Specifically, I strangled my fundamental theory of existence — bearing drudgery to-day for the fruits of to-morrow. Resignation had set in; but, instead of being dead, much to my astonishment it was quite the opposite.

Thus, without premeditation, I began giving myself a course in general housework routine. Strange as it may sound, I enjoyed it. I made charts and kept recipe files; also an inventory ledger of kitchen supplies. I kept notebooks on more efficient methods of house cleaning.

That was the beginning. Now, at last, I have a job, or I might say a business. This is how it came about. Along with my housework efficiency game, I trained beginners in my methods and secured jobs for them with people who had been on my list if ever I decided to make a change. My reputation grew rapidly, for there is a dearth of competent help in this region. Now there is use for my secretarial training, for I do my own business correspondence, and business is growing steadily. Girls come to me from farms and smaller towns around here and I now make placements in Wichita, Topeka, and Kansas City. For my part, I receive a fee from the employer and a small percentage of the salary of the employee.

It was not long before I was able to take a small apartment and devote all my time to the training and placement of girls. Now I am realizing a long-dreamed-of luxury. I eat my lunch downtown. My hands are still ugly, but I have good-looking gloves.

BLANCHE WATSON

[Miss Watson at twenty-nine has made a business out of necessity and a success out of resignation.]

A CONGRESSMAN'S FAITH

*Seminole, Oklahoma*To the Editor of the *Atlantic*: —

I do not believe there is any problem in America which intelligence, honesty, and determination cannot solve. I am fully convinced that America's problems are born of faulty thinking and apathetic failure to suit the action to the word.

Unemployment is undoubtedly the most serious problem facing our generation as a whole. People are saying, 'What will the government do for me?' Surely the question should be, 'What can I do for my country?' The future existence of our government may depend upon this change in the trend of thinking.

I am no pessimist. I find it an energy-developing experience to return to the simple recognition that America has all the resources to supply the needs and luxuries for all its people with an abundance, and I have my own conviction that it also has brain and heart enough to utilize these factors towards the proper ends.

Born the sixth of nine children, I spent my early life on a poor tenant farm, moving almost every year from one farm to another. Frequently we lacked sufficient meat and bread to feed our appetites, if not our needs, but there was never a shortage of character, hope, and ambition at our house.

There has been so much said about depressions and hard times that personally I can only remark that all times have been hard times with me, but never without a next best step in evidence. I have grown constantly in the conviction that every individual, every community, and every nation has a next best step that is clearly ascertainable, which step character and courage will take.

My ambition to go to Congress developed when I was a small child wearing knee pants, and though lack of clothes, food, and spending money would be considered a handicap to some,

to me it has only been a challenge to success.

In one of your articles, an editorial writer on a Midwestern newspaper bewailed the fact that he had become the sole support for a family consisting of his mother, father, brothers, and sisters. That responsibility came to me when I was working my way through college. While it made the going tough, I looked on it then, and look on it now, not as a hopeless burden, but as a privilege.

It is true that the problems we face as individuals, or as people, are bewildering; it seems to me at times we are just like Alice in Wonderland, and it takes all the running we can do to stay just where we are. I have been in debt most of my life, and am still in debt, but it has never been impossible to meet those obligations. My employment has been varied, and a few times I have had to create a job for myself.

I recently visited the Skyline Farms near Scottsboro, Alabama. Any man who will go out on that mountain top and talk with the original settlers in that project will understand what I mean when I talk about creating employment for one's self.

Let me repeat, I am convinced that the problem of each individual American and the problems of America as a whole are fundamentally found in poor thinking — the lack of character and courage to take the step which good thinking points out to be the next best one.

I am of the opinion that the greatest problem in America is unemployment, but I might add that I am also convinced that the most unemployed region in America is that region which each individual generally refers to as his brain.

When things have gone wrong for me, later developments have usually convinced me that the fault lay largely in my own depressed mental attitude.

LYLE H. BOREN

[Aged twenty-nine, Congressman Boren ran and was elected as a New Dealer.]

HOUSING—A NATIONAL DISGRACE

BY CHARLES STEVENSON

[In the December *Atlantic* Mr. Stevenson began his survey of the conditions which afflict our housing programmes, whether national or local. He cited figures and testimony to show that the major responsibility for the high cost of our building to-day is directly traceable to a rigid system which has been maintained, despite government investigation, by the ancient, inflexible, and corrosive practices of contractors, politicians, and labor racketeers. — THE EDITORS]

I

WHAT happened in New York in 1935 is important in the light of events now occurring throughout the country in the field of public housing. Ever since 1878 the city had prohibited construction of railroad tenements, each floor a single file of as many as six rooms with windows only at the front and rear. Ever since 1901 it had been illegal to build dumb-bell flats, whose tenants, by craning their necks, might look directly up a twenty-seven-inch-wide shaft to sight a patch of sky far overhead. But private initiative could not provide substitutes. As a result, 524,000 occupied units in these fire-traps still sprawled across the seventeen square miles that are New York's slums, babies still were born in them, the diseased and those who relinquished hope still died amid vermin left by generations that came into life and died there before them — 189,549 apartments without pri-

vate indoor toilets, 6684 with only oil lamps, 235,871 without tubs or showers.¹

Small wonder, under these circumstances, that the city and federal governments felt warranted in forming a partnership to build for the poorest. Smaller wonder that on blustery March 2, 1935, the slums opened and a horde poured out to apply for 120 subsidized apartments which had been heralded as the first fruits of the enterprise. By the time the rental agent arrived the crush of eager apartment seekers stretched three blocks.² The hope of hundreds was such that they waited thus, in the cold and sleet, from 4.30 A.M. until noon.³ Three thousand families applied for those 120 apartments before the authorities called a halt and revealed a tragedy: to be eligible as tenants a family must pay \$18 a month for three rooms, must practise birth control, and must present proof of economic affluence. Indeed, the families admitted averaged but three members, had an average annual income

¹ *Slums and Blighted Areas in the United States*, by Edith Elmer Wood, published in 1936 by PWA as Housing Division Bulletin No. 1, pp. 25-34; tables relating to 1934 Real Property Inventory of New York prepared under direction of New York Housing Authority, Department of Commerce, and mayor's advisory committee, *ibid.*, pp. 34-35.

² Testimony of Langdon W. Post, former chairman of the New York Housing Authority, before Senate Committee on Education and Labor, April 20-21, 1936, transcript pp. 51-61.

³ Testimony of John Volpe, New York East Side Public Housing Conference, before Senate Committee on Education and Labor, June 4, 1935, transcript p. 20.

of \$1206 derived from steady jobs held a year or longer, were debt-free, possessed \$100 to \$1000 in savings accounts, and owned \$1000 to \$3000 insurance.¹

The project was described by its sponsors as a triumph because rentals are so high in New York that people may pay as much as \$7.00 a month for a pre-1901 tenement room.² But subsidized housing is charity; the principle of charity is that it should first benefit those most in need; and any common-sense appraisal must hold such a project a failure in a metropolis where the neediest were 26,240 families unable to pay \$3.00 a month per room, another 142,875 unable to pay more than \$4.99, and another 132,493 limited to a top of \$5.99.³

A great deal has been spent since 1935 on the design for living introduced in this New York project. More than \$130,000,000 was expended for housing by the Public Works Administration. Its successor, the United States Housing Authority, moves \$888,000,000 worth of housing into the construction stage this year without officially informing the public at the outset that it is signing contracts which may compel taxpayers to contribute \$2,237,760 in subsidies for these projects.

The housing law, as amended by the last Congress to raise the USHA's spending fund from \$500,000,000 to \$800,000,000, failed to take into account that the annual subsidies to be paid on this housing will not be paid on the \$800,000,000, but on \$888,000,000, the extra \$88,000,000 coming from the localities which institute housing projects. Thus the law, owing to error, limits annual payments by USHA to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of

\$800,000,000 annually, or to an annual total of \$23,000,000, which in sixty years would amount to \$1,680,000,000. The new Congress, however, will be asked for a correction legalizing a $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent annual subsidy on \$888,000,000, which would be \$31,080,000 a year, or \$1,864,800,000 for sixty years. To this must be added \$372,960,000, to be contributed by the localities in annual subsidies over the sixty-year total. The sum of the last two figures is \$2,237,760,000.

Nathan Straus, the USHA director, recently told the National Association of Housing officials that his projects will be within the reach of families with no more than \$400, \$500, or \$1000 a year income.⁴ For the comfort of the National Association of Real Estate Boards, he says families with incomes of more than \$1100 will be barred 'except in very special circumstances.'⁵ But he simultaneously contracts for construction which, by the rental formulas carried in the law and stressed by him, call for an average family budget of from \$1293 to \$1552, and which may go even as high as \$2358.

These are the maximum and budgetary ideal incomes under the formulas—five times the gross rental, including charges for heat, light, water, and cooking fuel, when a family has less than three dependents, six times the rental when there are three or more. There is no minimum income for occupancy except that which the USHA may establish for individual families as necessary in order to meet the rent. The object, however, in tenancing apartments is to come as close to the legal formulas' ideal budget as the combination of a family's needs and ability to pay will permit.

Mr. Straus has failed to reach the people at the bottom of the economic ladder for the same reasons that private

¹ Pp. 29-31 of *First Houses*, document published by New York Housing Authority, 1935, and reprinted on pp. 57-59 of Senate Education and Labor Committee transcript for April 21, 1936.

² Testimony of Mr. Post before Senate Education and Labor Committee, June 5, 1935, transcript pp. 29-36.

³ See footnote 1 on p. 100.

⁴ *New York Times* account of Washington speech, Oct. 12, 1938.

⁵ *New York Times* account of Milwaukee speech, Nov. 10, 1938.

initiative has failed. The reasons are to be found in the price fixing for building materials; the unions which squeeze higher and higher wage rates from the home builder, then restrict their output of bricklaying, lathing, or painting to make the job pay still more; the refusal of unions to work with equipment unless it is purchased from people with whom they have contracts; the necessity of paying extravagant handwork prices for processes which could be handled cheaper by machinery. Sufficient evidence was introduced in the first part of this survey in the December *Atlantic* to show that housing costs are extortionate because of the abuses of the building trades; the ancient, inflexible, graft-ridden design of the construction business; and, most important, the stranglehold that labor exerts to choke reforms that would facilitate establishment of a mechanized mass-production housing industry. There was also evidence that the government has capitulated to labor in this obstructionism.

II

The process has been evolutionary. In the beginning, in 1933, the planners believed low-cost housing would result merely if PWA cash were lent to quasi-public and private builders who would be satisfied with a government-limited dividend. Next, PWA thought the solution lay in government construction, which simply would eliminate profits. Calculations showed, however, that no rental the PWA could charge would retrieve expenditures in the thirty years deemed the limit of safety for the limited-dividend dwellings. So the length of the amortization period was doubled, but still projected rentals were in the clouds. Finally a law was obtained permitting a 45 per cent write-off of original production costs. Yet, with all this aid, the lowest monthly rental which could be charged in the New York PWA projects was \$8.52 per room, including

utilities; in Enid, Oklahoma, \$7.04; in Charleston, South Carolina, where no outlay was needed for heat or hot water, \$5.89; and so on through the list. The national average has been \$7.17.¹ In Sweden one can purchase a five-room house for \$2200, or a total of \$8.00 a month, including taxes.²

Was the PWA plan a failure? Not to the Administration, looking through the rosy spectacles of reform. Its dream for a well-housed America did not envision the economic limitations of its methods. Building costs had not been handled on a mass-production basis because labor does not want that — nor do the contractors or supplies dealers. A mechanized challenge to the bid riggers, labor racketeers, and obstructionists might have brought cheaper rentals,³ but because this challenge had not been attempted the government concluded that persons able to pay the resultant \$7.17 per room rental represented a salary class entitled to federal charity.

Indeed, as far back as 1936 the Senate Education and Labor Committee, faced with this developing rental, indicated that, 'taking the country as a whole,' every family earning less than \$1500 was entitled to a subsidy.⁴ And, when the President reminded us that a third of the nation was still ill-housed, the \$7.17 rental seemed to serve as a stimulus for more construction and bigger ideas. We must, for instance, continue to provide charity for the \$7.17-a-room family, but we must provide for the poorer family, too. To this end we must reduce the rentals on as yet untenanted PWA projects, and simultaneously build new structures for which still smaller rents could be charged, partly through de-

¹ USHA photostat table, March 1, 1938.

² Herbert Nelson, National Association of Real Estate Boards, testifying before Senate Banking and Currency Committee, Dec. 3, 1937, p. 78 of transcript.

³ See part I of this survey, December *Atlantic*.

⁴ Committee report favoring passage of a bill similar to the current USHA Act, Report No. 2160, 74th Congress, 2d Session.

signing the cheapest construction possible within the existing rigid pattern of the building industry, but chiefly through doling out richer subsidies. If taxpayers object to a bottomless pit of subsidies, the new ones simply must be made to appear less extravagant than those which have gone before.

All of these prerequisites for a programme which moves into high gear in 1939 have presented an appalling problem, but, with the aid of propaganda reciting British housing activities and the improvement in crime and death rates as a neighborhood prospers, it has been solved. The solution entails two steps.

III

First, all PWA projects have been transferred to the USHA, and on the strength of an innocuous-looking clause stating that this housing thereafter may be leased to local authorities at prices 'consistent with maintaining the low-rent character of such project,' the USHA is turning over the newer properties for rentals which cover only upkeep. No payments are made to amortize even a fraction of production costs.¹ There is not even the remotest suggestion of an equitable payment in lieu of taxes. By way of illustration let us observe the results of its application in the District of Columbia.

There the problem publicized relates to Negroes squeezed into wretched alley shacks where, official studies show, the average monthly rent of \$12.85 per house may be split among several families.² The birth rate is high, the families large—and as a remedy we have Langston Terrace, which started as a

PWA project but was taken over by the USHA before completion and rented on the basis of a 100 per cent write-off of its \$1,553,494 production cost. Moreover, though the normal annual tax on the property would be \$27,184,³ the District government is to receive only \$2925 for supplying it with the usual city services and protection.⁴ The cheapest rent in Langston Terrace is \$19.50 for two rooms, utilities included. There are only 19 such apartments out of a total of 274; to be eligible for them a couple must have no family, cannot take in the boarders who may have helped them pay for the \$12.85 hovel they formerly occupied, and can entertain visitors only for such time as the management deems 'reasonable.' In several cases couples with incomes as low as \$600 have been permitted to move in, but they must pay higher rents than the government formula shows they can afford. The income they should have for such apartments is indicated by the eligibility of other couples with top incomes of \$1170, which is five times the annual rental. If there are three in family, the household must pay \$23.40 for three rooms and have a top income of \$1404. Not until you come to the four-room apartment renting for \$27.30 do you find anything for which an average family of four or five is eligible, and for a family with three children the top income allowed jumps to six times the rental, \$1965. A family of six or seven needs five rooms costing \$31.20 a month, and its income may range to a high of \$2246. Larger families need not apply.⁵

The government has been conducting a 100 per cent write-off on inherited PWA construction as fast as buildings are ready for tenants. It does not emphasize the write-off for obvious reasons, though it does classify the rentals thus obtained as within the price range of the

¹ Tyrell Krum, Special Assistant to USHA Administrator Straus in charge of press relations, in reply to direct question concerning extent of write-offs.

² *Rent and Housing Conditions in the District of Columbia*, a study by the Public Utilities Commission made for Congress in response to Senate resolution; p. 32, Document No. 125, 73d Congress, 2d Session, part 2.

³ District of Columbia tax collector.

⁴ *Washington Star, Washington Post, Washington Daily News* accounts, March 1-15, 1938.

⁵ USHA release No. HA-52, March 9, 1938, and interview with director of Langston project.

'lowest income groups,'¹ and as evidence of USHA success. But is a minimum monthly rental of \$27.30 and a maximum eligible income of \$1965 within reach of the average slum family with three children? Was not the construction intended for alley families able to afford only a \$12.85 rental, with perhaps a boarder's help in paying that? We must question whether the 100 per cent write-off is justified, since for twenty-five projects it has resulted in gross rentals only 69 cents less per room than the rentals resulting from PWA's earlier write-off of 45 per cent.²

IV

In the second phase of the new programme the USHA is overseeing construction of \$888,000,000 worth of housing under a complicated subsidy device.³ Briefly, here is how it works: —

(a) A locality raises 10 per cent of the cost of a project in cash, land, 'or other aid toward the construction of the project,' or in bonds secured by the proposed housing, which it sells to the public.

(b) The USHA lends to the locality the remaining 90 per cent of the cost of building at 3 to 3½ per cent interest.

The above steps will account for the \$888,000,000. Now imagine that a project has been completed. Means must be provided to liquidate the local and federal investments and to subsidize rentals.

(c) At the time USHA meets the requirements of step b, it contracts also to pay into the local housing fund, for as many as sixty years, an annual amount equal to 3½ to 3¾ per cent of the total cost of the project.

¹ USHA release No. HA-49, March 4, 1938.

² Under 45 per cent write-off plan, rent per room with utilities averaged \$7.17. USHA subsequent rentals on same basis, including utilities, is \$6.48, with benefit of 100 per cent write-offs. Computations based on official USHA photostat report of March 1, 1938.

³ USHA release No. 11085.

(d) Simultaneously, the locality annually contributes one fifth as much as the Federal Government.⁴ This local contribution need not be in cash, but may be in tax exemptions, which USHA Administrator Straus one moment berates as 'a concealed subsidy' and a 'source of irritation to owners of other property which pays full taxes,'⁵ and in the next proudly refers to as 'far from constituting a burden upon the city governments or an excessive burden upon other taxpayers.'⁶

But, transforming the percentages to cash, you find that if, under step a, the locality raises \$1,000,000, the Federal Government in step b advances \$9,000,000. The Federal Government thereafter pays into the project an annual subsidy of \$350,000 for a sixty-year total of not more than \$21,000,000, and the locality simultaneously contributes \$70,000 a year for a possible sixty-year total of \$4,200,000. Recapitulation: total construction cost of the project, \$10,000,000; total sixty-year subsidy contributions, \$25,200,000 — an amount equal to 252 per cent of the original cost of the project.

Had such a subsidy been acknowledged for the Washington project, the cost of housing the 274 Negro families would not be simply the \$1,553,494 capital outlay for the buildings, but \$3,914,804.

'Oh, but that is PWA housing,' a USHA spokesman protested to me. 'That Washington project is construction designed for middle-class families. Politics were involved in PWA projects. The idea was to build something to impress the voters. Then, too, PWA paid

⁴ Bulletin No. 6 on *USHA Policy and Procedure*, release No. 16259H; Bulletin No. 4, 14845H, Bulletin No. 5, 15900H, *Purposes, Powers and Functions of the USHA*; the USHA Act.

⁵ Speech by Straus before U. S. Conference of Mayors, Nov. 17, 1937, in Washington. See p. 6 of transcript as contained in USHA release No. 1 (9095H).

⁶ P. 10 of USHA release 117 (30356H), dated July 18, 1938.

terrific prices for sites. We are going to get land cheap. If the owner wants too much we will have the local authorities condemn it and tear down whatever is on the site.'

If such a statement be taken at face value, one would expect the forthcoming construction to be drastically cheaper than that which has gone before. Encouragement was lent to such expectations when the USHA even planned to eliminate doors on its closets, explaining that it had been sorely pressed but had finally succeeded in bringing its costs per dwelling unit within the \$4000 limit established by Congress for cities of less than 500,000 population and \$5000 for the larger centres. The fact, however, is that these cost limitations do not include land, site improvements, outside construction for gas, electricity, and water, non-dwelling buildings, architectural and engineering fees, and overhead. A breakdown of the figures for its first 46,486 units discloses that the average anticipated cost per unit is \$5555.87,¹ which is \$572.13 less than PWA averaged for a four-room apartment² after its own low estimates had zoomed in the encounter with mounting construction costs.

With utilities included, the USHA's data indicate that its rentals will be an average of \$5.39 a room, only \$1.78 less than those rentals based on PWA's 45 per cent subsidy and \$1.09 less than those collected under the 100 per cent write-off.³

By USHA's own formula, the cheapest of these homes for a family with two or three children, in San Antonio, Texas, will require a rental of \$8.00 a month for four rooms, even before the government adds its average utilities charge of \$1.64 per room,⁴ which under the law must be

included in the gross rental. If USHA achieves this rental, it will be cheaper than anything heretofore dreamed of. But at this writing USHA offers it only in one city, and defines the beneficiaries there who most need its aid as Mexicans who now are able to pay only fifty cents a week for corrals and have no utilities because they cannot afford them.⁵ On the topside, the same four-room apartment in New York will cost about \$26.20 and, by the USHA formula, call for incomes up to \$1572 or \$1886, depending upon whether there are two or three children. Larger five-room suites also will be available for three-children families earning \$2358 a year.⁶ Indications are that the New York gross rentals will be approached in many other cities, for instance in Pittsburgh and Yonkers, where the projected cost per dwelling unit is \$6242 and \$6067. But these are the extremes. The average \$5.39 gross rental per room for the nation means that the average benefiting family must pay \$21.56 for a four-room apartment and should have an income up to \$1293 for two children and \$1552 for three.

Is a rental of \$5.39 a room reaching the people in the woeful photographic exhibits displayed by the government to win taxpayer support? USHA Director Straus says his rentals succeed in their purpose; but in New York recently he declared: 'I have had also to learn that a rental of \$5.00 per room per month — or even \$4.00 per room per month — can be very high in a city, where a large proportion of the families earn less than \$800 per year. There are many such cities in our country to-day.'⁷

⁵ USHA release No. 117 of July 18, 1938.

⁶ USHA release No. 73, which lists base rent as \$5.15 per room. To this must be added the utilities charge, which in New York projects of PWA ran to \$1.40 a month per room. Since then, USHA has raised the New York utilities charge at Williamsburg to \$1.92 a month and the Harlem project to \$2.15 a month per room, but I have used the smallest though somewhat antedated figure of PWA, to give USHA every possible advantage.

⁷ Straus's New York speech of July 18, as carried in USHA release.

¹ Total cost \$258,270,349, divided by 46,486, total number of units.

² USHA lists average cost of PWA units as \$6128.

³ USHA releases of new projects, and March 1, 1938 photostat report.

⁴ USHA printed computation of average utilities charge on projects already tenanted.

There you have part of the USHA problem; to get the whole of it one must resort to multiplication and remember that, on the basis of hoped-for costs, completion of the new programme calling for construction expenditures of \$800,000,000 federal and \$88,000,000 local funds must look thereafter to subsidy payments of \$2,237,760,000 to keep the houses tenanted. The beneficiaries will be 159,830 families ranging from Mexicans who cannot afford the aid to people with \$2358 incomes.

But that is only the beginning. As ex-Chairman Langdon Post of the New York Housing Authority told a Senate committee: 'One billion dollars spent in this kind of housing will get it where it will catch afire, and, in my opinion, there will be no stopping it; nor should there be any stopping it until we have attained at least a great part of the ultimate goal.'¹

And Senator Robert F. Wagner, sponsor of the legislation, cut in: 'May I interrupt you long enough to suggest that in England it was the Labor Party when they came into power that started a building programme, but when the Conservatives had come into power they not only continued it, but enlarged the programme because it had taken hold and the people insisted on its continuance.'

President Roosevelt increased USHA's funds from \$500,000,000 to \$800,000,000 even before a shovel of dirt had been turned, and declared that the anti-slums drive 'must go forward until every American family has a decent home.'²

Senator Wagner again, referring to the 'wonderful achievements' of the USHA, announces that 'this rehousing campaign has only begun' and, because the money being expended 'will barely scratch the surface,' the federal pro-

gramme 'must and will be expanded.'³ And the Associated Press states that Mr. Straus will report to Congress 'a pressing need for additional appropriations.'⁴

This is laudable sentiment. If government will ever deal realistically with the construction industry, it may point to national well-being. Under present building methods, however, it points only to national peril, for it apparently indicates a determination and publicity build-up for more funds from Congress this year for rehousing which shall go on and on without any taking of bearings.

To be eligible for USHA benefits requires only that one's home shall be of 'faulty arrangement or design,' or be regarded as crowded, or inadequately ventilated or lighted, or lacking a private bath for each family.⁵ One can find such conditions in almost every boardinghouse, sometimes in expensive neighborhoods. Indeed, Mr. Straus declares that 'humanitarianism and good business both will be served' by the programme,⁶ and if the possible \$2,237,760,000 subsidies for 159,830 families are 'good business,' it must be good business to subsidize everyone who is eligible. Yet, even if a programme of this type were limited to people with incomes under \$1500, instead of the \$2358 incomes which can qualify now, about 65 per cent of the nation's families⁷ would be eligible for aid in that they belong to an income class which the Senate Education and Labor Committee found could not afford decent housing. The cost of providing them with that to which they are entitled by the 'good business' precedent comes to the astronomical approximation of \$142,629,486,000 with subsidies

³ Radio speech reported by *Washington Star*, Oct. 18, 1938.

⁴ *Boston Transcript*, Oct. 19, 1938.

⁵ Release by USHA, March 9, 1938, No. HA-52.

⁶ Testimony by Straus before Senate Labor and Education Committee April 15, 1937. See transcript of testimony, p. 196.

⁷ The population and income figures based on U. S. Public Health Survey as readjusted by the U. S. National Resources Committee.

¹ Testimony before Senate Labor and Education Committee, pp. 52-53 of transcript of hearing of April 20, 1936.

² Statement by President Roosevelt on signing of first USHA contracts, quoted by Straus in release of August 3, 1938.

of \$359,434,304,000, according to current USHA trends, even without super-gratuities.

The idea of compelling 35 per cent, or approximately 13,800,000, of America's families thus to support the remaining 25,628,000, or 65 per cent, is absurd; yet, by the administration's own statements, this apparently is the illogical conclusion to which we are heading; and, as Senator Wagner indicates, there is every reason to believe that if a fraction of the eligible families are given model homes in the next couple of years, the remainder will bring pressure through their voting strength to obtain their share.

V

There is a tremendous need for housing. Government estimates based on conservative research are that 16,297,000 additional homes are needed between now and 1950 merely to meet the none too excellent standards of 1930.¹ Housing is a primary necessity of man, second only to his food. Proof that government interest in housing is warranted lies in the fact that the authorities apparently have no difficulty in finding families with \$1000 to \$2358 a year who are able to afford only such inadequate dwellings that they automatically become eligible for subsidies. A survey of 116 of the \$1206-a-year families given subsidized accommodations in those original New York public apartments back in 1933 disclosed that 11 previously doubled up with another family, 81 had no heat, 91 no bathrooms, and 81 no toilets.² Back in 1934, public investigation disclosed that the family earning \$2000 a year in the District of Columbia found it almost impossible to rent more than a single room and bath, at the cost of \$42.50 a

month.³ It has been found that 41 per cent of the families paying \$28 a month in Cincinnati have no conveniences except a cold-water sink.⁴

This sort of thing is proof of a problem which cannot be met by the Home Owners Loan Corporation, preserving the high realty values which put decent housing beyond the reach of those with fair incomes, or by the Federal Housing Administration's 90 per cent building loans, which, while tending to lower the interest rate structure, do nothing to decrease basic construction costs and simply permit smaller down payments on homes as expensive as those which have gone before. But have we not here a problem which cannot be met by subsidies alone?

True, no authority contends that it is possible to build for the extremely poor without subsidies. In Sheffield, England, for instance, it costs the government only 16 cents a day to provide a cottage and garden for a family of four that can pay a monthly rental of \$9.44, which includes taxes of \$3.51.⁵ But the USHA's figures for its New York projects indicate that we shall be paying a subsidy of more than 73 cents a day to keep a family of four in a four-room apartment, despite the fact that the apartment costs the tenants about \$26.20 a month and they may have an income of \$1572 and pay relatively no realty tax, owing to the tax-exempt character of their home.⁶

³ *Rent and Housing Conditions in the District of Columbia*, title of a report by the vice chairman of the District Public Utilities Commission, Document No. 125, 73d Congress, 2d Session, p. 21.

⁴ *Urban Housing*, Bulletin No. 2 of the PWA Housing Division, 1936, p. 7.

⁵ PWA research by William V. Reed.

⁶ USHA release No. 73 lists the total cost of two New York projects for 5194 families (the Queensbridge and Red Hook projects) as \$33,333,000, and states that the USHA will pay 3½ per cent of the cost of the project annually as a subsidy. To this the city must contribute a fifth as much. The total annual subsidy, therefore, is at least \$1,399,986. Divide that by 5194, the number of tenant families, and you arrive at an annual subsidy of \$269.53 per family. Divide again by 365 to arrive at daily subsidy per family.

¹ Estimate by Catherine Bauer, Labor Housing Conference, and Coleman Woodbury, National Association of Housing Officials, with calculations based on U. S. Real Property Inventory of Commerce Department. Quoted by Straus in *Purposes, Powers and Functions of the USHA*.

² See footnote 1 on p. 101.

Study for a moment the difference between the American and British subsidies, consider the differences in the wage classes they reach, then remember that more than half of all the urban renters in our country cannot afford to pay \$20 a month,¹ let alone \$26.20. The distance we still must go to reach not only the poorest but the major portion of our citizens might as well be the distance to the moon, judging from those facts, and the futility of our present methods is appalling. Moreover, remember that tax exemption has become one of the chief principles of American subsidization policies, and that real estate costs for unsubsidized construction must rise in direct proportion to the expansion of subsidized tax-free projects which throw a heavier tax burden on the remainder of the country.

Indeed, when you reach a stage where the overwhelming majority of a nation's people, despite automobile-purchasing salaries, cannot afford good homes, is it not time to scrutinize the industrial pattern which isolates such homes as luxury items? Is it not time for government action to force down construction costs, to form a housing industry which, like the automobile industry, can give more value for the dollar?

The British have such an industry. Paul E. Stark, as president of the National Association of Real Estate Boards, said that some of their operators build as many as 4000 houses a year and have reduced costs as much as 30 per cent by their mass-production methods.² Sir Harold Bellman, managing director of one of England's biggest building societies, with \$250,000,000 assets, stresses the fact that their skilled building tradesmen work the year round, owing to quantity production arising from low costs. Whereas American building workers must go jobless when inclement

weather prevents outside work, he points out, the Englishmen take up inside jobs. One London company builds as many as twenty-one large communities simultaneously.³ Several build from five to fifteen.⁴ As a result, England and Wales from 1930 through 1937 constructed 2,185,366 dwelling units.⁵ In the same period the United States, with a population more than three times larger, was able to build no more than 1,436,000 non-farm dwellings.⁶

'I wonder when the American genius for mass production is going to start in the housing field?' Sir Harold asks. 'There is no reason why you should not achieve in this country a success even greater than our own.'³

British housing has been held responsible for at least half of the country's recovery. An American housing industry might do even more. The reason is that a nation's wealth comes from the wages and dividends which accrue from the production of things. Technological improvements which make for greater wealth, in that they facilitate mass production, also cause technological displacement of workers, which can be offset only by increased production. In past generations new industries have supplied this increase to take up the slack. Once it was the railroad; later it was the automobile. Because inexpensive housing is something which everybody needs and wants, because it would reach deep into the economic structure to benefit a large number of interests, its industrial possibilities seem boundless.

PWA studies indicate that out of every construction dollar 42 cents went to labor at the site, 7 cents to labor producing the raw materials, 21 cents to labor fabri-

³ New York speech before Citizens Housing Council of New York, etc., and *Herald Tribune*, May 27, 1938.

⁴ P. 6 of *Methods for Men — Money — Management and Government*, an installment of the home building programme presented to President Roosevelt by the Committee for Economic Recovery.

⁵ British Government figures from USHA.

⁶ USHA research.

¹ *Urban Housing*, p. 7.

² Testimony of Paul E. Stark before Senate Banking and Currency Committee, Dec. 3, 1937, p. 59 of committee transcript.

cating these materials, 4 cents to labor transporting the materials, and 16 cents to the owners of the mines, factories, railroads, and supply houses to meet their non-labor costs and profits. In New York a single project for 1471 families employed 3300 tradesmen and as many more men fabricating materials. Into it went 4000 tons of steel, enough concrete to lay a four-foot sidewalk from New York to Baltimore, enough bricks to reach from Chicago to New Orleans, 100 miles of pipe, 220 miles of electrical wiring, and seven acres of glass.

Administration experts recognize the potentialities of an industry which thus would spread its benefits back to the lumber industry, the copper and iron mines, the rock quarries and the kilns, and the railroads. Indeed, they had the potentialities thrust before them when the Committee for Economic Recovery, headed by the late Allie S. Freed, Paramount Motors chairman turned low-cost-housing enthusiast, approached President Roosevelt with a plan for such an industry modeled along the British lines.

On the committee were some of the country's leading industrialists and business men. Represented were such firms as Westinghouse, Pittsburgh Plate Glass, Commercial Credit, the F. W. Dodge Corporation (building construction service), American Rolling Mills, Libby-Owens-Ford Glass, Ohio Life Insurance, Briggs Manufacturing, Glidden Paints, and Eastman Kodak. Harvard University was represented by the dean of its school of business administration.

As in England, they called for huge housing concerns, carrying private investments, which would construct \$2500 to \$6000 homes for rent and for sale on a 5 to 10 per cent down payment and assumption of mortgages bearing interest and service rates totaling no more than $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

To achieve such prices they would cut through the inefficiency and graft and the building rackets. They would standardize materials and methods. They

would junk political building codes for uniform laws designed to meet the needs of the public, rather than the desire of the party boss, the crook, and the labor monopolist. They would prefabricate and mechanize.¹ Gone would be the necessity of manufacturing countless sizes of bricks, more than 19,000 types of valves and pipe fittings, and more than a thousand types of lock hardware. Gone would be the estimated 53-cent waste in every housing dollar,² owing to these reforms, huge blanket orders of materials, and the concentration in a single organization of the multitude of services now performed by promoter, architect, banker, contractor, wholesaler, retailer, broker. Labor would not enjoy its present high hourly wage scales, but it would have higher annual incomes and more jobs, owing to mass production and a guaranteed number of working days. By such means it was believed that private enterprise would provide homes for everyone with incomes of \$1000 and more, while use of these same methods would enable the government to spread subsidized dwellings on a more economical basis than at present among families with less than \$1000 incomes.

The programme did not have the coverage of the British. In England, private enterprise supplies cottages to persons with as little as \$850 a year. But the American plan was a jump in the direction in which the British were moving so successfully. Huge corporations controlling the manufacture of building supplies were ready to sponsor the programme. All that was needed was labor and government support.

'There is no reason why labor leaders cannot learn from experience just as we all have to do,' Chairman Freed declared. 'Millions of men who ought to be employed in building homes and making materials, and so forth, now live on charity. This should be sufficient evi-

¹ See footnote 4 on p. 108.

² *Industrial Relations in the Building Industry*, by William Haber, Harvard University Press.

dence that inordinate hourly wage rates and arbitrary jurisdictional control of labor operations do not result in millions of homes and good annual incomes to the workers who could do so much to make these homes possible.¹

PWA Administrator Ickes praised the committee. The chief of PWA's housing activities wrote Mr. Freed that economical, mass-produced housing depended upon realization of the committee's ideas. But labor, he stressed, did not want mechanization and reform. Labor was opposing progress, he said.²

That letter was a bitter indictment of building labor. Had it been made public, it would have created a sensation. But it was not made public, and the official who wrote it shut up in his mind everything he had written. For public consumption he stood before a Congressional committee and remarked that even any suggestion to alter the wage setup of union labor was to be deplored as 'reactionary.'³ And Mr. Ickes issued this statement: 'Attempts are being made to mechanize the industry and, through mass production, to lower costs. However, an infinite number of difficulties, which need not be enumerated here, tend to delay mechanization, and for some time to come there is little likelihood of achieving such a goal.'⁴

¹ See footnote 4 on p. 108.

² Former Assistant PWA Administrator Horatio Hackett's letter to Mr. Freed regarding the latter's programme.

³ Hackett testimony before Senate Education and Labor Committee, April 26, 1936, p. 229 of committee transcript.

⁴ *The Background of Housing*, PWA release No. P.W. 57157, p. 2.

The hope for a real housing industry, for ending rackets and other abuses, had failed.

The government has no scruples about battling the electric utilities industry on the plea that this is the means to cheaper power. It can interfere with banking to deflate interest rates. It can impose restrictions on business generally. It can see signs of monopoly among the doctors, automobile manufacturers, and milkmen. But it cannot seek to evolve a housing industry and bring building prices within reach of the masses because of 'an infinite number of difficulties,' which in the final analysis are the leaders of 700,000 unionized building tradesmen who constitute but a small portion of all builders in the country, who are 25 to 45 per cent continuously unemployed,⁵ and who are to-day loading the relief rolls of the nation.

The government prefers to tolerate abuses and dictation as to how it shall build rather than risk antagonizing this small faction; it prefers to subsidize inefficiency and mislead the taxpayers concerning its activity in order to hold their support for a programme which gives a relief status to an alarmingly large percentage of the population of the country, and which inevitably must lead to bankruptcy if carried to its already planned conclusion.

⁵ Unemployment figure given in direct statement of A. F. of L. Building Trades Department to writer, and bolstered by Dr. Isador Lubin, Bureau of Labor Statistics director, in testimony before Senate Committee on Banking and Currency, December, 1937. See pp. 140-158 of committee transcript.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

AFTER THE SHADOW

I ONCE saw a total eclipse of the sun in Yorkshire. It will be remembered that it was across that part of England that the belt of totality went. I was in Yorkshire again at the end of last September, when the great shadow of impending war fell on a far wider area. And, looking back on each of these times, I have a vivid memory of simple, almost unnoticed, rural things. I remember a thorn tree in a green field at the time of the eclipse, and a dense darkness under it, as though it poured down from the branches; and the sky darkening to a Prussian blue; and then the huge golden sickle of the returning sun; and England again as it had been before, and for hundreds and hundreds of years.

The darkness last September was not visible; it was a shadow distinguished in all of us rather by the spirit than by the eyes; but it was certainly there, dark over us and England. I think that the dark things in life are more quickly forgotten than the bright ones; but, however it be, the clearest memory I have of those days is of things that to European statesmen would appear too trivial to notice, let alone to remember. And these are the things that I noticed at the time, looking poignant then because it seemed that so many men would soon lose them; and appearing to shine so vividly when departing peace came back to us that I shall probably remember them for a few more years: short grass on a land held up by a hill as steep as Atlas, whence other hills could be seen, one beyond the other, like a brood of giants all holding up heathery moors and the grassy land that sheep graze at the heather's edges.

But it was the earth itself all round my feet that held my attention then, and the little things that grew on it in that shadow, rather than the immense view which at other times might have attracted me more. It was a place so lonely that I do not remember having ever met any man there, and yet little tracks ran all over it. So elfin they looked that one scarcely associated them with sheep. Here one identified definitely a sheep track, and

then one came to a patch of greener grass, like a tiny lawn laid out alone on the hill, and in the middle of it was a rabbit hole, showing the dark earth, and seven or eight tracks running from it — evidently quite a meeting place for those that care nothing for man. Thrusting up through the grass one often saw the scarlet heads of toadstools, and sometimes brown puffballs. Fungi are there in plenty, a few flowers and innumerable tracks, but not a sign of man; though by the side of a little valley where the gray rock breaks out, and at the very summit of the hill, stand three figures about five feet high, made entirely of loose stones, which are a foot or so lower after every storm for a while, but which always recover their stature. So men must go there sometimes. Indeed, I never pass them myself without adding a trifle to their inches, probably for the same reason that urges everyone else to give them the same care, though what that reason is I could not explain.

A deep ghyll, as they call it in Yorkshire, plunges down at the back of the hill; and there the tracks of the sheep run along steep edges, and the tinier tracks of the rabbits, and one feels that one is in a populous well-trodden land where no man ever came. Not far away lies the heather, a land shut off from the grass by a loose wall of stone, as though, if the grass were not protected against so wild a thing as the moor, the heather would leap at it one night and take it back to that ancient dominion that never bowed to the Romans. One wonders how the grass, supporting a few sheep, was won from the grip of the savage and beautiful moor. Probably by the labor of men, many centuries dead.

But, however it came, that land by the edge of the moor stands out very clear in my memory, probably because it is of a time and a civilization that seemed about to be blasted away; so that the short blades of grass and the rabbits' tracks, the red toadstools and the gray rocks, had the pathetic appeal about them of drowning hands. And then the shadow lifted, and they were still there. In reality they are the things that will outlast all

our wars and all our civilizations — the ghylls with the steep sides on which only rock can stand, and the grass at the edge of the moor which sheep will nibble. It was not they that were leaving us, but all of us who seemed to be about to be leaving them. There was no change in them during those dark days at all; and there will be no change in them ever; only, for those few days they had a certain wistfulness in which they seemed to shine as they shine in dew, and as they still shine in my memory.

LORD DUNSANY

WILDERNESS MOTHER

THE Sunwapta was flooding. John and I both welcomed the excitement it promised us, for it was happenings of this kind — a storm, a forest fire, a river in flood — that alone broke the monotony of our existence there at our isolated homestead. We were the sole occupants of a valley in the Canadian Rockies, fifty miles from Jasper, Alberta, the nearest town. Sometimes we wished that there were neighbors; and always we wished that we had children.

We watched the Sunwapta closely all day. John had driven a stake, marked off in feet and inches, at the water's edge. All day we kept running out from our cabin to look at it. In the afternoon, when we found that the water was rising six inches to the hour, we knew we were in for a real flood. At supper we could talk of nothing else. Then, without waiting to wash the dishes, pausing only long enough to roll and light our cigarettes, we hurried down to the riverbank.

The stake was gone; so was a small bridge that had withstood many a flood. Upstream a four-acre island, formed by a back channel, was wholly covered.

John and I stood fascinated. The water, yellow and thick, now roared past us. Hundreds of uprooted trees rushed by, like great broken battleships, toward the falls and canyon below; from that canyon, we knew, they would emerge torn and frayed to matchwood.

John pointed across the river. A cow moose and her calf had come out of the bush and were standing on the steep bank directly across from us. Both looked back, as if they feared pursuit; possibly coyotes, or a cougar, had been after the young one. The calf was

staggering, worn-out. It was all legs; John says it could not have been more than three days old.

Though she must have seen us, the cow moose paid no attention to John and me. For a minute she seemed to be studying the stream and its current. Then suddenly she leapt from the bank into the yellow flood and struck out for our side, with never a backward glance toward her calf. It was but a second or two before the baby moose plunged in too and disappeared from our sight, completely submerged; when it came up, it had been swept several yards downstream. It set out gamely to follow its mother, but for every foot of headway it made it was carried four times as far toward the falls. Only its mother could help it now — but when I looked upstream the cow moose, ignoring her calf, was continuing straight across the river.

'You brute — you wicked, cruel mother!' I cried. (John told me afterward.)

Although a moose is a powerful beast, and a great swimmer, the cow had to battle hard against the current to come almost squarely across the river. She reached the bank a little below where we stood and — still without looking to see what had become of her baby, or stopping to shake the water from her coat — crashed headlong into the forest.

John and I started to run along the curving riverbank. We had no hope that we could save the calf, but we simply had to keep that little dark head in sight. It was bobbing up and down like a forlorn cork. Trees were missing it by a hairsbreadth. Sometimes it was sucked under by the current, to emerge farther downstream. Always, however, it continued to make some headway toward our bank; it had passed midstream when John and I had to take a path through the woods where brush made the bank impassable.

We reached the river again at what ordinarily was a quiet pool of backwater, where the river bends sharply away. Now there was a great current sweeping around within the curving bank. As we reached its edge, we spotted the baby moose — it was being carried into that maelstrom, to be whirled around and swept out again into the main stream.

Then we stopped dead, for out of the bush across the bend from us crashed the cow moose. Now she saw her baby, and stopped

as if to gauge the speed and course of the current. A moment later she hurled herself down the bank and out into the river. Finally, with perfect timing, she turned about to face the shore and braced herself against the current, just as the calf, still swimming, was swept against her flank.

Quickly the mother changed her position ever so slightly, so that the pressure of the current, if it should sweep the calf away, would carry it closer to the bank. There she stood, waiting till her little one ceased to struggle and discovered that it was now in shallower water and could find a footing. Both then moved toward the bank, slowly and carefully, the mother still buttressing the calf against the thrust of the current. Soon the calf was only knee-deep in water. It wanted to stop there and rest, but the mother — now that she had overcome one hazard — no longer was contemptuous of our presence. She nosed her baby up the bank, and mother and calf disappeared in the woods.

Slowly John turned. Then — 'What are you crying about?' But his voice was n't very steady, and I knew I did n't have to answer.

MARY E. MATHESON

THE APPLE TREE OF OLD MAN MISERY¹

It was at Moriocourt, a tiny village, that the story happened. Moriocourt in former times had been illustrious. The owners of its proud castle were for six hundred years the descendants of pious Saint Hubert, and the hamlet always retained his protection and that of his relative, Saint Evron.

Well, at the time we speak of, in the oldest, smallest, and most decrepit of the miserable huts that constituted Moriocourt lived a poor old beggar by the name of Misery. He was so bent, so wrinkled, so skeleton-like, that one could have believed him a contemporary of Adam. For company he had only a dog named Baloufe, as old and thin as he. He did not own much more than his stick and a hundred-times-mended alms pouch. But at the back of his hut he had a garden, a bit of a garden, with one, and only one, tree — an apple tree, if you must know; but what an apple tree! It covered the garden and the hut with its shade when it was in leaf, and it was so

¹ Translated by E. Chavanon from a traditional legend of Northern France.

beautiful that nowhere could be seen the like, except, possibly, in Paradise.

Misery was as fond of his apples as he was of his dog — which is to say a great deal. But the urchins of all the surrounding hamlets were as fond of them as he was, and even before they were ripe those naughty boys would rush to steal them in the absence of the owner. So that when he went out on his begging trips he would tie Baloufe at the foot of the tree to frighten away the robbers.

One year the winter was so terrible that ice did not melt for two months. Water was frozen in the pails near the fireplaces; food was frozen in the larders; bread was frozen in the pantries. One night, when snow was deeper and wind harsher than usual, someone knocked at Misery's door. Amazingly, Baloufe did not bark, but wagged his tail with a show of gayety.

'For the love of God, open to me!' called a voice. 'I am so cold I cannot go further. Open or I die.'

Misery opened at once, saying, 'I certainly shall not leave you outside, poor fellow. Whoever you are, come on in and sit near my poor fire.'

The newcomer was also an old man, older even than Misery, and more bent, and his clothes were still more ragged.

'Old fellow,' Misery went on, 'you have tough luck; I have very little wood left, just these few sticks. However, I'll throw them into the flame. Warm yourself as much as you can; then you may share my bed, if you will. First I shall get you a small piece of good bread, which the charitable lord of our castle gave me this afternoon.'

Meanwhile Baloufe was licking the feet and the hands of the guest, which surprised his old master greatly. The following morning early, after a more or less comforting sleep, Misery on waking saw the other man up and ready to go.

'Do you have to leave me so soon?' he asked.

'Yes,' came the answer. 'I go now; my task is done. For I am not the beggar you think, but Saint Evron, ancestor of your lords, and pleased to know that my great-great-grandnephew is charitable. God sent me around to test the goodness of people, and it was most discouraging. I knocked at the doors of rich and poor; no one would receive me. You alone, Misery, the most beggarly of all, had great pity on me. You

shall be rewarded. What wish would you have come true?’

Misery, fallen on his knees, was at first spellbound, then he cried: ‘That is why Baloufe licked you, holy Saint! Forgive me for not receiving you better. I did what I could.’

‘I know it well, my son. Now tell me what you would like.’

‘I did not receive you for any recompense,’ Misery said proudly, ‘and indeed I need nothing.’

‘Nothing!’ the Saint exclaimed. ‘What about never wanting wood? . . . White bread? . . . Foaming cider? . . . Or lots of money? . . . No?’ Misery was shaking his head. ‘What about a farm with meadows and fields? . . . Would you become a count? A duke? Or a prince? Answer, Misery, or I’ll accuse your pride.’

‘Since you ask it, great Saint Evron,’ Misery said at last, ‘here’s my wish: May anyone who climbs on my apple tree stay stuck there until I allow him to be free.’

‘All right,’ said the Saint, ‘as you said. But you should rather, my son, have asked for your salvation.’ Upon which he disappeared.

As you may expect, the blessing of Heaven’s messenger brought luck to Misery. He got his alms pouch well filled every time he went begging, and in due season his apple tree was covered with the most splendid apples. Misery did not leave Baloufe home this time. The urchins came at once, and all got caught in the branches.

‘I’ll allow you to get down now,’ Misery declared to them, when he came back, ‘but you will know first what my dog’s teeth mean.’ The lesson worked. No apple robbers came again.

However, one autumn morning Misery heard his name called thrice in a most lugubrious tone. Baloufe at once howled, and his old master, much afraid, did not feel like answering. Yet he finally half-opened his door. Who was there if not Death himself!

‘What are you here for, Master?’

‘Upon my word, to get you!’

‘Already?’

‘Already! Should you not thank me, who spared you for so long — you so old, so bent, and so poor?’

‘Not so poor, Master, not so poor. And not so old, either; I was only ninety-nine at my last birthday, I think. And not so bent as you.’

‘Anyway, come along. You will be better, where I shall take you, than here.’

‘Maybe so. I’ll get ready . . . but would you mind very much, meanwhile, picking from my apple tree the last three of my apples? I’d gladly eat them on the way.’

Death acquiesced, climbed up the tree, picked the apples, smiling, and then wished to come down.

‘Is this apple tree bewitched?’ he howled. ‘Misery, come and help me!’

‘You look very well there. You can stay,’ Misery laughed. ‘I’m in no hurry to go to Heaven yet.’ And he resumed his quiet life.

Nobody died that month in Moriocourt, nor in Riocourt and Helicourt, in surrounding towns or elsewhere. Nobody died the next month, the whole year and the following ones. Nobody died for ten years, for fifty. People were not the happier for it; they grew far too many. There was a shortage of wheat; hunger did not kill people, but it tortured them. There were desperate fights; the most horrible wounds were no longer mortal. The world was more and more filled with old men, all deaf, blind, crippled, or bedridden.

At last someone espied Death in the apple tree. Those who tried to free him were similarly caught. Then they called on old Misery: ‘Give us back Death. One lives too long; it is not bearable. We want Death.’

The old fellow understood all the harm he had wrought. ‘I shall let you free,’ he said to Death, ‘but not before you have promised me that you will not call me or Baloufe before I myself have called you three times.’

‘I do swear it,’ Death answered, ‘and shall fix that matter with the great Saint Evron.’ He jumped quickly down, and at once sent to Heaven — or to Hell — all the old men of Moriocourt, Riocourt, Helicourt, neighboring and faraway towns.

As for Misery and his dog, you have certainly met them. Satisfied with his life, the centenarian beggar has not yet once called Death. . . . And that is why, if you did not know it, MISERY is eternal.

THE STATE OF THE LANGUAGE

'For the ear trieth words, as the mouth tasteth meat'

THE KING'S ENGLISH IS DIFFERENT

FROM that wide-ranging English editor and publicist, S. K. Ratcliffe, come some arresting observations prompted by remarks of mine on characteristic differences between British and American uses of language. Writing aboard the *Mariposa* at Suva, he says among other things: 'I think it would be found that, in general, English practice involves a somewhat greater exactness: that is, the use of words which do not need to be explained. Thus, an English person knows precisely what is meant by *blind*, *shutter*, *button*, *stud*, *biscuit*, *cracker* — while in every one of these cases a definition would be needed in America if precision were being aimed at. And so with such terms as *highball*. When we say *whiskey-and-soda*, that is that. But when an American orders a *highball* he has to tell what it is to consist of.

'In England *underground* is not the same as *subway*, although, since the consolidation of London transport (you say *transportation*), *underground* is the general label. The old *underground* corresponded roughly to the New York *subway*: it is near the surface. If we say we are going by *underground*, we don't need to add which; if we are going by the *Tube*, which is the deeper system, we say *tube*. Economy and precision at once. Similarly, *tart* is not the equivalent of *pie*. If we meant the round plate-pie general in America, we should give it a name that could not be mistaken; over the greater part of England the London usage of *tart* for what you call *deep-dish pie* is looked upon as just feeble cockney. Lancashire and Yorkshire know just what is meant by *pie*, when attached to apple, plum, or pork! Again, take an example that used to amuse me when the newspapers were struggling with the domesticities of Calvin Coolidge: the difficulty they had in telling how C. C. lived in Massasoit Street — one half of a two-family house, and so forth. We should have said simply that his house was semi-detached, and every child would have known.

'The silly word *definitely* replaced, perhaps, *distinctly*, which was all over our writing and speech thirty years ago. *Definitely* has spread much farther. "Definitely vague" is not uncommon! But after all, it *may* be exact. Marlene undoubtedly was definitely lip-sticked (or stuck!). The definitely painted on the mainland, or aboard this ship, are definitely marked off from the other uglified women!

'Many English people, of course, use and misuse the word *quite* absurdly. *Quite!* meaning "Just so; I agree; Exactly; I know," and so forth, is tiresome. But not all of us say it, though a small minority actually use it all the time. The plain fact is that *quite* is one of the unvarying marks of the American. It is everywhere in his speech, in the speech of every American. And he makes no variation: he has no alternative. He does not say *a long time*, *a good while*, *sometime*, *a few weeks*, or anything else of the kind. He says *quite a while*. He heard *quite a speech*, read *quite an article*, met *quite a fellow*. A tolerable distance is *quite a ways*. If he has a hard job on hand, it is *quite a proposition*. He goes to a place that is *quite a town*, chums up with *quite a guy*, even praises a first-rate woman as *quite a girl*. We in England do not speak so. We have all sorts of silly or feeble or inadequate expressions; but they vary from person to person, group to group, district to district.

'For many years past I have been looking out for an individual comment from an American, man or woman, when a little, or even a considerable, trouble, accident, or whatever is mentioned. Do this in England, and you will of course hear some easy, careless, thoughtless remark: "I'm sorry to hear that; How rotten; How sicken-

ing; A pity; You *were* unlucky; How beastly" — and so on, anything. In America I have noted, perhaps twice or three times in five years, one variant, from a man: "Tough luck." But the fewest times only, year after year. The ritual phrase comes with certainty, always, everywhere, from every kind of person and whatever the occasion: "*Too bad!*" I have the honor to say that this is (of course with the one exception of the American response which has got into the currency of the world, "O. K.") the most universal, peculiar, incessant bit of language ever established by any people. And, bad as we are in England, — illiterate, sloppy, slack, parrot-like, — we have so far not achieved anything at all like it.'

THE DRAGNET

AGAIN THE MANGLED INFINITIVE. From a former editor of the *Atlantic* comes this note on a former President of the United States: —

Apropos of the split infinitive, I am tempted to quote what President Cleveland once said to me about it. He had been criticized for carelessness in this respect, and was defending himself. I said: "'To grope dimly' seems to me better than 'To dimly grope.'" 'Yes,' answered Cleveland, 'but, Perry, *it don't always mean the same thing.*' — BLISS PERRY

TO END A SENTENCE WITH. A dozen or more alert correspondents point out that an occasional sentence of mine ends on *with* or *to*; some of them charge a mere misdemeanor, others a felony. The principal of the West Intermediate School of Jackson, Michigan, asks more noncommittally: —

Does this mean that you condone and encourage the use of the preposition as a proper word with which to end a sentence? — O. H. EPPERSON

Yes and No. The one obvious consideration against the practice is that the terminal preposition does not commonly assist the emphasis we expect at the end of a well-formed sentence. But unnaturalness can be much worse than thwarted emphasis; it will generally thwart emphasis, anyway. John S. Kenyon of Hiram College, in a fine article in the Autumn 1938 *American Scholar*, cites examples of the ruinous sort of pedantic stiffness — e.g., Galsworthy's 'turning to see at what she was looking' — and contrasts them devastatingly with such passages as Matthew 27.7 and Lowell's magnificent 'soil good to be born on, good to live on, good to die for and to be buried in.' To these I add a sentence from Holmes: 'The body has been called "the house we live in"; the house is quite as much the body we live in.' In fine, 'A preposition is a poor word to end a sentence with' is not at all a poor sentence. All of which, pray note, is a little different from saying that we should end a sentence with a preposition wherever we can.

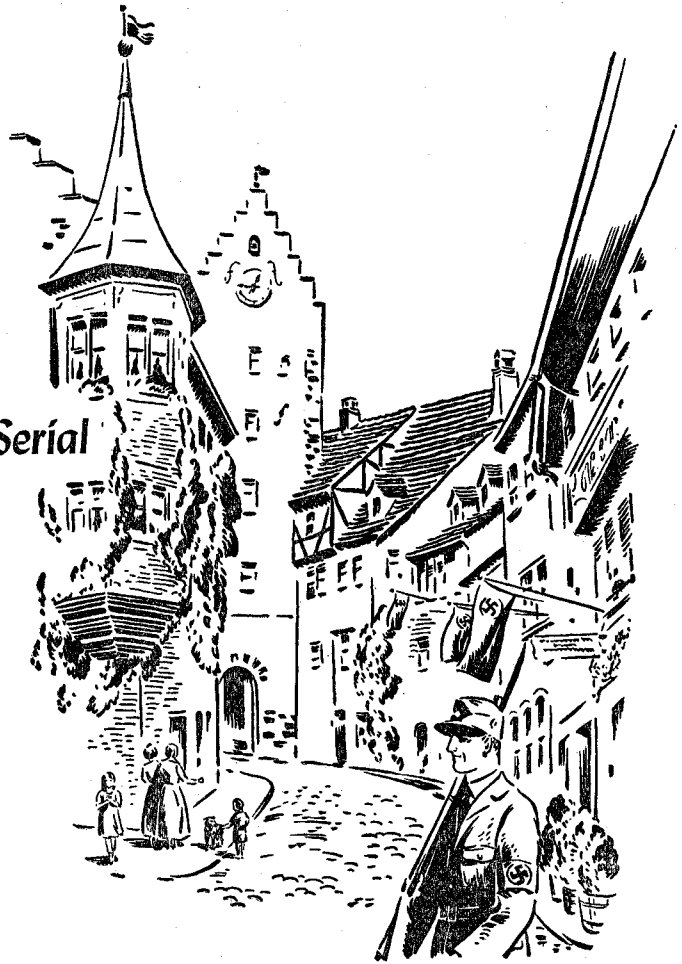
BY AND LARGE. From Red Wing, Minnesota, comes a pertinent query: —

One construction that seems recently to have found favor is *by and large* as a substitute for 'generally speaking' or 'in general.' Is this combination of words elliptical or illogical? *By* what and *large* what? — ANDREW ESTREM

By the wind, but not *large* anything; this *large* being not adjective, but adverb. It is, I suspect, true that the expression is of late inexplicably fashionable. It is itself far from recent, being, of course, one of our vast number of nautical locutions from the era of sail. A vessel, when tacking or beating, sails *by* (= beside, close to) the wind, or 'full-and-by'; if able to make good her course without tacking, she sails 'free' or *large* (cf. *at large*), or with a free wind, as when the wind is abaft the beam.

WILSON FOLLETT

The Atlantic Serial



Reaching for the Stars

BY
Nora Waln

CHAPTERS 14 TO 26

The beginning of REACHING FOR THE STARS

From the day in June 1934 when Nora Wahn motored with her husband across the Belgian frontier, she was faced with the difficult human problem of trying to understand and interpret, without bitterness or malice, the new Germany. From the beginning this problem revolved about and was resolved for her by the Germans themselves — the human beings she met in the Rhineland, Vienna, Czechoslovakia, and at Dresden.

Hers had been a patient training in brotherly love. Born and brought up in a Quaker household in Pennsylvania, she learned as a child the fearlessness, kindness, and tolerance of the Quakers. She learned also a love for another people and their culture, — the Chinese, — for her family had for a century traded with the great House of Lin. After graduating from Swarthmore, she went to China, where she was admitted as an adopted daughter within the Lin family circle — an intimate experience in the understanding of another people which she has described in her first book, *The House of Exile*. Early in her stay she fell in love with an Englishman in the service of the Chinese Customs, and after their marriage she lived on in China till 1932. Following her husband's retirement, they went to France, where he spent eighteen months in pursuing his early love — the study of music. Then he decided to go to the Rhine Valley to continue his studies.

On the way to Germany, motoring through Belgium, Nora Wahn was prepared for some of the conflicts she was to meet in the *Reich* — first by a Belgian woman who had known the Germans through the trying years of their invasion, and who distrusted and feared their conscientious desire to order life for everyone's good, whatever the means or cost; second by a German in Eupen-Malmédy who longed for the day when 'the Leader' would rescue him and his fellow Germans from the unfair Belgian rule and restore them to the Fatherland.

Everything that met her eyes in Germany made her aware of a new order, a strict, authoritative régime of nationalistic pride and powerful direction: the disciplined customs officials, the formalities of pass cards, the Labor Corps, the Hitler youth, the radio speeches, the road signs — 'Germans, while you enjoy life in the Fatherland, remember your brothers in the Saar,' 'Hitler — Work and Bread,' 'Thank the Führer for 415,673 hours of work.'

But underlying these stern aspects of the new order were the warm and beautiful elements of German life and character — the music, the walks, the *Gemütlichkeit* of inns, the happy, healthy children, the family life. In these things she found the human bonds that linked German life to the life she had known among the Pennsylvania Dutch — the love of flowers and forests, the beauty of music and folk traditions, the devotion to home and kin.

Yet these very things made all the more shocking and disconcerting to her the contrasts between the morality and deep-hearted tenderness and nobility of the German people and the blindness and cruelty of their fierce nationalistic pride. The warmongering she heard over the radio, the concrete examples of persecution of innocent people, the desertion of the cause of free speech and of loyalty to kin and neighbors, the frightened desire to keep free of politics and to accept without discussion the new tenets of Hitler's government, the blind obedience, the spying, made her determine in her first horror and revulsion to leave Germany. But her loyalty to her husband, and her realization that she could not run away from life and that only through love and understanding of each other can men be civilized, kept her there.

So she found a house for them to settle in, and set herself to learning to know the German people. She listened to the radio. She talked with Nazi officials and with shopkeepers, with musicians, teachers, and intellectuals who had been made to suffer. She went to high-school programmes, national celebrations, amusement places, and private homes. Officials and civilians all welcomed her warmly. An appreciative German publisher asked permission to bring out a German edition of her *House of Exile*. But when she went to the Customs to receive some boxes of her favorite books she had sent for, an official censored them with a 'black list.' Watching him nail fast the box of banned books that must leave the *Reich*, she felt each blow shake her as if it closed a coffin and beat a funeral dirge for the Germany whose wisdom many of those books reflected.

'Is that Germany dead?' she asked herself. 'Or does she lie as Snow White in a trance from eating a poisoned apple?' That is the question which absorbed her during the months to come as she kept her record of life within Nazi Germany. . . .

With each twelve months of the Atlantic
**THREE GREAT BOOKS
OF THE YEAR**

REACHING FOR THE STARS

BY NORA WALN

XIV

ON right and left my dinner companions were Rhineland merchants — merchants 'ruined' by post-war conditions, so they said. They told me of the loveliness of life here before the war, of peace suddenly broken in a beautiful summer — a summer when one had rooms at Le Zoute booked for August, and the other was on his honeymoon in the Baltic. They spoke of a Germany unprepared; of the closing in of a net by jealous encircling nations; of the bravery of their friends at the front; of the courage of German women.

It was a long dinner. They mentioned fourteen promises not kept by their foe; a forced democracy; a food blockade; invasion by black troops; inflation; Jews who got rich; disorder; immorality rampant; reparations; Bolshevism — on and on they talked to me, explaining why they needed their *Führer* and what a blessing his coming is to their race and nation.

At another dinner party we were twelve at table. The cooking was excellent, the service unobtrusive, and the menu not too long.

We had asparagus soup; roast back of venison, chestnuts and Brussels sprouts, potato puffs, sliced orange, and a dry Bordeaux; then snowballs of ice cream in different flavors; and coffee. The china was from Florence, the silver Danish, the glass Czechoslovakian; the guests, with the exception of ourselves, all German.

Talk was of many things, but prin-

cipally of music and how music is similar and different in various lands. Then I drew attention to myself, uncomfortably, by my reply to a question from my host. He asked if I was finding opportunity to see and do the things I should like in Germany; and I answered that I should have liked to go to the All-German Harvest Festival in the Harz.

I knew about the festival because Rüdiger and Otto had written a long letter about it. 'The Harvest' is celebrated as a school vacation in Germany, a break several days long, and they went to the National Socialist Thanksgiving in happy company with peasants from the farm of Otto's uncle. Tillers of the soil from every valley, plain, and hill in the *Reich* were invited. All were asked to come in native costume. Rüdiger and Otto wore the garb of peasants from the uncle's farm.

Our farmer from Eupen-Malmédy was there also. He sent us a picture postcard from Hameln, the town of the Pied Piper. He wrote on it that he was there because farmers of German blood from beyond the frontiers drawn by the Treaty of Versailles were especially wanted. He closed his greeting with the proud exclamation, 'We Germans are one folk with one Leader!'

More than a million farmers had assembled, the majority bringing their wives and children. Trains and buses put them down at Hameln. From here they must walk up the long hills of the

Harz. From the summit of the granite Bückeberg a noted conductor and his orchestra called to them with music, playing well-known German tunes, thus helping them to climb.

In the purple and orange, green and blue and crimson, of their costumes they were a brilliant crowd, thronging up through the autumn-tinted trees to the gray boulders of the mountain top. When they had gathered round as closely as possible, Herr Hitler spoke to them from the loftiest rock, his voice relayed to the farthest edges of the crowd through loud-speakers. 'In years to come our Government will stand as a rock of order and stability towering above the Red Flood' was in his speech. Then came magnificent fireworks. A thousand rockets scattered golden stars. The peaks of the Harz smoked like volcanoes and burst into flame.

Hour after hour these flares of red light rose and fell, flickering gigantically against the night sky. There were food and drink in plenty for everyone. And on and on the enthusiastic conductor led the assembly in community singing. Songs known throughout the Fatherland were interspersed with folk songs which had been carefully gathered from the byways of the *Reich*. When the conductor introduced such a song just a few voices would join in; but if it had true German feeling it would belong to the vast throng before it had been repeated three times. Soon more than a million lusty voices would send it echoing down the valleys of the Harz.

In description of the gathering, Rüdiger and Otto had used this expression: '*Er lebt. Der Volkstrom ist ein Geist. Er lebt*' — literally, 'It is alive. The folk-stream is a spirit. It lives.'

This had seemed a marvelous festival when I read the letter. Now, as I spoke of it, I was suddenly conscious that all other conversation round the table had stopped. There was a strange element in the silence.

Finally a man said, 'You will certainly

have a chance to go another time. The National Socialists have made this an annual gathering.'

He dropped this into the vacuum — yet general conversation did not restart. I noticed several people crumbling their bread. At last a woman looked directly at me and held my gaze. She asked: 'Have you read *Faust*?'

I had n't.

'At least you have heard the opera?'

I had — several times.

'Don't you realize that the Bückeberg in the Harz, this same granite summit from which Herr Hitler speaks annually to assembled multitudes, is the mountain to which Mephistopheles led Faust?' Her tone was hard, accusing; then it softened. '*Faust* is the story of a man who sold himself to the Devil — at first he was pleased and then he was sad. Goethe did not spin *Faust* from his imagination. Goethe — the greatest of our thinkers — made this drama of our folk legends. He carried the manuscript with him sixty years — working on it and reworking it. *Faust* is us — us in a way perhaps no foreigner can understand.'

XV

Another evening we were guests at a house where taste and wealth had combined to create a home into which it seemed right that art treasures from all over the world should be gathered.

Candles glowed on the table, their flame reflected on the polished board; but the night was moonlit and the curtains had not been drawn. Generous windows gave a view of the mountain-side sloping irregularly down to where the Rhine flowed, a silver river between silvered banks.

A Chinese Goddess of Mercy, a beautiful figure, stood in a niche of the dining-room wall. Bronze chrysanthemums had been laid at her feet.

Our host and hostess were friends of German friends of ours in China, and this was the first time we had met them.

He is a noted scholar, a man who has devoted his life to the study of early man, with special emphasis on the Germanic race.

After dinner there was music, selections from composers before Bach. Nearly everyone played and sang. The set of songs I liked best were given by our hostess, songs similar to Elizabethan lyrics and sung to a harpsichord.

At the close of the evening we were asked to stay on a few minutes after the others had gone.

When we were alone with them our host said: 'We had hoped that we should see much of you when you came to Germany. From the letters of our friends in China we feel we know you. But the way of our life has changed. I have been dismissed from my place at the university here. I have been invited to the university at Madrid. Elfriede thinks we should go.'

'We must go. We must get away from here. We must live where there is human freedom,' Elfriede declared with quiet intensity.

'It might be best if we stayed here. I could work on my researches here at home. I do not know if I ought to do it,' said he. 'My wife has always been wealthy. This house is hers, from her grandmother; her dowry supports it. She has always lived in luxury. She cannot understand what living on a professor's salary will mean.'

'Helmut — that is not fair. I'm not a slave to materialism.'

'No, *Liebling*, thou art not. Forgive me.'

They seemed to have forgotten us, and we rose to go. But they wanted us to stay.

'It is like this,' he explained. 'I was a poor boy — a schoolmaster's son in a little village. My parents contrived and I contrived. I got through the university. I was a teacher. I studied; I wrote things. I never gave any attention to politics. We Germans have a deep sight, but not a broad sight. I looked only at

my own subject. I did not work for the National Socialists. I did not work against them. I never thought about them except to be sad when my brother-in-law mixed in politics and was killed. I thought just of my own subject. The book I worked on for years was published a month ago. The last twelve years every thought I have n't given to the book I have spent on building up my department at the university. My department has a reputation — a reputation among scientists in Germany and beyond.'

'The book is wonderful,' put in his wife. 'It is a big book with dozens of illustrations. People like it. It is a costly book, yet it has sold more than a thousand copies in a month. It has not been forbidden — it was on sale in town this morning.'

'I got my dismissal in a letter from Berlin, which came eight days ago. It says that I may no longer teach or lecture in the *Reich*. I took the letter to the head of the university. He had received no notification from Berlin; he said I had best go up to the Bureau of Education about it. I wrote for an appointment, but got no answer. I went up. At first it seemed I should never get past the clerks. Each person encountered in the bureau said, "It is not usual to question decisions of the *Reich*." Finally I did see the Minister. He said the same thing, and no more. I said, "Then I presume all I can do is to say good-bye" — and he replied, "That would be the wisest course."'

'The wisest course is to leave Germany quickly,' declared Elfriede.

'I think, think, think all the time — what can I have done to sweep away my work like this? I lectured that week in Düren. It was a lecture on the Goths — what could I have said that was not allowed? I spoke only of the eastern Goths, their movements, their disappearance — the sagas. Or was it something else — something I did —'

'It is futile to do that puzzling, Hel-

mut. We are fortunate,' added his wife, 'that he had this invitation to lecture in Madrid just at this time. We can be off at once now.'

'Can you pack in a week?' I asked.

She looked puzzled; then smiled, a sad smile that twisted one's heart. 'You do not understand, of course. We shan't be able to take many things. Germans who leave their Fatherland today cannot take much. We are under a shadow — we do not know why. But we do know one thing with certainty. If we leave we shall be listed as traitors — my fortune, forfeit to the state, will go into the coffers of National Socialism. It is not the loss of the money I shall mind; but strangers — such strangers — in my grandmother's house!'

In less than a week they were gone. I heard of their departure through a couple who had been our fellow guests at their house. They had gone quietly, without saying farewell even to relatives or their most intimate friends.

Sometime later these friends showed me a Berlin newspaper. It contained an article on 'traitors against the *Reich* whose fortune is forfeit to the state' and gave a list of names. There were seventeen in the column, some of them world-famous. The names of our former host and hostess were on the list.

I was reminded that the professor had had a brother-in-law who had mixed in politics and was killed. I asked about this brother-in-law, and learned that during the Republic he was an outspoken Social Democrat. When President von Hindenburg appointed Herr Hitler Vice Chancellor on January 30, 1933, this man issued a pamphlet warning citizens against the encroaching dangers of dictatorship. After the Reichstag fire on February 27, he stated without reserve his opinion that the National Socialists had done this themselves to unloose a wave of terror and ride to power on it.

He worked hard to oppose them in the March elections, and issued a pamphlet

against the proclamation of the anti-Jewish boycott of April 1933. He tried to form a league of men and women organized to fight the 'Law of April 7' when published, because he felt that its 'reform of the organization of the *Reich*' simply meant the handing of government over to complete Nazi control. He issued a pamphlet telling Catholics that the Concordat signed between Hitler and the Vatican on July 8 would be betrayed by Hitler as soon as he had made what use he could of the Catholics.

On July 16, not quite six months after Hitler became Vice-Chancellor, a law was published forbidding all parties except the National Socialist Party. Shortly afterwards this man went for a walk one evening and did not return. At Christmas the wife shot their five-year-old son and herself 'while of unsound mind.' She had that morning received a package — a cigar box marked with a swastika and the word 'traitor' before her husband's name. It contained ashes.

I was not yet used to things like that, and recovered consciousness to find the narrator splashing cold water on my face and neck. My friend was crying quietly, as she scolded me: 'You have got to learn to steel yourself against shock. This thing is n't going to end in Germany — or in Europe.'

XVI

It was Christmas Eve. Marie was home from Switzerland for the holidays, Brenda spending hers with her grandmother in London. We had been invited to enjoy the festival with a family living some distance away. Ready before the others, I looked at the Christmas number of a magazine while waiting and, attracted by the ideal in it, read this: —

The Holy Night festival in German lands is not an invention of the Christian Church. It is an age-old custom handed down to us

from our remote ancestors. The day of the Winter Solstice was sacred to them, and the period round it was a holy season. Down through the ages to the present day the true German gives himself to good deeds without the ulterior motive of expecting a reward from Heaven. For us the Christmas festival must be forever a festival of well-doing.

We were off. It was a long way, a winding way through town and countryside. The Christmas markets were still open, but their stalls were nearly empty of dolls, toy furniture, engines, dappled horses, woolly lambs, colored balls, tinsel, gilded cones, candies, fruits, and nuts. Folk hurrying home had their arms full of parcels. Every cluster of houses, no matter how large or small, had its *Christbaum*, a tall evergreen tree standing in the open, its graceful branches decorated and ready to light at dusk, a star on its highest tip.

Each person we saw appeared engrossed with Christmas. A woman was busy setting a row of white candles in her front window. A man pulled a cart heaped with red-berried holly. Mistletoe in a great bunch swung on the back of a broad-shouldered youth in soldier uniform. A girl with Gretchen plaits herded geese through a roadside gate, hampered by a basket of bright apples in one hand and a basket of hazelnuts in the other. Axe in his belt, a handsome brown-bearded giant strode forward carrying a hemlock on his shoulder, whistling '*Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht.*'

Warmly dressed, we opened the car windows. Crisp and cool the December air blew in. Up and up wound the way into a place of pointed firs. Snow had fallen. We saw the tracks of deer, and then a deer. These were the scenes of the old German Christmas cards — this the same little red-breasted bird balancing serenely on a twig, these the houses, the villages, the people. 'He is almighty and strong who at Christmas was born,' sang a farmer unharnessing his team in a barnyard shed.

On and on we went. My heart sang.

I was happy — happy to have Marie, happy to be traveling through a German Christmas-card landscape to Christmas in a German home.

'There is Saint Nick's reindeer!' cried Marie, pointing to a wood. He stood at its edge, a handsome buck with finely antlered head.

The road dipped, leading into a valley threaded with villages — villages as charmingly built as the others we had passed, but strangely quiet. Dusk was gathering. Each had its *Christbaum*; yet none were lit. At the entrance and exit of every village, and sometimes before houses, stood a sign against Jews.

'*Juden dürfen hier nicht bleiben*' (Jews must not stay here) — '*Wer die Juden unterstützt fördert den Kommunismus*' (Who helps the Jews helps the Communists) — '*Juden unerwünscht*' (Jews not wanted) — '*Deutschland! erwache aus deinem bösen Traum, gib fremden Juden in deinem Reich nicht Raum!*' — (Germany! awake from thy bad dream, give stranger Jews in thy Reich no room!) — '*Juda, entweiche aus unsrem deutschen Haus!*' (Judah, vanish from out our German house!) — these were among the things we read. The writings before house doors were on white sheets stretched between two posts thrust into the ground and plainly lettered in black. They all had to do with women either married or engaged to men of Jewish blood. They were personal allusions to that girl or woman, and of a sexual vileness I would not have believed had I not seen them.

The signs continued, and there was one at the entrance of the village above which stands the *Schloss* of our host.

'Where,' I thought, 'where are the sons of those Saxons who put into their tribal laws the peace of Josephus?'

We arrived and were welcomed. We took off our things in the wing assigned to us, admired the big tiled stove in each of our rooms, went down to where the household were gathered. We had met our host and his wife but once, at a

house in Coblenz, and they had generously invited us to see a real German Christmas. They introduced us to their children, other relatives, and friends.

A pleasant wine was served. We had conversation, and more conversation. Supper was expected. We had been told that it would be early so that there would be time for the singing of carols, the compulsory listening to the Government broadcast, and the tree before going to midnight Mass. Supper did not come. I noticed that our hostess pulled a bell — pulled it again after a short interval. No one came. Then, outwardly composed, she pulled it steadily while taking part in the general conversation.

At last the man who had served the wine appeared.

'Is the food not yet ready?' she asked.

'The cooking is done,' he replied, 'but I cannot serve it. There is a Jewess among you.'

'Frau von D—— is a Catholic — three generations a Catholic. You have served her every Christmas Eve since you entered our service.'

'I do not serve her any longer. I am a good German, a *Kerndeutscher*.'

'You know well that she is a good German and that her husband was *Kerndeutsch* — he fell fighting for our country.'

'I obey the Party. I do not hand food to a woman of Jewish blood ever again.'

'Very well,' our hostess answered. 'The children will serve. You have been with us twenty-three years. You can pack your things and go.'

'You cannot dismiss me. I belong to the Party. You can't put my wife and me out of our quarters.'

'That will do,' interposed the master of the house. 'You may stay until after Christmas, but you will not appear abovestairs again.'

'No,' said the butler. 'It won't do, and you had best not annoy me. I know too much about you, — international pacifist.'

'Get out! I am master here!' Their eyes met and wills clashed.

The man who had been butler for twenty-three years dropped his gaze, thrust his head forward on a bull neck, and advanced a step with clenched fists. 'I have a book with every illegal telephone call and visitor you have received listed in it — with hour and date. You read the *London Times* — you are often in the borderlands.'

'Go!'

The butler turned and was gone. Then our host said gently: 'It is Christmas Eve — please forgive my roughness, my friends.'

We were a company of sixteen in the room, among us several middle-aged women, and I had not distinguished which one might be 'of Jewish blood.' Now a pretty woman announced, 'I will leave. I should not have come.'

'No — no, Röscl,' exclaimed our hostess. 'No — you are always here at Christmas. We love you.'

'Aunt Rosa!' The children pressed round her. 'Aunt Rosa, you can't go. You can't go when we are in trouble. You belong to us. You stayed when we had scarlet fever!'

'Richard, don't let her go,' our hostess was crying.

'She is not leaving,' promised our host. 'Sit down, Röscl — you are one of us. We are all Germans — Germans in trouble — Germans caught in an *Alpdruck*.'

(An *Alpdruck* is a nightmare in which the dreamer feels pressed down as with the weight of the Alps.)

We went in to supper. The table was decked with a beautiful linen cloth and adorned with evergreen, gilded cones, and gay Christmas ribbon. I have no memory of what there was to eat. No one could eat, but all made a pretense. The children served, and then a man came and took the task away from them.

He was Erich, the chauffeur, and he said, 'Cook and I are against the con-

duct of that fool — he is a poor deluded sleepwalker.'

'*Wir sind ein schlafwandelndes Volk,*' responded our host.

Staring at them, I thought that perhaps this was the answer to German conduct, and said it over several times to myself: 'We are a sleep-wandering people.'

The parents seemed to have forgotten that they had children and that this was Christmas Eve. All we adults round the table were preoccupied with our thoughts, but Erich did not forget. He urged the little ones to partake of things he handed, he whispered to them, he brought smiles, he even hummed '*O Tannenbaum! O Tannenbaum! wie grün sind deine Blätter*' — reminding them that the Christmas tree followed supper.

Then our hostess roused herself. She told a German legend of Mary, the Mother of Christ. Mary, walking through a winter wood where snow and ice covered ground and trees, met a hungry child. Mary bent down to a frozen rosebush, pressing it against her breast. And while the child watched the frost melted, the bush became green; it put forth buds, and roses opened as by the kiss of a June sun — the most fragrant and beautiful roses ever seen. An apple tree that stood near saw this and broke from the grasp of winter, came into flower and leaf; little apples formed, grew, and ripened — all while the child watched. Mary gave the child to eat of the fruit and her hunger was fed. Mary filled the child's apron with fruit, loaded her arms with roses, and sent her home.

From the supper table we went to stand before the salon doors and sing. Then the doors slid wide and there was a lovely hemlock soaring to the ceiling of the great room, a dark green tree lit with white candles.

Beneath the tree stood a *Krippe* — all the figures of the story of the night of the Christ child's birth, beautifully made. And on low tables on either side

were the Christmas gifts. Then I saw that the helpers of the *Schloss* had joined us — but not the quarrelsome butler. Master and mistress, children, helpers, and guests joined hands; circling the tree, we sang carols of the Child born in Bethlehem.

After this the father, aided by his two sons, gave out the gifts. Happiness came now, as there were many surprises. Few gifts had been bought; nearly everything had been handmade by the donor, carefully hidden from sight during the past year whenever the one who was to get it came near.

Die Bescherung, or gift giving, was interrupted while the radio was turned on for the Government's Christmas Eve broadcast. This was addressed 'to all Germans, particularly those beyond the present borders of the *Reich*.' Herr Hitler's deputy gave it, and there was announcement that it would be repeated twice on Christmas Day. It was: —

The world knows to-day, and politicians of other nations have recognized this, that thanks are due to the *Führer* alone that the peace of Europe was preserved during the past year when it was often in grave danger. His prudent hand and reassuring declarations have shown him to be a statesman of world-wide capacity. Germans abroad need no longer be ashamed of their Fatherland. They can be proud of it. No doubt many other nations prefer that other Germany which bowed to every foreign command no matter how humiliating or deadly — the Germany of party strife, self-mutilation, economic decay, unemployment, Bolshevik disintegration. They would have preferred Germany to yield up the *Reichswehr's* last machine gun. Prowling foxes always prefer helpless mice to prickly hedgehogs.

In the fable by Wilhelm Busch, the fox on meeting a hedgehog said to him, 'Don't you know that peace has been declared, and that it is a crime against the King's command to go armed? Hand over your skin.' And the hedgehog made reply: 'First have your teeth drawn, then we can talk' — thereupon he curled himself into a ball with projected spikes and faced the world armed but peaceful.

In spite of a promise given a once-confiding hedgehog, the other nations have shown that they were not willing to have their teeth drawn and so should not now take it amiss if the hedgehog, grown wise, prefers to possess defensive spikes. This is certainly safest for peace between fox and hedgehog.

When the radio was turned off no one in all the company said anything until a youth, who I learned later was a stable hand, said grimly: 'Well—I suppose that means conscription for army service is about on us.'

'What makes you think so, Hein?' asked our host.

'That speech following on what I heard last week. I was at one of those compulsory meetings listening to a man from the South. Just at the end he pointed at a graybeard sitting by me and shouted: "Grandfather, you won't have to wait long now to see your grandsons in the uniform you love."'

Nobody spoke further, and the opening of gifts was continued. Hein was given the parcel for the butler and his wife.

We sat there enjoying our presents until time to go to midnight Mass.

I had never attended a Catholic Mass. We stayed for three. I found them very beautiful. In the gracious services of the Church every one of us seemed to have found reassurance about life. The lines of apprehension that had marked faces were gone, replaced by those of serenity. When we came out into the early morning air a few stars were still in the sky.

Rösel, walking beside me, said, 'The Germans are a good people. This National Socialist Party is not representative. Its leaders are poor men sickened with longing for revenge on the defeat of 1918. They deserve our pity. I prayed God to forgive them, for they know not what they do.'

XVII

A fine damask covered the table. A low vase filled with *Primeln* stood on an

embroidered doily in the centre. It was Sibylla's turn to have the Reading Circle, and our custom to meet for *Abendbrot*, or 'evening bread.' They had had a membership limited to five before they took me in. Now places were regularly laid for six. In rotation, meeting by meeting, one member read aloud while the others sewed or knitted, always for charity and usually for Germans abroad—the Sudeten in Czechoslovakia, the Siebenbürgen in Hungary, the poor folk of Austria, the Saarländer, and the Süd Tirolers. The book must be worthwhile.

Just now we were having Theodor Storm's *Pole Poppenspüler*. The last reading had broken off where Paul and Lisei, separated since childhood, have recognized each other by the crucifix before the church. The others knew the end, but I did not; and it was a regulation of my admittance to their circle that I should never, privately, peer ahead into the story.

Helma had the turn to read. I was anxious that she should begin—begin before supper, or read at table.

'Certainly not. You cannot come here, *Ausländerin*, making rules. We eat first and then we read. That is our practice. Reading at table! Such manners! Have you no respect for Sibylla's food? We are here to enjoy eating as well as to read.'

The eating was good. Sibylla had a four-compartment *Vorspeisen* dish holding *Sardinen*, *Appetitsilt*, *Geräucherten Aal*, and *Gemüsesalat*; also raw tomatoes, salt and pepper, butter and toast. These we ate on small plates placed on little lace doilies on large dinner plates. *Vorspeise* is the appetite rouser.

Little plates and doilies were removed and we took the next course on the large plates—hard-boiled eggs, Westphalian ham, slices of cold veal, *Kümmelsülze*, pumpernickel, and rye bread; cheese of three kinds, radishes, and butter; and a choice of draft beer, ice-cold, or hot tea.

When we had finished and helped her clear up — Sibylla keeps no servant — we got our work and Helma opened the book. She read of the glad reunion of Paul and Lisei, their love, marriage, and their life up to the place where Lisei's father, the old player living in luxury in Paul's house, longs to give again, just once more before he dies, his old puppet show — and wants his daughter, now the proud Paul's wife, to help.

At the point where the old man pleads for this wish, Sibylla's doorbell rang. The book was put down, and Sibylla went to the door. She stayed away. We sewed and knitted. Helma took up the cross-stitch work she was doing on a dress for an unknown child in the mountains of Czechoslovakia.

At last Sibylla returned, her face deathly white. 'I may as well tell you now,' she said. 'Karl has lost his paper.' (Karl is Sibylla's twin brother.) 'He has lost his paper — but he is alive. They kept him five days. They took him last Monday — the family did not let me know. Ruth is here — she has been sent to tell me.' (Ruth is Karl's daughter.) 'They took him from the breakfast table — two young men in Party uniform. After five days they brought him home. He has signed a contract — sold the publishing business Grandfather and Father built up — given it in exchange for a farm.'

'Is Karl all right, Sibylla? Normal?'

Ruth had come in. 'Mother says he is like a man shell-shocked. Mother was a nurse in the war. She — she says he — he needs quiet.'

XVIII

The invitation to dinner was finely engraved on nice paper. I wrote an acceptance and went to post it. It was about ten o'clock of January 14, the morning after the Saar plebiscite. Asking for a stamp, I got one of a new issue, 'The Saar Comes Home,' picturing a pretty young mother receiving into her arms a bonny child.

'You had them ready in advance,' I commented.

'We did,' replied the clerk, handing me a tiny sponge on which to damp the glue. 'The poor Saar folk. The poor Saar folk.'

'Now they are home, they will soon forget their exile,' I consoled.

'Now they are Nazi property, their sugar feeding will stop and they will feel the heel and the whip like the rest of us.' And then he jerked himself up. '*Mein Gott!* What have I said!'

'Nothing except that the weather is fine,' I replied, and walked away.

If the reader should conclude that the Germany I saw in the winter of 1934–1935 gave the appearance of a sad and crushed land, then I shall have misled. Far from it. Music, dance, merriment, and enthusiasm were abundant in this world. My husband was in Germany for music. We went to opera several times a week, traveling here and there for it. Everywhere the opera houses were full. It was the same at concerts and theatres.

At the restaurants and amusement halls, — especially at the end of the month, which is pay day for many, — one could not get in if a little late in arriving. There seemed no end of balls celebrating various occasions. Cologne Carnival, with its motto 'Fool let fool pass,' opened on November 11, Fool's Day, rising through a crescendo of merriment to a climax on the night before Lent, when one heard the boast, 'Few in the city have slept for three nights past.'

Dissatisfaction was met but accidentally, and tragedy apparent only when stumbled on.

Lecturers stumped the Rhine Valley continuously, extolling the virtues of National Socialism — unheckled and uncontradicted. Hoping thus to widen my vocabulary, I became an attender, taken along by this and that acquaintance. I learned new words and phrases from ardent orators scorning liberalism,

and how to shout in a dozen ways that democracy is dead.

The theme 'Germany must keep the key to her breadbox in her own pocket' was presented so often that when a speaker neglected any of the tenets of this belief I could have risen from my seat to prompt him. I listened more than once to the prediction that within five years of his acceptance of the Vice Chancellorship Adolf Hitler would have the Treaty of Versailles torn to ribbons, and in ten the German legions would stand on the frontiers of the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk. I came to accept as usual the statement that in our lifetime we should see the Third *Reich*, an armed fortress, holding the peace of Europe secure.

I was often in company of massed crowds. They sang more easily than they cheered. When such ambitions as above were mentioned, they seemed unenthusiastic. Except when led into acclaim they were quiet.

One day I went to Renate's to give her some wool I had got from England. I found her in bed; not ill, just upset — upset over the continued arrests of Sisters of Mercy and their confinement in prisons under sentences of five or ten years of hard labor. She explained that these Catholic nuns had served their fellow Germans as true sisters of mercy during the war and the years that followed, nursing the sick and wounded, finding food and clothes for the hungry and cold.

She told how, when there was no more money in Germany for such use, they had gone to Holland, and succeeded in borrowing it. She emphasized that the German character is honest, and these Sisters are of the German people. They had given their word in Holland to repay, and they had been steadily repaying. Then, on October 1, an edict had suddenly been issued from Berlin forbidding any person to take more than ten marks over the frontier. They had tried to find some legal way to pay their debts —

tried to deal with Berlin about it — and failed. Now brave Sisters volunteered to take it over, and, if caught, to suffer what came.

'It is terrible,' Renate said, 'that these good women should be treated so. No gratitude shown for what they did in years not long past. And then the waste — the pitiful waste of it. They are needed — needed now to nurse the sick and tend the poor right here.'

The evening of the dinner party arrived. Our host was a National Socialist official. I sat on his left. He asked me my opinion of conditions in Germany, and I had his attention for my replies. Others were drawn into the talk. They were not rough people, or loud. They had the vigorous look of physical fitness which characterizes both men and women of the Party, and quick, frank ways of speech. All seemed to be ardent believers that through National Socialism leads a way to German salvation.

They were reassuring. I cannot explain how it was, nor remember distinctly what they said. But I came from that dinner reassured. I was won by earnestness and good words. That evening I wrote in my diary, 'There are honest and intelligent people in the National Socialist Party — people who deplore the same happenings as I do — people who strive to restrain the rough and ignorant — strong and capable men and women who may succeed.'

XIX

Spring came on as beautifully as any spring I ever saw. Snowdrop gave place to violet. Windflower spread a white carpet round the gray boles of the budding beeches. Misty bluebell and dainty lily-of-the-valley filled wooded glades. Forget-me-nots gave charm to banks, and wild iris stood in rows along marshy streams.

But before the first winds of spring shook perfume from the tight buds,

Germany suffered a sad fortnight. The local newspapers were peacefully busy reporting social discord in the neighboring nations of Europe and far-away Australia, India, and the United States; contrasting the sorry plight of people there with the accord in which the fortunate folk of Germany lived. In this fortnight I went twice to the cinema. Prior to a Greta Garbo feature I saw a strip depicting Bolshevik strife, rough and bloody, from which their *Führer* had saved Germans; and prior to Mickey Mouse a strip showing German soldiers of the old army embarking happily to war, cheered, embraced, and decorated with flowers by adoring womenfolk. In this latter strip the men were handsome, the women fair, the children sweet, and the photography lovely. It was attractive. I mentioned its charm to the stranger on my left. He muttered, 'Propaganda.'

During these days the National Socialist Secret Police made silent arrests. Late at night and early in the morning they took man after man from German homes. News of this was not published, but it traveled as if carried by the birds. Rumor gave the number of the taken at more than two hundred, whispering that all were of the cultured class. I knew three of the arrested. One of them was our host of Christmas Eve. They were taken without accusation and thrown into prison without trial.

As accurately as I could learn, this is how the arrests were made. The doorbell or knocker sounded. There stood two, or at most three, tall men with pairs of pistols in their belts — men between twenty-five and forty-five with the daily-dozen-followed-by-a-cold-shower look, the smoothly tailored uniform, the precise manner, the direct speech, which characterize the National Socialist Party. The chosen hour was one at which they would find the wanted man relaxed, surprising him at a meal or in bed. They asked for their victim and were admitted. He got together the

things they allowed him to have and went away with them.

Other members of the household behaved as if hypnotized. They had no faith that he would have a chance to free himself by any legal means, no hope that the courts of justice would be open to his use. Their minds were filled with memories of what they knew of others who had been taken in this way — disappearing forever, returned in a closed coffin, or, if let out alive, coming back starved in body and crazed in mind. Yet they did nothing. Family and friends let their man go. They neither stayed the arrestors nor insisted that they be arrested with him. They did nothing.

'It would have been of no use. We should have been shot.'

When he was gone they wept and made efforts to find out where he was kept so as to send him food, bedding, clean things. They pulled wires trying to get him released — getting somebody who knew somebody who knew somebody else with power to have him let out.

The man's church did not stand up in a body for his defense. The university where he had taken his degree made no move. Seemingly a German has no club or organization of any kind which looks to his protection. I had believed that the Student Corps were modeled on the principles of chivalry and supposed they would do something for their members in such cases, but learned that they do not.

So far as I was able to ascertain, there is no German group whatsoever to-day which publicly maintains that a German man should have an open trial in a German court, and that the judgment of that court is German justice. The persons I questioned told me that the present-day Germans have forgotten the use of the Saxon *thing*.

It seemed true. I saw and heard German men and women as yet unconnected with any such victim, as well as relatives and friends of a person so imprisoned,

rest their heads in their hands and cry in despair, 'We never had this in Germany before. It is not right. It is not right. But what can we do?' Many times I witnessed this.

There was much patient suffering. Also, very frequently, I heard a hope expressed: 'This terrible time will pass. It can't last. It will pass.' By some miracle, with no civic effort on the wisher's part, a Santa Claus, a fairy godmother, a Prince Bismarck, would arrive on the scene of German history and make everything right again.

Others said, 'Herr Hitler does not know what is done in his name. He is a good man. He will straighten it out when he knows.'

On March 16, 1935, Herr Hitler's edict reintroducing compulsory military service was broadcast. The people in whose company I happened to be just then heard the announcement with alarm. Their concern centred about the fear that France would reply with bombs.

In the succeeding hours I found this anxiety widespread. In street, home, and shop, people spoke of nothing but 'Will France and England let this pass?' When bombs did not fall, there was general relief, and a return to laughter and song.

A man with whom we talked in an interval at the opera said, 'This explains the recent raids of the Secret Police. Herr Hitler is shrewd. He has avoided any danger of German opposition to conscription by taking into the dreaded concentration camps a few men from every part of the *Reich*, thus striking terror into the hearts of pacifists in general. If we had the list of the arrested and the dossier of each, I imagine it would be found that every man had at some time or other in his life displayed an interest in pacifism.'

In my presence no one spoke against conscription. Many expressed hope that it would help solve the unemployment problem, and more were firm in the idea

that a year of military discipline would do every youth good.

And spring came on. Our house looked to the Rhine, across a meadow sloping to the water's edge. French windows opened to a paved terrace on the riverside. From the eastern end of this terrace, stone steps led down to a garden, where lawn, trees, shrubs, flower beds, and fountain had been neglected.

Sitting on the low wall that protected the terrace, I told my husband how I would fix the garden 'if I could.' But his attention seemed entirely occupied in watching the sun set behind the dim spires of Cologne Cathedral, and lambs play a pretty game of run and dash on the meadow. I went away for a few days and returned after dark on Easter Eve. Easter morning I woke to find a note on my pillow telling me to seek my rabbit's basket out of doors. From my windows I discovered crocuses, daffodils, tulips, and pansies in bloom where no flowers had been coming on. As my Easter surprise he had had a local nursery trim, repair, and plant exactly to my desire.

The song and movements of birds added charm to the silence of flowers. Lark, thrush, blackbird, finch, robin, wren, and warbler sang their delight in the loveliness of spring, winging flights through orchards of flowering pears, apples, peaches, apricots, cherries, and plums, halting to swing in formal gardens on branches of magnolia, lilac, mock orange, and snowball. Spring was here. A family resident in a valley famous for its nightingales asked us to come to hear their chorus, and we heard nightingales sing the whole night through.

Life was marred only by the wickedness of man to man. Nature's Easter was spoiled by horrid anti-Jewish banners and splashes of nasty yellow paint. By now I knew that shopkeepers did not put up the anti-Jewish signs in their own windows, or villagers hang them in their villages. The signs were forced

on them by an anti-Jewish bureau in the National Socialist Party.

'In such ways as this is the thorn of hate pressed into the German heart to fester a cancer there,' a German woman, an 'Aryan,' declared.

Knowing of the cruel treatment of German Jews, and thinking of good men and women shut away in concentration camps, I had no happiness in the beauty I was free to enjoy. Many Germans were like me in this.

People often spoke of something Goethe wrote: 'What our fathers have bequeathed to us we must earn to possess.' But among these people none seemed able to do more than regret what they had lost, and the Germans of the National Socialist Party had vigor. They kept up a steady flow of propaganda.

XX

Our German relationship was fairly wide. We knew a number of Germans before we came here, and none neglected us. Without request from us, many resident abroad wrote their relatives and friends in the homeland asking them to be kind to us, and they were. Besides this, I cannot imagine any traveler, student, or sojourner in Germany being long without friends. The most casual meeting often leads to the suggestion, 'Let us meet again.' My husband's music drew many to us, and the publication of my book increased the number.

The book was issued during the spring of 1935. The translation was done by an American who came to Germany just after the close of the war, not knowing one word of German when she entered. Busy as a housekeeper, with music as a hobby, she had never tried a translation before.

The publisher had faith. When the finished job was in his hands he was warm in its praise. As for me, that translation is just the way I would write German — if I could. Critics shared

this enthusiasm when they read the book, many stating that it read as if originally written in German.

The German public liked it and bought it. It is not a cheap edition. In fact, I thought when done that it had worked out rather costly. I had entered Germany with the feeling that these people had no money for luxuries, and I had not yet learned that among vast numbers of them a book is not counted a luxury. I never heard anyone express surprise on learning that a person had gone without meals or material things to buy a book.

My book brought me a contact with the German people which might have fallen to me from out their own *Volksmärchen*. It belongs, not to reality, but to the magic of the *Gebrüder Grimm*, *Bechstein*, or *Wilhelm Hauff*. I liken it to the wand given the old Chinese doctor in the German fairy tale, that he might look with it into the human heart as through a window.

I have been told that it is not a German habit for readers to write to authors. They do to me. Hundreds have written, and letters continue to come. The writers are of many kinds: a maker of violins, a pagan preacher, a Christian, a ship's captain, a forester, a railway signalman, a banker, a schoolmistress, a farm family of eight who all signed their names below the mother's, a man who dwells in a self-made boat moving happily over the inland waterways of his Fatherland, a wife who lives in a gray stone castle, Hitler Youth and Hitler Maidens, factory laborers and factory owners, young conscripts and seasoned army officers, folk whom I discover have disappeared for treason against National Socialism since they wrote, and members of the National Socialist Party who are the German Government to-day.

Rich and poor, of town and country, from up and down the hills and dales of their *Reich* they have written to me — people of a land in dire revolution who write like poets, every one of them, and

seem to look over what is at their feet into some wondrous garden.

My replies from a German address invariably brought an invitation to let my correspondent entertain us. My husband had come for music; he kept on the path of his intent. I had no reason for coming except that of keeping his house, and we had efficient German maids who quickly learned our ways. Soon they were competent in the same manner as our Chinese helpers, needing no further instruction from me, and by now I knew that I must widen my education to include as accurate a knowledge of the Germans as possible. A miracle had opened the way. I accepted the opportunity.

In the limit of my time it was not possible to go to all. I must choose carefully, hoping by meeting individuals of different walks in life and of varied opinions to come near to true understanding of German character. I gave first attention to avowed National Socialists.

Although I had now lived nearly a year among the Germans, my encounters with the Nazis had been purely accidental. I had attended some of their lectures, but only for language study. I had repeatedly stumbled on their evil deeds. I had been impressed by good words at a dinner table. This had been followed by the Nazi arrest of my host of Christmas and others.

In deliberately setting to work to look at the National Socialists my intent was not malicious. My purpose was not to spy out their wickedness. It was evident that they were ardently engaged on a programme of some kind in the part of the world where I happened to have to live. I hoped to find some good purpose behind their apparent barbarism.

I have never reached toward acquaintance with a German — man, woman, or child — without response. The National Socialists were the busiest of people, yet they had time for me. To the company of Rüdiger and Otto, the young

S. A. I had met through a sorority sister, and the people we had met at dinner, I could soon add a score of names. One and all, they took care to answer my questions, giving me the attention that earnest parents give to a child. They were always willing, even eager, to show me the work they had under way.

Submerged in music, my husband lived aloof from politics, as did the majority of the Germans we met through music. Such people said they were 'uninterested in politics,' but I had come to notice that they treated people who were Nazi with a caution which could not have been greater toward dynamite. They did this even though the Nazis were their own brothers, sisters, children, or parents. When it was seen that I was spending much of my time with avowed National Socialists, I was several times warned that I played with fire.

I could give this no heed; neither could I explain adequately. A number of people who had been friendly began to act as if they feared me. I could not leave my path although I lost acquaintances whom I had begun to treasure. I had to go on at whatever cost.

The creed I heard the Nazis proclaim resembled in no way anything I had been taught or had suspected about the Germans. Some of the people round me were enthusiastic about their ideas. Others cried, 'How are we to get out of this strait-jacket?' The majority kept cautiously out of the Nazis' way, but lived, cheered, sang, and marched to their order. The Nazis were dominant over all Germans within the red and white frontier. Their flag with its red ground for socialism, its white circle for nationalism, and its *Hakenkreuz* for anti-Jewism, floated triumphantly above every head, my own included.

It had become imperative that I should know who were Nazis, and why. I needed also to know why they call their government the *Dritte Reich*, or

Third Government, and just what their oft-seen posters, '*Hitler — Arbeit und Brot*,' meant. I had to learn these things by actual acquaintance with National Socialists.

XXI

The term *Dritte Reich* was soon explained. Vaguely I remembered from history lessons that the Germans had a very long history, much too long to be encompassed under three periods of government. Those lessons belonged to the days when my grandfather was teacher; my new instructors treated the past differently. The Nazis call their period of government the *Dritte Reich* because they judge only three periods of German history to be of sufficient importance to count.

The first is the *Deutsches Reich*, generally known as the Holy Roman Empire, established by Otto the First. Until Francis the Second lost it in 1806, the Germano-Roman peoples were united under an Imperial Crown worn by German kings.

The second *Reich* is the one founded by Prince Otto von Bismarck, a Saxon, for the Hohenzollern Kings of Prussia. From 1862 until dismissed by the rashness of the last Kaiser, Bismarck took the lead in Prussian affairs. He created a German *Reich* composed of twenty-five states with Prussia at the head, and this government endured until 1918.

The *Dritte Reich*, or third period of importance, is the National Socialist Government, created by men who have never accepted defeat, who have always looked on those who signed the Versailles Treaty in the name of Germany as traitors to their race, and who have never had any feeling but scorn for the Weimar Constitution.

My Nazi acquaintances were serious, earnest people, belonging to various classes. A part of their creed is the abolishment of class barriers. They were alike in physical fitness, enthusiasm, and possession of well-fitting uniforms. They

were always able to get good cars to take me to look at Nazi works, and generous in giving their time to my education. Each seemed sincere in belief that the road on which Germany was now started was the right road.

Several of them assured me that their *Führer* is a man to whom voices speak as voices spoke to Joan of Arc. They explained his accent, which I had found peculiar, by telling me that it has a similarity to the speech of the Sudeten Germans. They took satisfaction in the fact that the one singled out by God to be their leader comes from the borderlands of Germany, Austria, and Bohemia.

An S. S. (member of the *Schutz Staffel*, the black-shirt élite of the Storm Troops) told me that it is by psychology more than by might that the nation has been conquered. I learned that, according to the National Socialist idea, the will of the *Führer* is the will of the German people, and that logically 'he who does not stand with the *Führer* is no longer German.'

German Jews he brushed aside as if of no importance. 'Aryan' Germans who do not think as National Socialists must be converted if possible. Otherwise, if of sufficient importance to be a political danger, they must be eliminated. When the Nazis came into power they already possessed a fairly wide index of outstanding persons, and since then this has been enlarged to cover the country. No one is disturbed who is not a potential danger to the fulfillment of the *Führer's* laws when proclaimed, but it is necessary to have as complete a record as possible of everyone's past. So this card index has been compiled.

The system used in keeping down uprisings is never to annoy until they can absolutely crush, separate, and then destroy, find ways to confuse elements that might join so there is no need to combat their united resistance. 'A secret of National Socialist success,' the serious youth explained, 'is the accom-

plishment of a thing before others have any idea that there is intent to do it. Faced with the fact that it is already done, those who might oppose are put in a quandary.'

All National Socialists are pledged to blind obedience. For instance, should it ever happen that an S. S. finds his father's name on the list of Germans he is to take to a concentration camp, he may not question or disobey. If, in such a time as the 'cleanup' of June 1934, he should see his brother against the wall when he is in the firing squad, it is his duty to shoot when the command is given.

The S. S. take a Spartan oath, and on them rests the duty of maintaining internal order in the state. They wear black uniforms decorated with silver. They may use firearms at need, and are closely united with the Secret Police. Theirs is not a state-paid service, nor is that of the men with the S. A.; they hold jobs in offices and industry, but must be given leave with full pay when needed for a state duty.

After the death of President von Hindenburg, when Adolf Hitler accepted the position of full responsibility for the *Dritte Reich*, the army swore an oath of personal loyalty to him. In the weeks that followed, this same oath was asked from every branch of the many state services — church, school, railway, customs, postal, telegraph, telephone, police, tax bureaus, and so forth, until every person drawing state pay should be so pledged. All fell smoothly into line excepting the church and a few educators. The church opposition was too large to be immediately squelched. The educators had the choice of concentration camps or prompt exile.

None among those I met seemed to know with any certainty how many German men or women were in concentration camps. The numbers they mentioned varied from hundreds to thousands. They told me that earlier it had been said that such imprisonment was

but a temporary measure during revolution, that there would be an amnesty and people would be let out as soon as National Socialism was established. But unfortunately people learned slowly, and certainly the number arrested was growing rather than getting smaller.

There was considerable talk of what should be done with these people in case of war. It was said that the task of guarding them, combined with keeping internal state order, would be more than could be managed by the force which could be spared from the front. Some said they would have to be put to death to save food. Others were emphatic that they must be forced to work on munitions and in other essential industries, housed in the work place under guard. But, as with everything else, they had to wait for an expression of their *Führer's* will to know what would happen. Many were certain that at present all able hands in prison were kept at productive labor. 'Since they have to be fed, any other system would be a waste.'

I heard much of the 'legality' of National Socialist actions during these days, but I never understood the reason for mention of this until I met a man versed in law. He said that Germans are very legal-minded and want things 'legal.' Excepting the present era, so far as he knew there had been no time in German history when laws were edicts, or a ruler occupied a position comparable to a Son of Heaven in China proclaiming the law and serving as the medium through which a God spoke his commands.

History shows that through the centuries the German people built up a thoughtful system of law for the regulation of their affairs, aiming at the protection of the individual as well as the maintenance of order in the state. It was the Germans' boast that their courts were above corruption, law a sacred calling, and that no people anywhere surpassed them in this. Germany was divided into many states, and regulations

differed somewhat, but they had a common legal tradition. Minor things might be unlike, but there was much exchange of experience, and a desire far beyond their own borders for 'German law.'

They had such a vast accumulation of statutes that early in this present century a decision was reached to overhaul the legal system and revise the code. A group of German lawyers were appointed to make a survey of German, Austrian, and Swiss law. They began work in 1902, and in 1909 published a preliminary survey, followed by a more complete publication in 1913. Their work was interrupted by the war.

Immediately after the war the democratic governments of Austria and Germany agreed to revise their laws and make them exactly the same, basing their work on what had been done by the above commission. They reasoned thus: we are forbidden now to join together, but later, when we are united, our law will be in order and the unification of our affairs will be simple. So, without any public fuss, Austrian officials and lawyers came to Berlin and worked quietly on this with German officials and lawyers.

They made a joint plan, but, because of political unrest, it was never written into the Criminal Law Code. Immediately the National Socialists came into power they set lawyers to work on this problem. In the fall of 1933 the Prussian Minister of Justice put out the first memorandum on their effort, and in 1934 the Academy for German Law published a further report.

Up to then German law had held to the principle of no punishment without a law. The old book clearly stated, in the introductory remarks: 'An act can be legally punished only when this punishment was legally established before the act was committed.' The National Socialists have revised this, to read: 'Whoever commits an act which the law declares punishable, or which deserves punishment according to the basic

thought of a criminal law and in accordance with a healthy folk feeling, is to be punished. If no definite criminal law exists which can be directly applied to the deed, then the deed is to be punished according to the law which in fundamental thought best applies.' *Nul-lum crimen sine poena* — no crime without a punishment.

Thus did they widen the power of the judge to a limitless authority, and also legalize their policy of bringing their fellow men and women into courts for deeds they did during the years before the National Socialists took charge of the *Reich*. For instance, a man who distributed pacifist literature in the twenties can be tried and convicted for that now; he may not be, but it hangs over his head like a sword on a hair — a warning to desist from anything which may call the attention of the authorities to his past conduct.

The new code also widens police power. 'The police have the task of putting into force the will of the *Führer* and can take all steps necessary for that.' *Hochverrat* and *Landesverrat* (high treason and treason against the state) are terms broadened to include anything which might upset or disturb the smooth working of National Socialism. The use of the death sentence is given wide application.

And a new type of punishment is added to German law. This is called *Ehrverlust*, or loss of honor. It applies to political criminals in particular, but can be added to other sentences. A person so punished may no longer occupy public office. He is excluded from the National Socialist Party and all its sub-organizations. He may not serve in the Labor Corps. He may not be a farmer, or an independent artisan. He must surrender all titles, orders, and medals he may have won in previous years of his life; he loses every right of German citizenship, including the right to serve as a guardian or custodian, and he loses control of his children. The *Reich* will

take the children and put them into a home where National Socialist principles are respected and taught. Any father, mother, or guardian makes himself or herself liable to punishment with *Ehrverlust* by uttering a slanderous remark against the National Socialist State.

Lawyers, judges, and courts function busily. Their machinery has not been disturbed, except that in a state run on the *Führerprinzip* the will of the Leader transcends every written law. If the judges make a mistake and free a criminal who should be held, the Gestapo are within the law when they rearrest and confine the one mistakenly freed.

XXII

'*Hitler — Arbeit und Brot*' I had seen prominently displayed ever since our first day in Germany. On request, the way was quickly opened for me to see what was being done about work and bread. From the outset I was told that the attitude of the National Socialists to work is different from that of all others. Their emphasis is not on wages, but on the beauty of labor, the dignity of toil, the true happiness its successful performance brings.

My instructors said that a false shame has come into civilization, an attitude of scorn for the calloused hand which has made people strive after the white-collar job. This has thrown society off its balance. I met lecturers and saw posters, pamphlets, and books prepared to emphasize the fact that all work honors the good workman. They aim at the ironing out of class barriers and envision a whole nation happy in working together under the will of one *Führer*, each person glad to put a hand to any task which needs doing.

The National Socialists want everyone in the *Reich* to have the experience of manual labor. *Arbeitsdienst* (labor service) is not yet compulsory for girls, but they are urged to volunteer for it. Many do; my daughter did. She went to a

camp in which girls of her age from Cologne joined with the daughters of Essen factory workers. They got on well together. They had teacher-counselors. They rose early, had drill, camp housekeeping duties, and breakfast, and went off to land duty. I did not want her to go because I thought the task would be too hard. It *was* hard, and she liked it; she came back strong, brown, and enthusiastic. She had done her daily duty in a small farmhouse washing the overworked mother's floors, dishes, and children. Her companion worker had taken on outside tasks such as milking the cow, hoeing, and fence mending. It was all under careful management. They checked in and out for so many hours' toil, and they worked always under the control of a counselor. College girls whom I know volunteered to spend their summer vacations in factories; they worked without pay, and let the girls they replaced go on needed holidays.

Six months' labor service has been made compulsory for every German boy; there are camps enough to take care of them all as they reach the age of eighteen. The camp directors are men who have gone through a course of training for labor-service leadership, which has been made a state career. I was given a card granting me permission to visit any such camp I might happen to pass anywhere in the *Reich*. In all I visited seven. The camps are scattered all over Germany; those I have seen are by water, near woods, in meadows, or in as nice a place as was available in the locality. New buildings have been put up in some places, but wherever possible empty castles, old manor houses, empty barracks, or sets of cottages have been used.

Each camp I visited was immaculately clean and tidy both in its surroundings and inside, and this cleanliness extended to the Labor Corps and their director. All had parade grounds, lecture hall, sleeping quarters, dining hall, and a

surprisingly modern kitchen. The beds had good mattresses, white sheets, blankets, and neat blue and white checked gingham spreads. Every camp had flowers in its rooms. I ate in each camp, found the food plain but well cooked, and enjoyed the meal.

The forty thousand 'Soldiers of the Spade' who go to Nuremberg each year are, of course, a carefully picked group. They are not the average of each year's *Arbeitsdienst*; they are the cream. But the rest do not fall very far short of them in physical fitness, and it is amazing to see the stature and carriage improvement in a camp between the boys' time of entrance and the finish of their six months. Coming as they do from shop, factory, farm, and every sort of family, rich and poor, some are pale and some strong, some are bent and some straight, when they arrive. They all emerge brown and hard, holding their heads high and their backs flat.

When one visits a camp, all look contented; but the service is not done in pure contentment. Far and wide over Germany I have listened to considerable expression of dissatisfaction about it. I have heard farmers' sons lament the 'gentlemen' in camp with them; and I have heard more gently bred boys grumble about having to mix with rough fellows. Besides this there is much complaint about having to take these six months and at first one, now two military years out of life for state service.

Some 250,000 come into camp each year. About a hundred are taken care of in each camp, the aim being to keep the groups small. The camp discipline is such as to make the boys slip easily into the discipline of their military service. Each boy is supplied with a work and a parade uniform, and each has two shovels — one for work and one kept unstained for drill. The days begin early and are strenuous. The boys have the task of camp housekeeping, which falls on them in rotation, drill, field work, and daily lectures in National Socialism.

It is the duty of the director to see that none of the boys overstrain themselves. Also care is taken that their labor does not disturb the paid labor market. They are assigned to tasks which would not otherwise get done, and they toil at land improvements such as draining swamps, cutting needed canals, dredging choked waterways, reclaiming land along the coast, helping with harvests, or filling in any farm labor shortage.

After visiting seven Labor Corps camps I wanted to halt and learn what was done about the employment of people who need to earn money to support families. 'Everything in its order,' I was told. 'We have grounded you on the principle that everyone must learn to find work natural and good; next you will have the definition of a National Socialist state.'

A National Socialist state was defined as a state organized against poverty, discouragement, and enemy blockade. To achieve this result there must be overhead planning and a complete control of economic activities. In such a state the indifferent and the discontented have no rights which the patriotic will respect. The aim is to create and maintain a worthy standard of living in a powerful nation, which can be done by mathematical method and hard work. The battalions of science must be harnessed to the programme.

Before the war, economists had warned Germany that an overdependence on the rest of the world had developed, but she had to suffer a blockade before taking this seriously. People had managed to live through those years, but under such distress as need never be repeated. Now was the harsh time of readjustment. A self-sufficiency which placed the *Reich* on a safe basis must be achieved, and the balance between town and country work put straight.

'None shall be denied the right to work here. Neither will any who can work be allowed to be lazy. The major-

ity of people really like to work; the fundamental thing is to fan that desire and then find things to be done. The truth is that there is so much in need of being done that every hand can be busy. We shall soon have a labor shortage. Unemployment is an absurdity, a disease of modern so-called civilization.'

The first step was to get an index of everyone able to work, and soon the *Dritte Reich* possessed a file of 25,000,000 people. Assigning them work was easy. The bureau of overhead administration needed thousands. Hundreds who knew languages were wanted for censorship work, as every tenth letter in the ordinary post must be examined and all the mail of people on the suspect list opened. Krupps and other rearmament factories needed thousands of workers. Builders, masons, carpenters, cement workers, in numbers beyond count were necessary to execute the *Führer's* dreams for national rejuvenation — Berlin redone on a magnificent scale, Nuremberg made a fitting place for rallies, assembly halls in every city, a swimming bath for every village, a house and garden for every worker, boulevards joining every part of the *Reich*, and such a stir in manufacturing as 'fairly took the breath away.'

As to labor conditions I learned that both employer and employee must be under close state control. Neither strikes nor lockouts are allowed, and no excessive profit on either side. The worker's wages cannot be higher than production warrants, and watch must be kept that private wages do not coax men from government jobs. Employers of labor must not be allowed to take out more than 6 per cent interest on their capital invested, any further profit to be put back into enlarging and improving the works. 'In this way we shall soon have the finest industrial equipment in the world.'

Hours of work are 'twenty-four if our *Führer* needs twenty-four.' No one can change a job without permission from

the Labor Front. If a man's wages absolutely are not enough for his family, he must turn to the various services for state aid. Wages are settled by the Labor Front. Some of them seemed microscopic to me, but I was assured that this is a practical *Reich* with the sense not to starve its workers to death. Its foundations rest, not on a gold standard, but on the strength of the producers.

The laborers had serious faces and a quiet mien. Visiting factories, I noticed how orderly and methodical they were. Often I heard music coming from radios, and I was told that men are quieter and work better with occasional music to do their work by. When I mentioned their paleness I was reminded that we had now reached midsummer, a time of trying heat, and was then told of the 'Strength through Joy' holidays on which many would soon be going. These are excursions at reduced cost.

There is a scarcity of skilled workers, technicians, chemists, and inventors. Prizes are given to those who find ways to replace the raw materials Germany does not have, and those who show ability for laboratory investigation receive every possible help. There are too many people wanting professional and clerical jobs, and too many small shopkeepers. No one is supposed to have a business which is nonessential. If a person wants to be a hairdresser and there are enough hairdressers, he cannot be one. Boys and girls about to leave school have to state their preference for careers, but if that work is not needed they must take something else. The same with white-collar people; if there are no jobs of the kind they want, they must take what is offered. 'It does a man who has only pushed a pen untold good to wield a shovel for a change.' A person who refuses work may not draw any relief.

Taken to see public works, I saw a vast number of buildings in the process of going up. Scaffolding seemed to

strew the land in such a fever of construction as probably has not been known here since the era of Gothic architecture. The Nazi period is marked by straight lines, precise shapes, calculated spaces, and size. The man who took me on this tour led me to scenes of activity with shining eyes; 'This will be bigger than the Great Pyramid'; 'This is going to be greater than the Roman Colosseum'; 'Has the Great Wall of China more masonry than this?' His enthusiasm was genuine. I, too, stood awed before the work of man's hands. Human beings are so small, yet can do this, I often thought. The places for mass gatherings were largest — not cathedrals to honor God in a Heaven as in centuries past, but arenas for masses.

'Why do you want them?' I asked.

'To feel our greatness.'

I remarked on the fine workmanship.

'We build for the future. Our *Führer's* orders are that all we build now must last at least a thousand years.'

Next I saw airports, new factories, and new farmhouses of the resettlement plan. We traveled over wide stretches of the *Reichsautobahnen*, and stopped at a place where a road was under construction. These roads are entirely new — no making use of old bits.

The Germans build well. The roads are not ugly scars across their land; they are things of beauty, exciting in their charm. They are invisible a short distance off; then one comes on them — silver ribbons. No telegraph poles, advertisements, rows of refreshment stands, gasoline stations, or ugly houses line their banks. Grass strips separate the two ways of traffic, and these often divide around hills to meet and run side by side again. The roadsides are planted with shrubs and trees natural to the district; the bridges harmonize with the valleys they transverse.

None but motor traffic is allowed on them. In forest places, signs which light up at night ask one to be careful of the

deer. Clear neat signs give the names of towns along the way, with a diagram showing how one must turn off to get to the town, and similar notices point out digressions to gasoline stations.

We stood now watching a machine from out of which a ribbon of road surface poured like paste from a tube. It lay there wet and smooth.

'We have beaten the rest of the western world in road building,' said my conductor. 'We go forward at a cost of but three cents a square yard.'

'How much do the workers get?'

'Twenty-five marks for fifty-three hours' work. Five they give for various fees, and ten for their own keep; they are housed in temporary quarters put up along the way.'

'How can you get men to work for that?'

'When road building is offered a man, he must take it.' He turned to look back at the finished road. 'It is beautiful, is n't it?'

'It is,' I agreed.

'It is — with a reservation in your approval,' he took me up quickly. 'Now tell me what you really think about it.'

'It is built with conscript labor.'

'And so was the Grand Canal of China, and every stretch of world building that ever got done. Every man, woman, and child must be gathered up in a mighty sacrifice to one resolute will when great things are to be accomplished. We have organization, discipline, enthusiasm, unity, ingenuity, generalship, and absolute control of resources,' he asserted quietly and firmly. 'Our *Führer's* will is decisive for all Germans — our law and his will are one. The working strength of every man, woman, and child within his dominion is power concentrated in our Leader's fist. With that might he forges our destiny.'

That evening I heard on the radio: 'The methods by which a people forces its way upward are of no moment, but the goal which is reached is important.'

XXIII

'Come and visit us and the trees,'
read the letter from Wiegerson.

In the autumn we sighted the red wall topped by four towers. Gates swung open to let us in. Rounding the curved road, we stood before the *Schloss*. Smooth lawns sloped to forest borders.

Katerlieschen and her family came down the steps to greet us. We were welcomed in under the arch of evergreen which by tradition spans the entrance door when a master of Wiegerson is in residence. Thus for the first time in my life I stayed on an estate devoted to the nurture of trees.

My room looked into a beech, my favorite of all the trees that grow. Leaning out of a window, I saw the noble tip reaching for the sky, lifted on a straight bole, and thought of roots going down into the earth deep as the tip is high. Not a rotten branch had the tree. Clean boughs curved gently up from the trunk to droop lower than the points of their take-off. What better than to dwell beside the wild live spirit of a glorious beech?

Here at Wiegerson, a paradise on earth, my troubled mind renewed its courage. Generation after generation the heirs of these broad acres have kept their land sacred to trees. Through the ups and downs of fortune, timber has never been sacrificed to the exigencies of the times. Lovely and beloved, the trees grow here from seedlings to maturity, the life span of many far longer than the life of man.

In the company of our host and hostess and little Katerlieschen, my doubting heart leapt up to faith in Germans. Amid their trees I remembered a thought Mencius has left us: 'Through pain men grow.' Walking forest ways, I recalled how the Chinese had to pass through the terrible era of Ch'in, when the unripe among them spent sixteen years in destroying their scholars, burning their books, scorning the precepts their fore-

fathers had built up for the conduct of man to man, vesting right in might, drilling children to follow one fanatical will; and how this had passed and the Chinese had been able to make for themselves the era of Han, a period of enlightened living the like of which this earth has seldom witnessed.

Close to the eternity of nature, I felt how ephemeral are the mistakes of men. In the voice of the wood I seemed to hear a promise that this era in which Germans are living is but a purgatory through which they will pass. Under the forest sky I heard an eternal melody of which a German poet has written: —

*Über der Wipfel Hin-und Wiederschweben
Hoch droben steht ein ernster Ton
Dem lauschen tausend Jahre schon
Und werden tausend Jahre lauschen.*

(Over the treetops swaying to and fro
High stands a solemn melody
To which a thousand years have listened
And thousands more will listen.)

Somehow that serene rustle sang me a song of hope.

These are the forests of the German fairy tales. Through them move woodsmen dressed in uniforms so soft in their gray-green color as to be almost unnoticed among the trees. Light shines in shafts of gold through the conifers and cuts bars of silver across the trunks of oak and beech. Woodsmen fell and trim and plant in an unhurried quietness which seems scarcely to disturb the wild creatures. Under the trees, each hour of day and night has its ever-changing charm. I could never decide at Wiegerson whether I liked best dawn, noon, evening twilight, or the dark of the forest night.

The family at Wiegerson live long quiet days. The pace of their time seems tempered to the growth of trees. Our host is a man of mild temperament, loving simple joys, and our hostess gifted with kindness and the arts of a natural hospitality. Our days were filled with many small pleasures.

Breakfast was eaten all together at a table out of doors. It began at eight o'clock, a hearty meal for a family long up: brown bread and butter, boiled eggs, fresh tomatoes, slices cut from a ham, smoked sausage of several kinds, cheese, honey and jam, and a great pot of delicious coffee frequently refilled. Our breakfast plates were the country breakfast plates of Hanover — smooth, flat pieces of white wood on which one lays bread to spread it with butter and anything else to taste, then cuts the bread into squares for eating.

Eating was leisurely and accompanied by leisurely talk. In these hours I learned much of German forests in general, as well as of this one in particular. Perhaps most important of all, I grew to love a German family and have respect for them.

In such ways only will humanity get past the false barriers of nationalism which have so corrupted human society. Individually we must come to appreciate the truth our liberal forefathers glimpsed — that the nature of man and the operations of his mind are fundamentally the same in all places.

Life here was in the woods, the *Schloss* truly a forester's home; and the trees seemed somehow more important than men. They were beautiful trees. And the season was autumn, a time when nature helps one to quiet thought. Pathways, called *Pirschwege*, led through the forests; these are aisles where, year by year, pine needles are piled to sink down into a cushion of springy softness on which footfall makes no sound. Many ladders led up to platforms where one could sit behind a screen of hemlock boughs, put on to protect the perch, and from there watch the fox, badger, deer, and other animals.

It is good to see them so, intent on their own affairs. A black buck roves these ways. He is the master of Wiegerson's pride, a handsome fellow no gun is allowed to harm. For Katerlieschen the German forest would not be the German

forest without the deer; and, now that I have known woods where they live, every grove will be strangely empty without their shy presence.

At Wiegerson there are sheltered racks where food is put out for the deer in severe weather, and tables where dinner is laid for the birds. Deer get hay, unthreshed sheaves of oats, turnips, and sometimes corn, and they are provided the year round with salt to lick. Partridges like malt, bunches of mistletoe, and ripe apples, while pheasants favor roughly broken dried cod.

Often we walked with our host and his head forester and heard forestry lore. There have always been two schools of thought about tree planting. One favors mixed groves; the other, stretches of wood all of one kind. Both methods are practised at Wiegerson. The nineteenth century was an age of internationalism, and this shows in the forests here, as men then prided themselves on having as many kinds of trees in their soil as possible. In National Socialist times the rule is German trees on German lands, and only native trees may be set where new planting is needed. The self-important jay is himself a planter. He is fond of carrying seeds and acorns and putting them in where he will. Beeches especially he strews through groves where the forester did not intend to have them.

Willow, poplar, and birch reach the peak of their development at about fifty years; ash and maple have their best period near eighty; fir and larch can safely stand until two hundred; beech, elm, and silver fir keep in good heart longer, although at one hundred they are already noble trees. The oak, with its roots reaching into damp gray clay, will keep up a healthy growth well past three centuries. But it is not usual to let a forest have its full growth, and even the longest-lived trees are often hewn before one hundred and twenty years.

Every day has its task where a wood is kept in good condition, but wood folk never appear to hurry. Wood sawn up

and arranged in neat piles, each holding so many cords, stands in the forest to season. Crooked and faulty pieces, butts and tops, are cut into firewood. Plantations of spruce are grown for the Christmas-tree market; they are cut at four to ten feet. The tender bark from young oaks twelve to fifteen years old is the most desired by tanneries. Yew is in demand for gateposts and other places where strength and endurance are needed. The cuttings from willow find a ready sale for basketry and other twisted work. The collieries are a big market for timber, which is also wanted for building, for paper, and now for the making of cloth. Nothing is wasted.

Sometimes we went to the *Kindergarten*, a nursery for trees set in a sheltered place deep in the forest. The care of these is an important part of the forester's duty. Started from seed, they are kept in clean straight rows in a plot safely fenced against rabbits and deer. I liked the *Kindergarten*. It whispered of a hopeful German future — each tree growing up toward light. Quite a foolish idea; but the little trees gave it to me.

Daily we went to the lake nature has provided as a swimming pool for Wiegerson. The water has the same look and feel as the water of the Rancocas in New Jersey — cool and warm in patches, with a clear brownness.

There was time for Katerlieschen to enchant me with the charm of her native tongue when used by poets. Beginning with Goethe's *Wandrer's Nachtlied*, she read aloud her favorites. She brought forward Lessing as a writer of animal fables, followed by Wilhelm Busch telling tales of Isegrim the Wolf and Reynard the Fox. In *Im tiefen Forst* we wandered with Erich Kloss deep into his wood.

During the last century a fire raged through the *Schloss*. Such treasures were rescued as there was time to save, but first attention was given to the protection of the surrounding woods. When the fire was conquered it was judged of

less importance that the home had been destroyed than that no live trees had been lost.

When the rebuilt *Schloss* was ready, King George, the last to rule Hanover as an independent state, honored the housewarming with his presence. His signature is the first in the 'new' guestbook. At Wiegerson one saw many things of rare charm: a spread of Venetian lace lying across a couch, cupboards and chests made when hands cherished tools, exquisite needlework on fine linen, beauty definitely German, and treasures from far places. But the beauty most often in mind is that of the forests.

Without visits such as this I should have lost faith in all Germans; but following every period of doubt it was my fortune to be allowed to know people who gave me reassurance. By these friendships I am bound to Germany forever, one with that country in triumph and failure.

As we were leaving, our host said, 'We in our generation are shaken by hard winds. Wind but settles the roots of strong trees. It should be the same with men.'

XXIV

Wiegerson in Hanover is but a part of a vast system of forestation which holds sacred to trees a quarter of all land within the German frontiers. Living here, we had the pleasure of never going far out of sight of woodlands no matter where we traveled. I found this a happy contrast to the barrenness of those parts of China where centuries ago forests were sacrificed to the need of a time which has left in its wake drought, flood, and ever-recurrent famine.

The present-day Germans are the children of people who worshiped their gods in groves. On forest walks one meets folk who speak of the beech as Wotan's tree and mention the oak as belonging to the god of thunder. Once when I was out in a storm a woodman's old wife opened her door and shouted at

me to come in. I was glad to sit by her fire and while away the hours of the tempest listening to tales such as that of a raven whose duty it is to fly through the trees warning creatures and human beings by making a storm, which lets them know that the gods are about to ride past and they should go into their homes and not try to spy on holy secrets.

In a forest on the Deister I was shown a rocky place called *Teufelstanzplatz*, or Devil's Dancing Ground, by the German who showed it to me. My attention was drawn to a large flat stone with a groove chiseled in it. According to legend, this stone is one formerly used for heathen sacrifices; the stained groove was a gutter for blood. My narrator called the stone *Taufstein*, or christening stone. She explained that when the first Christian priests came here they took the stone from its pagan use and used it in the service at which they baptized their converts.

Forest wandering is one of the joys of Germany, and Hans Schmidt introduced us to this pastime on our first Sunday. Then came the Wiegensen visit. Later I had beautiful weeks with the American who translated my book, wandering in Thuringia, 'the green heart' of Germany. She invited me to a house that had been lent her in a forest village. During our strolls she shared generously with me from the store of blossoms she has gathered out of German literature. The habit grew on me of going for forest walks alone, as many Germans do.

'Here is a present,' said Hans Schmidt one day, dropping a parcel on the table beside my sewing. 'I've joined the league to divert you from politics.'

It contained a *Strollfuss-Karte* for every forest in Germany, maps showing which kind of trees grow in various districts. I had the maps at hand ready for use whenever I felt the need of the quietness of forest strolls.

Paths are clearly marked. At cross-ways, signs explain the turnings. There are resthouses scattered through the

forests ready to provide meals and shelter, and woodmen's families have license to sell to wanderers much as if they were innkeepers. A nice thing about this forest wandering is that every German is a delightful person when encountered in the woods. Even people who have seemed crude when known only in town are gentle when amid the trees. This is a folk over whom nature has power for good.

Except when out shooting, I have never seen a German hurt an animal. This seems queer when one compares it with the cruelties the rough among the Germans do to their fellow men, women, and children just because some will not quickly adopt the tenets of National Socialism. But it is true that they are not unkind to animals. Birds especially have such confidence that they fly easily to the hand to feed, and deer are often seen quite close. The seasons for killing those that may be taken are strictly limited.

The German men are nearly all fond of hunting. They make a social affair of the chase and go to it gayly garbed. German hunting is usually done on foot, with the help of one or two dogs. The favorite chase is that of the deer and the boar; the favorite shooting is pheasant, partridge, and snipe.

The chase occupies but a small part of the forester's year. One meets many woodmen who say that they are glad when the hunting is over and the forest left in peace. Such men like other times better than the days of killing, when deer run hither and yon seeking the right to live, and frightened birds fly through the copse.

XXV

At the time the Germans were changing from nomadic to pastoral habits, they cleared away virgin trees to enlarge their meadows and secure greater space for tillage than nature had provided. A whole period of their history is engrossed with a desperate struggle with

the forests. The many place names ending in *metz* and *hau*, *rode*, *schwand*, *brand*, and *hagen*, bear eloquent testimony to the hewing, rooting up, burning, and fencing accomplished. Enormous areas of land were stripped.

As in other lands, the ardor of the people overreached its purpose. Troubles such as they had never known descended on them. Instead of an increase in the food supply, they had less. Seasons of flood and seasons of drought were successive. Wind blew away soil and seed. Even the rain changed its behavior. Clouds floated by without dropping their moisture, or else let it down in torrents to run away as fast as it fell.

Famine tested their endurance. They began to speculate on the cause, and to seek ways of balancing the extremes of water surplus and water shortage. Their food supply, key to man's life, depended on a comprehension of the reason for these troubles and their remedy. Among them the romantic idea, common to many peoples, that droughts and floods are a duel between the elemental forces of nature and the heroic endurance of man soon gave way to a realization that trees have power over the incidence of rain and might to control water after its fall.

Far back in tribal history they came to know that when clouds drift above a bare track of country overheated by the summer sun they balloon upwards and pass without giving their rain. And when they float above the cool forest they let it down in a gentle fall. After the rain had fallen on the forest the Germans noticed that the trees held the water back so that it could not rush away, releasing it leisurely into the springs, which in turn fed the rivers in manageable volume so that they did not burst their banks when there was a heavy fall, or dry up when the rains held off.

Once these German tribes-folk knew their fault, they manifested no spirit of evasion or disposition to laziness. They set to work to restore forests as

ardently as they had destroyed them. The deeper I look into the German past, the more cause I find for admiration for Germans, the more faith I have that they are of importance in the community of men, the more certain I am that they will return to political sanity and strive to repair what they have lost in recent years.

In regard to the forests, when they recognized the harm they had done they did not merely lament their loss. They replanted the trees. From then on they kept strictly to laws which they made for forest protection. German settlers, as they pressed into new lands, carried their forestry wisdom along. The preservation of a sensible balance between forest and cleared land became a fixed habit in every part of the world where Germans lived. They practised this for the sake of their water supply long before they had need to conserve or grow timber. The wood came in handy later. So far in German history, no matter how pressing the need was believed to be, no German ruler has ever yet sacrificed the forests to any state emergency.

The tribal community made the laws for the protection of the wood in the early days, and later each state had its forestry department. When the National Socialists came into power in 1933, control was centralized in Berlin. The states of the German federation are now provinces of the *Dritte Reich*, and copies of their forestry codes have been called in so that a national code may be devised. Forty-seven per cent of the forests are held in private families; 33 per cent are state lands; and 20 per cent belong to towns, charitable organizations, and various associations. Whatever the form of ownership, it has always been the custom for the woods to stand under government protection. Only foresters approved by the state may be employed in the care of woodlands. They all look like contented men. Every one I have seen has had a fine face, lean, weather-tanned, and wrinkled if old.

There is an unhurriedness about them, a peacefulness like that of the trees.

XXVI

The toy train stopped for me to get down at a wayside station and puffed off. This was a pleasant valley fragrant with the smell of newly sawn wood. The rutted track ran northeast through a grove of acacia, maple, and birch. At the saw-mill I crossed a creek, and not far beyond this the way plunged into the darkness of pine forest. The only sounds were the scamper of a squirrel, twigs snapping under my feet, and the cackle of a cock pheasant who curled up on the wind trailing a handsome tail. Then, suddenly, I came out to oaks. Soon I saw the friendly lights of Doctor Z——'s house.

A curtain was drawn aside, and I saw him look out. He vanished, to reappear at the opened door. The moon had risen behind me; its radiance shone full on him, and to my glad surprise it revealed Doctor Z—— as the very sort of professor I had expected the Germans to have. Life had etched his face and whitened a halo of unruly hair. Arthritis forced him to walk with two sticks. But I could plainly see that in youth he had been the German professor I had always pictured as Jo's dear man in *Little Women*. Even before he spoke I knew that life had made of him just what must have pleased exacting Jo March.

Abendbrot had been kept waiting for my arrival. When the meal was over and the table cleared, he asked his house-keeper to fetch from another room the manuscript which I had sent to him with a request for help. At the time I entered Germany I had been near the end of a book about the originator of the Great Wall of China. My story of the 'Ten Thousand Li of Stone' which Ch'in Shih Huang-ti ordered to be placed across his country's northern frontier had been announced for publication.

Into the writing I had put legends

gathered through twelve years, and material collected by research through every source of enlightenment I could discover on the subject.

I did not know why, yet I could not let this manuscript be published as I had written it. These were months in which I wrote nothing. Startled, emotionalized by life in Germany, my mind was barren just as it had been during the last year of the war and the time that followed until I went to China. I sought every possible scholarly help. That is why I had written to Doctor Z——. He had responded to my questions by suggesting that I send him my manuscript. Then he had written me no criticism; he had asked me to come.

My manuscript lay on his table; we sat in chairs before his fire. In compliance with his request, I fetched a book on Chinese philosophies from a shelf and opened it at the section relating to Yang Shang, whose theories influenced Ch'in Shih Huang-ti, the Great Wall's builder. Then he dialed his radio until he picked up the broadcast of a National Socialist orator. I moved my chair so that I could look over his shoulder as, phrase by phrase, he traced on the printed page statements identical with those made by the speaker.

After a little while he turned off the radio. From a corner cupboard I got him a folder holding things he had copied from the broadcasts made by the *Führer*. He read aloud alternately excerpts from the book relating to life in China in the third century before Christ and sentences from the folder relating to life in Germany in the twentieth century.

'Had you noticed this similarity?' he asked.

I said that I had. Then he talked about my manuscript. When it arrived he had started to read it because of interest in the amount of research I had done. He told me that it was not in research that I needed aid. He had sent for me because he thought he might help me to diagnose my trouble over it.

Brought up a Quaker, and influenced by the wisdom of Confucius and his school of followers, I had in this manuscript spent my talent making a romantic hero out of a man of mighty force. All had gone too happily at the beginning, but fortunately, before I finished, the fates had moved me into Germany, where just such history as that of which I was writing was in the progress of making.

'It is easy,' he said, 'for two incompatible ideas to slumber side by side in the subconscious regions of the intellect, one condemning the brutalities of force and the other glorifying the achievements of might. You have written a thrilling narrative in words of amber and jade. I sat up all night to read it. But you must not publish this. You must not call it finished until your mind is mature. An author has power to influence others — and power to confuse others. Words must be used with care.'

'Before you issue this book you must know whether you believe in force or not. If you do not believe in it, then you cannot glorify a Napoleon or a Ch'in Shih Huang-ti.'

He was right. I acknowledged this, and we sat in a silence which was broken by the patter of little feet. The door was pushed open, and two sleep-tousled boys came in, the elder, about seven, carrying the baby one pickaback.

'We could n't sleep. You promised we could see the Chinese lady. Granddaddy, you forgot.'

They were sweet children, the elder serious, the younger merry. They stayed awhile; I went up to tuck them in when they had to go. After I came down the Doctor told me about them. The mother had died at the birth of the little one. Their father, who had never seen this

child, had been in a concentration camp since the spring of 1933. He is my host's younger son, the only one remaining. The elder son was lost in the battle of the Marne.

'My son is thirty-two. He was christened Johann, but now I think of him as Florestan. Florestan, the hero of Beethoven's opera *Fidelio*, symbolizes truth held captive by evil.'

'I am sorry he was taken,' I said.

'And I am proud,' answered this old German. 'Truth crushed to earth shall rise again. I am proud that my son lies in chains for her. These boys and girls so imprisoned are the heroes of my Fatherland — their courage will echo down the ages.'

'What did he do to get arrested?'

'He refused to withdraw a remark he had made to the effect that the Versailles Treaty is less unjust than the treaty which would have been imposed on men in the name of Germany had our side won after four years of bitter struggle.'

I stared at this German professor and asked: 'Do you think your son right in saying that?'

'I do. Right in saying it, and right in sticking to his statement.'

'Well — of course he would go to prison for lack of patriotism.'

'Patriotism, nationalism — absurdities. The sooner we get rid of those foolish terms "patriotism" and "nationalism," the quicker we shall arrive at an era of civilized living.'

The next morning when I left, my host hobbled out a short way among the oaks with me.

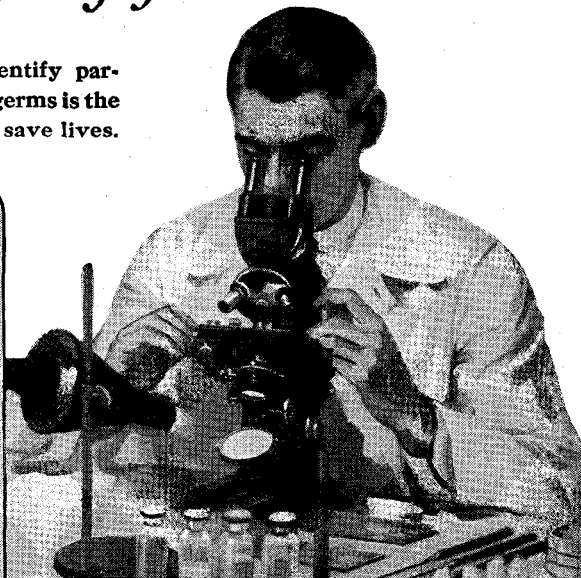
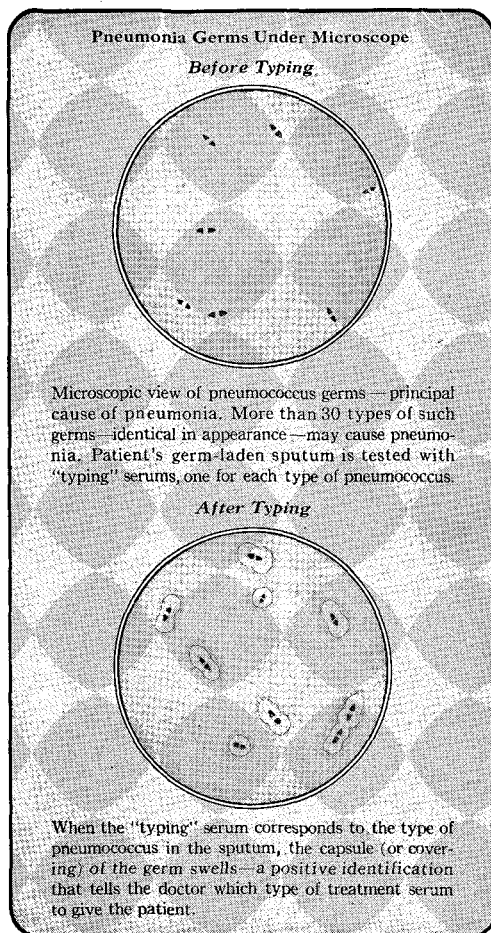
'Trees give peace to the souls of men,' was the last thing I heard him say. He stood with his back against the shaggy trunk of a magnificent tree.

(To be continued)

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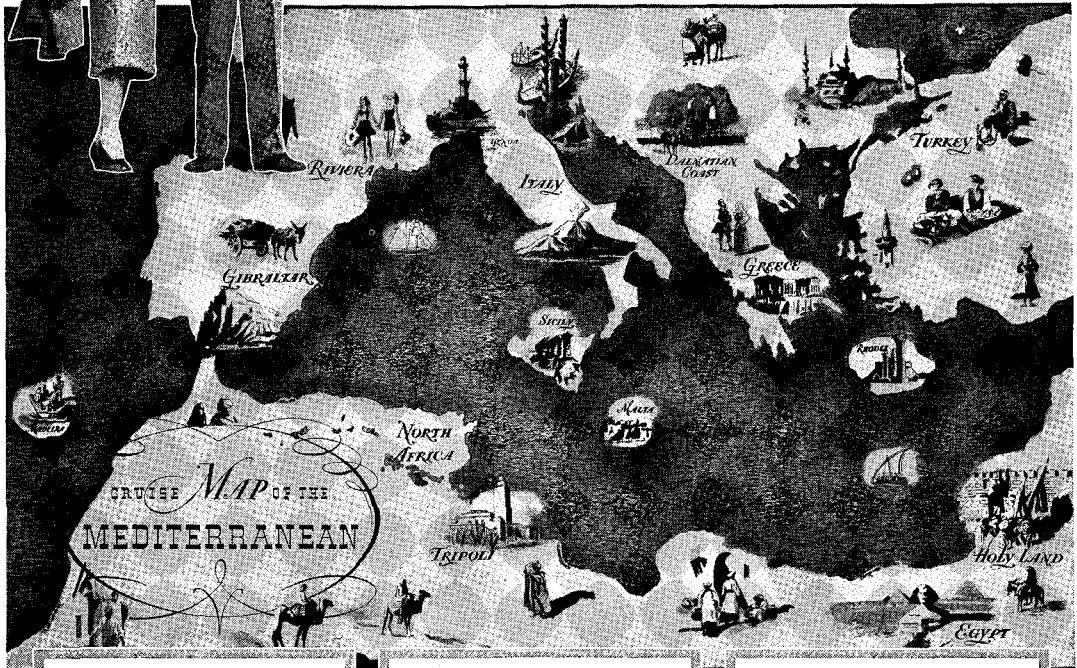
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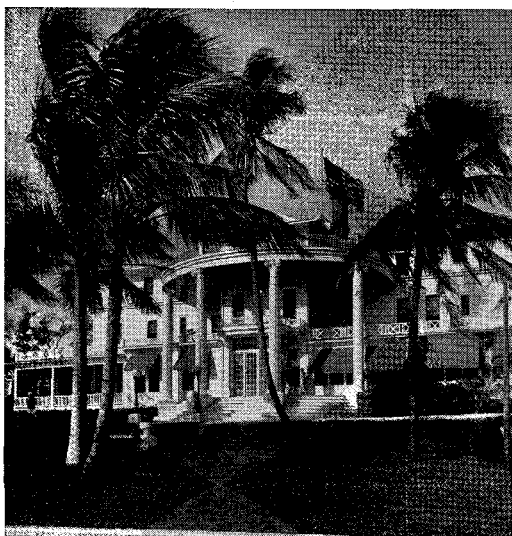
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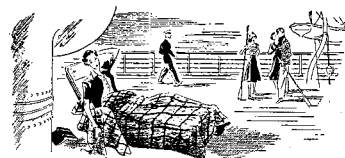
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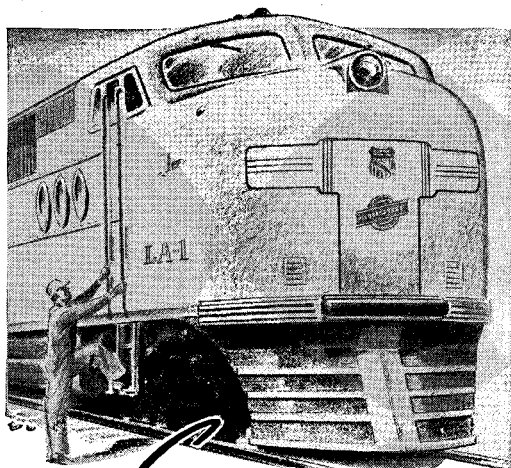
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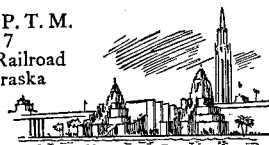
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